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August, 1906

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JAMES H. FERRISS
Chairman People's Party National Committee

See "The Victories of Populism," page 273

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

VOL. V AUGUST, 1906 No. 2

Editorials

BY THOMAS E. WATSON

The Cow and the Socialist

THE cow is a useful animal.

I make this statement not in the boastful spirit of one announcing a discovery, but in the conciliatory mood of him who seeks to say something which nobody will dispute. In other words, I want to utter one sentence, at least, which we can all agree to; and inasmuch as my audience is composed of many men of many minds—Democrats, Republicans, Populists, Socialists, Single-Taxers, Prohibitionists, and so on—I have to select a statement upon which I can reasonably hope to harmonize all elements.

Therefore I say:

The cow is a useful animal.

Do you all agree to this?

You *do?* Thank the Lord!

Even the Socialists had to come across, that time.

* * * * *

A short while ago I was called upon to review "The Jungle." I did not go out of my way to find the book. On the contrary, it went out of its way to find me. Two copies, in fact, came hurtling through the mails, and knocking at my door. What could I do but read and review a work so positively pressed upon the editorial attention?

Reviewed it was, accordingly. In the highest terms the author was extolled. My praise of him may even have sounded extravagant to other writers whose productions have been criticized in these pages.

But I was unable to subscribe to the doctrine preached in Mr. Sinclair's "Jungle," and I said so.

This should have caused no surprise, for in my "Story of France," published many years ago, I had taken definite ground against Socialism. Not only that, but in the weekly newspaper which I edited in Atlanta, Ga., from 1891 to 1898 I had persistently combated the doctrine proclaimed in "The Jungle."

Not only did my letter of acceptance in 1904 frankly state my belief in the principle of Private Ownership, but an article which I prepared for the New York *Independent* did the same thing. At the New York Labor banquet, tendered me during the campaign, at which Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes and other prominent Socialists were speakers, I again declared my own position; and at the Hearst Municipal League meeting, at Cooper Union, in the winter of 1904-05, I did the same thing, in a speech which was published in the Hearst newspapers.

Why there should have been any surprise expressed when I advocated, in this Magazine, the same convictions which have been so frequently published for so many years and in so many different forms, can only be explained upon the hypothesis that the Socialist propaganda has been taken charge of by a lot of tyros who are not familiar with the record, and who are less willing to examine than they are to denounce.

Like young, inexperienced surgeons who are eager to try their keen, brand-new instruments, these youngsters go to cutting where older heads would coun-

"When you take away from him his home, his garden, his farm, and devote it to the use of all . . . you have divided it and outraged his private ownership. . . ."

sel patience and prudence. Socialists like Clarence Darrow, Elbert Hubbard, Louis Post, Eugene Debs, J. G. Phelps Stokes, Robert Hunter, J. A. Wayland and Arthur Brisbane have too much sense to rail upon me as some of the rampant tyros of Socialism have done. Men who know me, and my books, and my battles for the human under-dog, would never discredit themselves by making a difference of opinion a basis for scurrilous abuse. For one thing, they would know that Socialism is not to be helped by that kind of violence.

* * * * *

In reviewing Mr. Sinclair's book and combating the principles of Socialism, I gave great offense by discarding the pet phrases of the Doctrinaires. Their official language was run through my own shredder, and *its true meaning* set forth in simple English.

No Doctrinaire enjoys *that*. Like many professional men, the Doctrinaire loves to use a language of his own. With loving care he concocts special terms, new names, unheard-of combinations of words; and he plays his game with *these* as a showman does with his educated dogs.

Just as it would sadly disconcert the showman to have to go through his performance with a fresh lot of dogs, so it ruffles the temper and disconcerts the plan of the Doctrinaire if you reject his pet phrases and use idioms of your own.

Before the Civil War the Southern fire-eater, Bob Toombs, used to "whoo-rang the pheasantry," and nerve them to battle by declaring that the South had nothing to fear from the d——d

Yankees. "We can whip 'em with corn stalks," he shouted, time and again to enthusiastic thousands.

After the war, one of the men who remembered Toombs's sanguine speeches reminded him of his prediction. "Look here, Toombs, didn't you tell us that we could whip the Yankees with cornstalks?"

"Yes, I did—but, d——n 'em! they wouldn't fight that way."

It might possibly happen that the Socialist could conquer the world were we silly enough to let him choose the weapons; but there is no law which compels us to fight him with cornstalks.

* * * * *

Mr. Sinclair grievously complains because I contend that Socialism seeks to confiscate private property and divide it with those who have none. Yet, in plain words, that is just what Socialism seeks to do; and that is why the agitators of the doctrine have made such progress among the poor.

To those who have nothing it will give something. The rich will be ousted from their exclusive holdings; the individual will give way to the multitude; private estates will become the public estate; and the public will own and enjoy that which private citizens now own and enjoy.

Yet Mr. Sinclair protests that this program does not mean confiscation and division! Bah! Why stickle for phrases? Why delude the people with fine sermons upon "collectivism" and "social ownership"?

Why not be candid and tell them what you really mean? You can't have "collectivism," you can't have "social ownership," until you have first blotted out the title of the private owners of property—big, little and medium-sized.

You can't have "social ownership" until you have thrown into the common estate the cottage and the small farm, as well as the palace and the ranch. *Can you?*

Tell the people the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—*so help you God!*

Your doctrine *does* mean confiscation, and you know it. Your doctrine does mean division, and you know it.

Why pipe to us about its being similar to the common use of a street, a harbor, a river or the ocean?

Why say that there is to be no division of property, any more than there is now a division of the harbor?

Does that kind of reasoning satisfy your intelligence?

A "woman of the town" is not "divided" among the men of the town, either; yet the distinction between the loose *woman of the town* and *the virtuous wife* reaches all the way from heaven to hell!

* * * *

Let the human race, in common, use the navigable river, the ocean and its harbors; they are public *in their nature and their uses.*

"Tell the people the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—*so help you God!*"

"To the one thousand men who have no park your plan is attractive."

But leave to each citizen as his private property, his home, his garden, his farm—just as you regard the sanctity of his relation to his wife.

When you take away from him his home, his garden, his farm, and devote it to the use of all, including himself, you have divided it, and outraged his private ownership in the same sense that you would have divided it had you confiscated his title and turned his farm into a park.

Instead of his exclusive right to cultivate his land, you propose to give him a right to enter the park.

Yet you say that *this* is not confiscation and division.

Did you suppose that I suspected you of an intent to divide the farm into pocketsful of dirt?

To the one thousand men who had no park your plan is attractive. They naturally vote to turn the farm, which they do not own, into a park which will be as much theirs as anybody's. But to the owner of the farm the arrangement seems tough. To every other man in the community you propose to give as much right and title, in and to that land, as the farmer will have.

To *you*, Mr. Sinclair, this is "collectivism"; to Mr. Debs it is "social ownership."

To the farmer it is confiscation and division!

It is confiscation, because you blot out his private ownership of the land.

It is division, because you let in everybody else to the enjoyment of that which was *his* exclusively.

The ocean *is* divided, for it belongs to no individual and is used by all.

"The Doctrinaire loves to use a language his own . . . he plays his game with these as a showman does with his educated dogs."

The street is divided, for it is monopolized by none and utilized by each.

But is there no difference, *in principle*, between the proposition to privately own the ocean and that to privately own the spring or the creek on your farm?

Is there no difference, *in principle*, between private ownership of a public street and of the path in your back yard?

* * * * *

Mr. Debs says:

"The Socialist Party is arevolutionary party in the sense that it stands for an entirely new social order, based on *the social ownership* of the *means of wealth production and distribution.*"

Does Mr. Debs understand Socialism? The inflamed tyros declare that *I* do not. Even my good friend J. A. Wayland mildly mumbles to the effect that "Watson is a clever fellow, but he doesn't understand Socialism."

Indeed?

Well, *Debs* does—thank the Lord!

Now let us see.

What is "social ownership"?

All the people will become the owners, where *some* are now the owners.

As Wayland himself says:

"All the people will own the earth, which is now owned by *some.*"

That seems easy to comprehend. But the moment that I run the statement through my own little shredder and bring it out in this shape—

"*Socialism means to confiscate private property and divide it around*"—the trouble begins.

With one accord Socialist hands are uplifted in protest, and Socialist voices make complaint that "Watson doesn't understand Socialism." Why don't they tell the truth and shame the Old Boy by admitting that they wanted to fight with *their* cornstalks and that I wouldn't fight that way,

and that, *therefore*, the tyros are wroth?

* * * * *

Mr. Debs contends that society shall own "*the means* of *wealth production* and distribution." Broad words, truly.

What will be left to private ownership under that sweeping confiscation? Society, not the citizen, must own the "*means of wealth production*"! Then what do you leave to the citizen? Why, I can take Mr. Debs's own language and logically argue the shirt off his back! His language, carried to its legitimate and logical conclusion, will leave absolutely nothing to individual ownership that is worth having. He proposes that "Society" shall own all the means of producing wealth and of distributing wealth. *Let him furnish a schedule of the useful property which the average citizen now owns that does not enter into the production or the distribution of wealth.*

The very garments he wears enter into both the production and distribution of wealth, for neither the law of the land nor the imperative rules of decency allow him to go naked to his work. According to the Debs platform, Socialism would not allow a truck farmer in Florida to own his motor boat—an indispensable "means of wealth production and distribution." The motor boat would have to belong to "Society."

The Georgia cracker could not own his one-horse wagon. It would have to belong to "Society."

The horse, the mule, the ox, the hog, the sheep—they would all have to go—they are means of wealth production and would belong to Society.

The patient, industrious hens produce more wealth than all the cotton-fields on earth; and, according to Mr. Debs, your wife must give up her hens to "Society." The house in which the workman lives is just as necessary to his production of wealth as are the tools with which he works; under the Debs definition of Socialistic purpose neither the home of the workman nor his tools of trade shall be his own. To allow him to own either his tools or his home is to violate your own definition, establish an exception to your rule, mar the perfection of your theory, spring a rift in your lute, impair the symmetry of *your* system, and set you adrift from *your* moorings, to sail, rudderless, an uncharted sea.

* * * * *

Recently, some of the Socialist deities, who respond in oracles to the questionings of the devout, have seemed to modify the gospel considerably.

They now say that the citizen *can* own his own home under Socialism.

That is good! I can own my own home under Socialism! Fine!

Now as to details.

By what title may I own my home? Who deeds it me? Does society do it? If so, we are getting back into old ruts, for Society did that very thing with the home I own already. The State deeded to the original holder and from him down to me runs a connected title, link by link. So far, so good.

Socialism allows Society to deed me a home; but for *how long?*

Does Socialism allow me a life estate only? If so, I am no more than a tenant. And tenants do not make improvements. On the contrary, tenants, as a rule, rather incline to let the property run down.

Are *you*, my reader, satisfied with being permitted to be life-tenant of your own home?

Ask your wife who is rocking the cradle and singing the old sweet song of motherhood to the baby. If you suddenly die, will she and the child be turned out? If both of you are stricken down, is the child to be turned out? Socialist deities must frame oracles along here, for wise Americans will want to know, you know.

I can own my home, you say:—now how much land constitutes what you call a *home?*

Shall Society fix a cast-iron rule on the subject, and allow to each of us *the same quantity* of soil for a home?

Or shall the citizen himself have a voice in the matter?

Sha'n't we be allowed to have a bit of front yard for flowers, and of back yard for garden purposes?

If not, why not?

Home is not home without a bit of elbow room, you know. If Socialism concedes us a home, it must be reasonable, and must round out the concession into such a home as husband, wife and children can enjoy.

Do you grant that? Yes. Then how much land for flower yard and vegetable garden? How much for poultry yard and pasture? Oh, my brother, *don't* you see that if you concede to the citizen the right to own his own home, the concession is a mockery unless *he* can say *where* and *what?*

The home is *not* a home unless you make him something more than a life-tenant. You *must* recognize his wife and his child in the fixing of the title. You *must* realize that as the wife and the child are to him more sacred than any other living creatures, so the home is sacred in his eyes as *the refuge for the family* against all the perils of the outer world.

Will Socialism recognize that the home is *not* for the man alone, but for the family? If not, its concessions, recently made, will avail nothing. If yea, then Mr. Debs's definition of Socialism goes glimmering, and *you are committed to the same system of land ownership which now prevails!*

* * * * *

"No, *no*, NO! Socialism does not mean a *division* of property. Watson says that because he is ignorant and unfair. Socialism means the 'Collective ownership' of property."

What a precious thing the right word is!

COLLECTIVISM!

The Socialist agitator gets as much unctuous comfort out of the term Collectivism as the good old Methodist sister derived from "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia.'"

Yes, I am ignorant, but I don't mean to be unfair. Let us see:

You propose to *collect* all the private estates, and to form them into one vast public estate; and then you will allow *to everybody* a proprietary interest in and to this public estate, without reference to who did or did not own private estates.

Yet you pretend to believe that this is *not a division* of property.

Brothers, are you deceiving yourselves when you proclaim such a contradictory doctrine, or do you merely seek to deceive others?

When our barbaric German ancestors in the olden time had overrun some province of the wealthier but weaker Roman Empire, it was their custom at the end of the marauding campaign to collect into one huge pile the spoil of battle. Gold and silver from the rich man's chests, cattle from the poor man's field, precious vessels from temple and church, promiscuous loot from palace and hut, from bazaar and shrine, built up the heap of booty which belonged to the victors *in common.*

Impartially it had been stripped from the good and the bad, the high and the low, the country and the town.

Collectively it now belonged to the good and the bad, the high and the low, the country and the town.

And from this great collective hoard each member of the marauding band took in proportion to his merit.

Modern Socialism, more generous than the barbaric chieftains, proposes to allow the victim of the spoiler to retain a joint interest in the spoil.

* * * * *

In the March number of this Magazine there was an article, "Wayland's Mistake," which cautioned the Socialist deities against the policy of giving farms to club-raisers. I predicted that as fast as Wayland made home-owners he would lose crusaders. As fast as he granted titles to farms in Florida he would make converts to the doctrine of private ownership.

"Beware Capua, Brother Wayland!" said I—for I know human nature clear down to the ground.

"And the excellent Herbert Bigelow was seen riding into the lists. . . ."

Oh, how I was censured for that article! Socialist brethren rose in wrath to gesticulate, and then sat down to drop me a few lines. Some of them wanted their Magazines stopped right away.

And yet, what happens?

Brother Wayland quit offering Florida farms to his crusaders!

Why? Did the brethren snap up all the land which Wayland put upon the market? Or did Wayland become convinced that he *was* making a mistake? If you thought you were right in your policy, Brother Wayland, why did you not go ahead on it? You can buy more Florida land, if your former supply is exhausted. Anywhere from one to six dollars per acre will buy you a principality of land in the South.

I again warn you, however, that as fast as you make home-owners you will lose crusaders.

* * * * *

But the greatest offense committed by me was in saying that I could not see any difference *in principle* between the ownership of a cow and a cow lot. My Socialist brethren take this remark as a flagrant breach of all the proprieties; they consider it beyond the pale of toleration; having heard the preacher utter that blasphemy, they seize their hats and noisily leave the congregation.

For instance, peruse this letter, and then remember me in your prayers:

To the Editor Tom Watson's Magazine.

SIR: I am returning you under separate cover copy of TOM WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I would like my subscription stopped. Please send me a bill for my arrears and I will remit for same.

I have made up my mind that the economic-politics teaching of one who cannot see a distinction between the private ownership of a cow and a cow-lot can serve no useful purpose in this day and generation. In any event, I have not the time to bother with any such.

Respectfully yours,
LOUIS B. PARSONS.

211 West Eightieth Street, New York City.
May 24, 1906.

When I had perused the foregoing epistle my first inclination was to write a polite missive to Mr. Parsons and implore him to explain to me what *is* the difference, *in principle*, between the private ownership of a cow and a cow-lot.

But, upon reflection, I concluded that this gentleman was already just about as angry as a gentleman could well be, and that if I said another word to him, he might forget that he was a gentle-

man and do something rash. Clearly his letter indicated that he was bordering upon that state of mind which one relieves by finding fault with the coffee, cursing the cook, speaking snappishly to the wife, spanking the baby, kicking the house dog, and stepping deliberately upon the cat's tail.

Consequently, being a man of much charity and urbanity, I refrained from saying a word to the indignant and disgusted gentleman of New York.

* * * * *

Besides, it soon appeared that another Richmond had entered the field. The cow which I had lugged into the discussion had stirred up the brethren in Ohio, and the excellent Herbert Bigelow was seen riding into the lists, with his beaver up.

With Herbert mounted, armed *cap-à-pie*, and careering full tilt against me and my cow, there was no leisure to allot to obscure gentlemen of little old New York.

* * * * *

The excellent Herbert appears to have advertised in advance his intention to "take a fall" out of me.

It seems that he drew a large crowd to his church by the advertisement aforesaid, and that he then proceeded to take "a hard fall out of Tom Watson."

So?

Yes; that's the way Herbert put it in the paper; and to prove it conclusively, he published his handsome picture as a part of the evidence in the case.

Modest man!

Having advertised in advance that he was going to take a hard fall out of me and my cow, and having drawn a large congregation to his church thereby, it is reasonable to suppose that the excellent Bigelow gave his best thought to the task of showing what *is* the difference, *in principle*, between private ownership applied to a cow and private ownership applied to a cow-lot.

Now listen to Herbert:

"Suppose the owner abandons both the cow and the cow-lot. . . . What happens? In a few days the cow dies. The lot remains."

Whew!

Is that the kind of thing that passes for logic in Cincinnati? If it is, Brother Bigelow could, as readily, draw for *his* congregation a distinction, *in principle*, between the ownership of a glass tumbler and of a tin cup. If you drop the tumbler, it breaks, it "dies"; if you

"A gentleman."

drop the tin cup, it does not break, but "remains."

Is *the principle* of private ownership *good* when applied to the perishable, and *bad* when applied to the non-perishable? In that case a sad confusion results.

The excellent Herbert would permit himself to privately own that which is least desirable, and deny himself the privilege of owning the numberless articles which are as permanent as the earth itself. The thousands of things

made out of metal, the things made from stone and marble—shall private ownership be forbidden in these things *because* they are *not* perishable? Shall we only be permitted to own those things which "die" as the cow dies?

Incubate again, Excellent Herbert.

* * * * *

But was the speaker in the right when he declared that "the cow dies" when abandoned by the owner?

Not by any means.

That individual animal might perish if turned adrift by the owner, and if no other human being wanted a cow, just as some farms perish *as farms* when the owners abandon them; and just as *the house* falls into dilapidation and ruin if abandoned and neglected.

But the cow, *as a species*, is just as much a permanency in Nature's plan as the earth itself; the cow is as eternal as the cow-lot.

The individual cow dies, but the species does not die; reproduction goes on forever. Man himself is not more of a fixture on this planet than is the cow. In the order of established things, the cow holds a place as firm and as steady as the laws which transmute bacon and cabbage into the finer reflections and inspiring oratory of the excellent Herbert Bigelow.

* * * * *

"What happens?" queried the preacher, cocksure of his supreme mastery of the subject. "The cow dies; the cow-lot remains."

And then he came down from the pulpit to receive the congratulations of his admiring friends.

The excellent Herbert selected himself as the champion of Socialism, and advertised his intention to "take a fall out of Tom Watson" by showing the difference *in principle* between the private ownership of the cow and the cow-lot. And what did Herbert do?

He demonstrated triumphantly that *a cow is one thing and a cow-lot is another!* Valiant Herbert. Let us all crowd forward and smother him with congratulations.

But the preacher did not stop at "the cow dies." No, indeed. Having got me down, he couldn't resist the temptation to gouge me a little.

Hear the excellent Herbert: "Now, suppose a prospector discovers coal on the adjoining lot, or suppose enterprising men build a great city on the surrounding land. In either case the owner could sell the lot for more than a man can make caring for a herd of cattle.

"Coal mines are not discovered in cows."

Whew!!

"Neither does it ever happen," continues the excellent Herbert, "that beefsteak can be sold for $10,000 a front foot."

WHEW!!!

You merciless Herbert!

Why trample upon a man that way just because you've got him down?

Why pulverize the prostrate foe with a remorseless stone-crusher?

But let us endeavor to catch our breath and see where we are "at."

Coal mines *may* be discovered inside the cow-lot; coal mines cannot be found in cows; therefore you may privately own the cow, but not the cow-lot.

Beefsteak does not sell for $10,000 a front foot; city lots sell for $10,000 a front foot; *therefore* you may privately own the beefsteak, but not the lot.

Is that it, excellent Herbert? If *the amount of money involved* makes up the difference, *in principle*, the issue will again be woefully complicated.

Land lots at Jamestown, Virginia, and near Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, are not worth much more than they were when the whites first landed; cows and horses have been so greatly improved that a cow frequently sells for $10,000 and a horse for $100,000.

If you are controlled by *the amount involved*, such a lot of land as can be had at Jamestown is a fit subject for private ownership, while a ten-thousand-dollar Jersey is not.

How about *that*, Herbert?

"Coal mines are not discovered in cows."

You *may* discover a coal mine in the cow-lot; *therefore* I cannot own the cow-lot, but I may own the cow.

So?

Then you refuse me the right to own the cow-lot *because of something that may never happen?* Would it not answer every purpose to let me own the lot *until* you discover the coal? Would not even your own logic be satisfied with taking the coal mine for "Society," *after* you had discovered that my cow-lot contained a coal mine?

Would it be asking too much for me to request that "Society" furnish me another cow-lot, in place of that which it took from me *after* the coal was discovered?

* * * * *

"Neither does it ever happen that beefsteak can be sold for $10,000 a front foot."

You implacable Herbert! *Must* you pour sand in a man's ears, just because you have him where you want him? The land is worth more than the steak, therefore *the principle* of private ownership is sound, when applied to the steak, but unsound when applied to the land. Is *that* your method of reasoning, my beloved brother?

If so, you can prove, with equal facility, that private ownership is a sound principle when applied to a razor-back hog, and unsound when applied to the Angora goat.

My *dear* Herbert! *Don't* nod in that infantile manner when reasoning upon economics, or we shall forget that you *ever* resemble Homer.

Brother Bigelow's knock-out blow was this:

"In Pittsburg there is a lot which cost $2,000 sixty years ago. It has increased in value 100 per cent. every year. It is now worth $120,000. This is just for the land, and it is 24 feet one way by 100 the other. Mr. Watson, was that value added by the labor of

the owner or by the growth of Pittsburg? If the city made the value, why should not the city take the value?"

If the city made the value! But the city did *not* make the value, Herbert.

There is where you apostles of the new dispensation fall into fundamental error. The city of Pittsburg did *not* make the value of the lot. The city of Pittsburg was but *one* of the causes of the advance in price. A thousand *other causes* contributed to the same result.

The *form of government* under which we live affects the value of every lot of land in America. The oceans that wash our shores, the rivers which traverse the interior, the lake, the bay, the gulf—they all have their influence upon the production of wealth, upon commerce and upon values. The wheat-fields and cornfields which feed Pittsburg, the cotton-fields which clothe her —these have their benign power in the upbuilding of her land values. The natural advantages of location, the waterways, the deposits of coal and iron—these add to the value of every lot in the city; and these advantages would not be worth "a tinker's dam" if this country were not inhabited by people who know what to do with nature's resources.

When the Indians owned the territory and occupied the woods, Pittsburg had precisely the same natural advantages she has now. The genius of *the white race*, its laws, its customs, its civilization enter into the value of every piece of realty in Pittsburg.

The railroads are an element of value in city property. Nor does Pittsburg depend upon the lines entering her limits, but upon *all the main lines in the Union.*

Annihilate all the railroads, and what becomes of city values? If the railroad helped to increase values in Pittsburg, then every blessed thing which entered into the making of the railroads had something to do with the increase in value of real estate in the city.

From the time when the ingenious Latin, Blasco de Garay, exhibited to the Emperor Charles V. the wonders of steam power, ever since that day in Barcelona, in the far-away year of 1543, when that pioneer of modern progress made a vessel of 200 tons move in the water, hither and thither, *at the will of man and steam*, the human brain has been wrestling with the mighty problem whose partial solution is exemplified in steam engines, railroads, steamboats, and a thousand other similar manifestations.

Ferret out the true causes of land values in Pittsburg, call the roll of those who made her great, and you will find yourself groping amid the centuries that are gone, surrounded by the hundreds of inventors whose brain-work laid the foundation of the modern commercial era.

* * * * *

What a narrow, shallow view it is to pretend that *any* city makes her own values!

I am what I am because of my relation to all other men and all other things. How can you disconnect me from the system in which I live and move and have my being?

The city is but a group of individuals; you cannot consider it as a thing apart, any more than you can consider an individual of the group as a thing apart. The city is what it is because of its relation to all other cities and all other things.

What *made* Chicago?

The lakes in front and the fertile plains behind.

What made San Francisco originally?

The gold mines of the interior and the waterway to the outer world.

What made New York?

Those natural advantages which were worthless to the aborigines, but which, grappled by the white man, enabled him *to use the entire outside world* for his benefit.

Pittsburg make the value of that city lot which Brother Bigelow selects for illustration?

"The *city* made the value?" Bosh! The city itself was made by ten thousand foreign influences coöperating with its own energies and capacities.

If Brother Bigelow insists upon con-

fiscating the land value which the individual owner did not put into the lot, then his process of distribution will be complicated.

Take this land value away from the individual owner and give it back to those who put it into the lot, and you must yield a part of it to the railroads, a part to the steamboats, a part to the owners of coal and iron mines, a part to the farmers of the South and the West, a part to the heirs-at-law of a thousand inventors, a part to the authorities of the state, and a part to Uncle Sam.

Nor must you forget the Tariff. If ever there was a town which illustrates how the law, granting Special Privilege to the few, can rob a nation to build a city, it is Pittsburg. The fortune of Carnegie rests on Privilege. The Tariff confiscated a part of the wealth of every citizen in this Union and gave it to Carnegie.

The millions of Henry Frick rest upon Privilege. So do those of Corey and all the rest of the Protected Capitalists of Pittsburg, whose interests are so keenly watched in Congress by such men as John Dalzell.

Yes, Pittsburg is a Tariff-built town, to a very large extent. Therefore when Brother Bigelow resolves back into its original elements the value of that lot which seems to rankle in his mind, he must lay aside a goodly portion as the share of Uncle Sam and his blessed Tariff.

* * * * *

"Neither does it ever happen that beefsteak can be sold for $10,000 a front foot."

A solar-plexus blow!

But let us reflect:

The Pittsburg lot, which gives Brother Bigelow so much offense, measures twenty-four feet one way and one hundred feet another—according to this excellent divine who takes "falls" out of people, as per previous advertisement.

Does the man who pays $120,000 for that land-lot restrict himself to the twenty-four feet in width and the one hundred feet in length? No, indeed. The law allows him to use as much of the space *above* land, *below* the ground, as he chooses. "Upward as high as heaven, and downward as far as hell," is the way it is sometimes stated. Practically it means that your private ownership gives you exclusive rights, above and below without limit.

But I will be moderate.

I will not base a calculation upon more of the lot than the average owner can use. When he pays $120,000 for such a small lot, he will naturally use as much of it as possible. He will build a skyscraper fifteen or twenty stories high. He will have a basement fifty feet in depth. Let us say—for I want to be reasonable—that the owner will use fifty feet below the surface and two hundred feet above; in all, two hundred and fifty feet.

Then the dimensions of his lot, *in actual use by him*, will be correctly stated thus, 24 x 100 x 250 feet. How many cubic feet, then, does he *use?*

He uses 600,000, that being the number of cubic feet included within the dimensions 24 x 100 x 250.

When he bought the land by *the front foot*, and paid for it by the front foot, he acquired at the same time, and for the same consideration, the entire length of the lot and the right to occupy the space above and below. All this was understood when he purchased by the front foot.

Now let us apply the very same rule to beefsteak.

If you bought beefsteak by the front foot, and selected a section of it that measured 24 x 100 x 250 feet, you would have become the owner of 600,000 cubic feet of beefsteak.

How much will one cubic foot of steak weigh?

Let us say twenty pounds. Then, there will be 12,000,000 pounds which you will have bought with your 24 *front foot* lot of steak. At twenty-five cents per pound, this modest lot of 24 x 100 x 250 will have cost you $3,000,000.

Order the same amount of steak in a

first-class New York Restaurant and it will cost you at least a dollar a pound, or $12,000,000. With this amount the seller of the steak could afford to put that Pittsburg lot into Socialist propaganda, while *he* went down to St. Louis and scooped that Erskine lot, preparatory to doing business with the Astor estate in New York.

"Neither does it ever happen that beefsteak can be sold for $10,000 per front foot."

Inexorable but incautious Herbert!

Why, that very lot which you selected in Pittsburg, if sold as beefsteak at twenty-five cents per pound, would fetch $125,000 per front foot.

* * * * *

Consequently, it must be apparent that one falls into absurdities when he seeks to demonstrate that *the principle* of private ownership is wrong when applied to land, and *not* wrong when applied to cows, *because* land is worth more than cows. It must at once occur to everyone, excepting the most careless reader, that a cow is *not* necessarily less valuable than an acre of land. The respective values of the cow and the land depend upon many things, but particularly upon location.

Where is the cow? And *where* is the land?

Put the cow in Cincinnati and the acre of land within the same city will be worth more. Put the cow and the acre of land *both* in the mountains of some of the Southern states, and the cow will be the more valuable of the two.

Put the cow into the best of market towns, and your acre of land in the Everglades of Florida, and the cow will carry off the honor of the comparison.

In the town of Wrightsboro, Ga., which was laid off by my Quaker ancestors in 1754, and which has been a town from that day to this, I can buy a five-acre lot of land, with a dwelling on it, for *less* than the Meat Trust will get for one cow! And Wrightsboro is not the only town where this can be done. It can be done in many towns and villages throughout the Union. There are numerous districts scattered all over the Republic where enough land to make a Frenchman's farm can be had for a smaller sum of money than is realized from the products of *one steer* by the unutterable Chicago Packers.

Yet the admirable Herbert Bigelow would deny you the right to own the farm *on principle*, while conceding the right of the Trust to own the steer.

* * * * *

The excellent Herbert asks me:

"Do you ever speak about the abuse of cow-ownership?"

Sometimes, Herbert, sometimes. The Beef Trust, my boy, seems to me to be an "abuse of cow-ownership," and I frequently "speak" about it. As to speculative land monopoly, it is just as different from legitimate land-ownership as the Steel Trust is from the village blacksmith.

Repeal the laws which create Special Privileges, and you would destroy all Trusts and Monopolies.

* * * * *

Did Brother Bigelow, by any chance, ever hear of such a disease, incident to proprietorship, as being "land poor"? If so, what does he conceive it to be? If he has no knowledge of such an economic malady, he lacks the primary education *in actual conditions* which is necessary to the intelligent discussion of land-ownership.

If, on the contrary, he *is* aware of the existence of such a disease, and knows its *real nature*, he will find it a big job to explain *the cause and effect* of being "*land poor*" in such a way as will *not* pull down the pillars from underneath the Socialist and the Single-Taxer.

The next time Brother Bigelow goes up into the synagogue to take a tumble out of me I hope he will expound the economic malady to which I have referred.

When does a man own so much real estate that he is "land poor"? *What are the incidents* to that disease? *How* is the malady cured? *What happens* to the sufferer in these cases where no remedies are applied?

Butt into this conundrum, thou in-

genious Bigelow, and let us see thee go to the heart of the matter!

* * * * *

The principle which Brother Bigelow meant to announce may be attractively stated in these words, to wit:

"To the community belongs of right those values which the community creates."

Thus postulated the dogma is as pretty as new shoes. But as the prettiest shoes are seldom the best for wear, so this plausible dogma lacks a vast deal of being as virtuous as it looks.

If the community is entitled to all that it creates, then *Communism* is the righteous doctrine, for there are no values among us which the community does *not* create.

Only in primitive conditions can the individual create values which are founded upon intrinsic merit. In the modern world almost every value is fixed by the community, regardless of who or what produced the thing whose value is thus fixed.

The coonskin cap of Daniel Boone was intrinsically more valuable as a covering for the head, than the derby, the Stetson, or the stovepipe worn by a fashionable man of the city, but the coonskin cap is absolutely without value to the fashionable man of the city.

Why?

The community, with its styles and its tastes, has made the less valuable head-covering *fashionable*, and thus the community has put into the inferior article the superior value.

A suit of clothes made of Kentucky jeans is vastly better for all-round use than suits which cost twice as much.

What agency puts the higher price upon the inferior goods?

The community—its unwritten laws of dress.

In a hundred ways you can illustrate the same truth. As a general proposition it may be truthfully claimed that there is at present no such thing as individual *creation of value*. Individuals produce *things* and the community fixes *values*. A rare orchid in the swamps of South America had no value; introduced among the wealthy and fashionable people of Europe and North America it commanded a king's ransom in price. The community puts the value into a $30,000 Lawson Pink, just as it did in the Kohinoor diamond, just as it did in the Holland tulip, just as it did in "The Angelus" painting. Not long ago one of the Poe manuscripts sold for $2,100; it had no intrinsic value whatever.

Thus the community is always at work, making and unmaking values.

Sometimes the individual who created the thing—be it statue, painting, book or musical composition—is allowed to die in neglect and want. The community has seen the statue, has gazed at the painting, has read the book, has heard the music—but the community denies *the value!*

Suddenly, a change takes place—no one can explain how or why—and the community rushes to put a value into the work which had been neglected; and thus millions are being made out of the productions of Burns and Poe and Schubert and Mozart, when they themselves were allowed to suffer the bitter pangs of poverty and neglect.

Individuals create *value?* Bah! The *community* creates the value.

Concede the right of the community to take all the value which it creates and you will just about leave us with a fig-leaf to cover our nakedness.

* * * * *

Listen to Brother Bigelow:

"Would it not be well for Mr. Watson to get together with himself on this land question? For instance, he says: 'Undoubtedly nature teaches that the earth belongs in common to the entire human race.' In the same breath he says: 'Property in land differs in no wise from property in horses and cows.' Then it must be the undoubted teaching of nature that Mr. Watson's horses and cows belong in common to the entire human race."

All right; that is just what I *do* claim.

Horses and cows belong to the human race in the same sense that the earth does. But the state has a perfect right to prescribe the conditions upon which each one of us shall acquire separate ownership in the horse, the cow and the land. For the sake of society itself, tribal communism and collectivism, incident to nomadic life and barbarous conditions, gave way to the fixed abode and individual property.

The citizen who caught a wild horse tamed it and broke it to work, kept it as his.

That was the simple origin of private ownership in horses. The mare had a colt, and the colt, following the conditions of the mother, belonged to the owner of the mother: and thus tame horses, domesticated horses, privately owned horses, came on down the line from father to son. The same process was applied to the cow, with the same results. Private ownership of horses has gradually evolved the pure Arabian which money can rarely buy; private ownership of cows has transformed the blue-milk, white-butter scrub of the heath into the beautiful creature which is now the ornament of the lawn, the luxury of the home, the wealth producer whose annual product outvalues all the cotton-fields of the universe! The land took the same route. Nomadic life improved no land. Nomadic life exhausted one spot, and then moved on to another. Nomadic life cannot possibly advance beyond a given, limited, unsatisfactory point. The *tribe* had to settle down into a fixed abode, so as to increase the natural supply of the necessaries of life by *human labor*. And Society said to each member thereof, "make a home and it shall be yours; make a farm and it shall be yours; *produce* and the *product* shall be yours."

* * * * *

When the ingenious Bigelow seeks to draw a distinction *in principle* between cow-ownership and land-ownership, he breaks into the order of the universe. There can be no separation in principle between one of nature's creations and another. The earth and all that it contains, in the way of nature products, belongs to the same category. Without the animal world the earth would be untenable to man. Without the animal world the earth would be incomplete—nature's plan abortive.

God's *purpose* must have been identical throughout the length and breath and depth of His universe. The *principle* which He breathed into that mysterious union of elements whose offspring we call LIFE must be as sacred in its origin and purpose in one manifestation as in another. Over the forest waves the green flag of LIFE; from the throat of every song-bird rings the music of LIFE; in the bannered cornfield there is the motion and murmur of LIFE; in the patter of raindrops and the splash and gurgle of running streams there is the melody of LIFE; in the grass under my feet and in the clouds over my head there is the spirit of LIFE; in the blossom of the rose and the twinkle of the star is the same subtle essence of LIFE.

How shall we limit that which a man may OWN?

By *his ability to reduce it to* POSSESSION.

The cloud does not admit of private possession; nor does the breeze; nor does the song of birds; nor does the light of sun, moon and stars; hence they remain in common, to be enjoyed in common. No human being can oust another from his contemplation of the heavens above, or of the landscape below; of the cooling breath of the breeze, or of the warming rays of the sun. They are *not* capable of being *reduced to private possession*, hence not capable of private ownership. But those things which *can* be reduced to possession are subject to private ownership—whether the thing in question be an acre of land, a horse, a cow, a sheep, a goat, a panther, a tiger, a lion, an elephant, a zebra, a python, a cobra, a squirrel, a rabbit or a bird. Here, Brother Bigelow, we have *a principle*.

The practicability of reducing a

given thing to private possession, is a test which all can understand, admits of systematic application, and seldom, if ever, degenerates into absurdities.

Thus we say that the principle applies to the cart horse, worth a hundred dollars, as well as to the King of the Turf, worth ten thousand dollars, because *the principle* applies equally to both horses. Each of the two is equally capable of being reduced to private possession.

Again, we say that private ownership applies to the old brindle cow which has wolves in her back and which gives a scant half gallon of blue milk, as well as to the majestic Alderney which is worth a cowpenful of Old Brindles. Each of the two cows is equally capable of being reduced to private possession. Thus, *the principle* applies to both.

So, in like manner, an acre of ground is capable of being reduced to private possession whether it be located in the valley or on the plains; whether it be worth much or little; whether it be in Kansas and Nebraska where it will produce corn, or in Georgia and Alabama where it will produce cotton; whether it be in irrigated California where it sells for $500 per acre, or in one of those worn-out sections of our country where it is not worth the taxes. *The principle* applies to it all—applies intelligently, systematically and without absurdity.

But the moment you depart from this time-honored principle, and say that a man may own a cow, but not own a cow-lot, defending your monstrous position by saying that you don't sell beefsteak by the front foot, and don't discover coal mines in cows, you make yourself a laughing-stock to gods and men, for you have blundered into a most ridiculous difficulty.

* * * * *

When the Doctrinaire tells me that *Communism* is right, and that *all things should belong to all men*, I can see some method in his madness. Grant his premises, and his conclusions take the citadel of private property by storm!

Community of goods, everything belonging to everybody, *is* a consistent theory, and *does* go back to nature.

But when a Socialist comes along and tells me that his system permits of private ownership of *some things*, while denying it in others, I respectfully protest that he is ignoring fundamental facts and departing from elemental principles. Individualism is a consistent theory: Communism is a consistent theory: Socialism is an impossible way-station between the two. If I were not an Individualist, I would be a Communist: I certainly would not waste my life hanging around a way-station.

* * * * *

The Individualist, in the beginning, said "the whole world and all it contains was made for the use of mankind. The wolves howl in the forest; they are wild and dangerous; they will depredate upon man as well as upon other animals; trap one of those wolves and train it to be a watch-dog; in due time, being *your* dog, it will obey you, serve you in many ways, help to supply you with food, attack those whom you wish to drive away, and defend your life with its own.

Wild horses run at large, doing no good to anybody; they are dangerous and they commit many depredations. Capture one of them, tame it, subdue it to your will, bend it to your tasks, and *it shall be yours*.

Upon this noble animal bestow your affection, for he will deserve it. Under your care he will develop qualities which make him almost human. He will bear you unhurt through the storm of battle; will carry you safely through swollen waters; will come at your call, and will take you unerringly home, many and many a black night, when the way is lost to *you* who cannot see your hand before your face. He will draw the cart, or drag the plow: will toil above ground in the field, or slave for you in the tunnel of the mine.

You took the wild animal, and *you* made him what he is: you put your

mind and heart, as well as your hand, into the making of the horse that the modern world now knows and uses. *The horse is yours.*

You took a wild product, worthless and dangerous, and through ages of effort you evolved the wonderful modern horse. A few days ago the Flying Fox, a race-horse, was sold in England for $191,000. Trace his lineage back to its origin and you would gaze upon a pair of shaggy wild ponies, not only worthless, but terribly destructive, if not dangerous.

The horse is *yours*, not everybody's, because *you* made him what he is. Everybody did not do it: *you* did it. Hence, the horse is yours. By recognizing your right to your reward we stimulate others to improve upon nature.

The land, likewise, is wild, producing only certain fruits, which, in the course of time, will become insufficient for human needs.

Go, then, and subdue the wild land. Remove that encumbering growth of useless vegetation: drain out that excess of moisture, make a seed-bed in that rough sod—and *the farm*, which you thus *make* out of the wild land, shall be *your* farm. It shall not be *everybody's* farm, for the simple reason that *everybody* did not make it. *Your* farm it shall be, because *you* made it.

That is Individualism—BASED UPON THE FACTS AND UPON HUMAN NATURE.

Now the Communist preaches another gospel altogether.

He says that Nature produced man and all other things that exist upon this planet. He says that nowhere in Nature is there any basis for the private, exclusive, monopolistic *ownership* of any portion of animate or inanimate Nature by any individual being.

An absolute community of goods for the community of human beings. God made the one for the other; therefore no one member of the Community shall slice off and take as *his* a portion of what belongs to all.

There you have consistency. There you have principle and system. There you have a natural basis. In such a state exclusive *use* of a thing might exist: exclusive *title* could not arise.

But Socialism takes middle ground, confuses the two systems, wars upon Individualism while rejecting Communism, endeavors to obliterate the distinction between that which is public and that which is private, confuses the relation of the man to the state, ignores the profound human instinct and craving for self and for individual ownership, strikes at the mainspring of human action, saps the foundation of the home and threatens the integrity of the marital tie.

"*Society* must own the means whereby wealth is produced!" God! What *then* will be left to the individual? If you mean what you say, friend Debs, why stop short of Communism?

* * * * *

I wonder whether Brother Bigelow has seen the Census Report, recently issued by the Government, showing the amount of wealth owned by the negroes of this country. If so, let him study it. Profound meanings can be drawn from it. According to the official statement *the negroes own seven hundred and forty-six thousand farms!*

The value of these farms is $499,941,000. They own cows, horses and other live stock to the amount of $84,936,000.

The average size of the farm held by the negro is fifty-one acres. The average value of his cow, horse and other live stock is $114.

(Please, *please* pardon me for remarking, as I pass, that almost the whole of this farm wealth was earned and is held in the mean old nigger-killer South. Selah.)

Now, Brother Bigelow, let us reason together.

Forty years ago these negroes all occupied the dead-level of poverty.

On one and the same day they stepped from slavery into freedom, *all together.*

Never before in the history of the human race did so great a number of men commence life under conditions

which were so equal. They stood there in the Southern states—the millions of them—on the common ground of freedom and poverty, burdened with disadvantages which applied to all, and beckoned onward by incentives and encouragements and advantages which all could share.

They *thought* that they were *promised* "Forty acres and a mule": they now *have got* fifty acres and a mule—likewise a cow.

But *who is it* that has got the farm and the mule and the cow? Not the negro who became town loafer, chronic thief, incorrigible gambler, servant-girl parasite, improvident spendthrift or professional deadbeat and whisky soak. No! The negroes who own the 746,000 farms are those who remained in the country where there was plenty of work for whosoever was willing to work. They obeyed the primal law, and in the sweat of the face created the wealth they now possess. The negroes who own these farms and these mules and these cows had no better start in life than the millions of negroes who own no farm, nor mule, nor cow.

Forty years ago all the negroes were equal.

Today they are unequal.

Forty years ago they all stood together at the bottom of the ladder.

The one blessed thing which they *all* held in common was *the access to the ladder*. One and all, THEY COULD LOOK UP!

"What happens?"—as Brother Bigelow would say.

Some of the negroes climb to the top of the ladder; some climb midway the ladder; some climb only a few "rounds"; and the greater number do not climb at all.

Alas! Dr. Booker Washington would tell Dr. Herbert Bigelow that tens of thousands of the negroes do not even *try* to climb the ladder.

Consider it well—my brother. This Census Report is food for thought, not windy declamation.

(1) It proves that in spite of abuses which came upon us during the awful period of civil war, AND WHICH WE ARE GOING TO CORRECT, the poor man who is willing to work, *and who will go where the work is*, can earn enough to live well, build a home, buy a farm, and a mule and cow. Incidentally, he gets his children educated.

A system which admits of this is certainly not so much of "a hell" as some of our Socialist agitators exultantly proclaim it to be.

(2) That there is no such thing as equality in the capacity, character and habits of men. You may drag them all down to a common level of slavery; you may keep them on that level, by the *force* of slavery, for generation after generation; but the moment you lift the yoke, remove the pressure, and give each slave a chance to work for himself, the good, the bad, the indifferent at once reveal their inequalities, and the strong man asserts his inevitable royalty over the weak. God made it so—and that's all there is to it.

(3) Nearly a million negroes own their homes and farms, their mules and cows.

A little while ago they were slaves, owning nothing excepting that "natural monopoly" which every man carries in the muscles of his arm, and the intelligence which quickens his brain. These farm-owning negroes have not "seized" any land. They have not "robbed" anybody. They wanted "access to land," and they got it, by working for it in a section where any man can get it who wants it bad enough to pay the same price for it. Every other negro had the same chance to do just what each one of this million did: but while the million labored and saved and wisely invested in land, several other millions of negroes either did not do any regular work at all, or, having labored and earned, spent their wages in buying twelve-dollar Bibles, twenty-dollar clocks, six-dollar accordions, forty-dollar stoves, ten-dollar pistols, sixty-dollar Winchesters, seventy-dollar buggies—to say nothing of flashy clothing, intoxicating beverages, cigar-smoking, secret-society expenses, pastoral contributions, funeral luxuries, and other fashionable

dissipations, such as excursions, hot suppers and Saturday night shindigs with mean whisky galore and razors flying in the air.

Now what does Jeffersonian democracy say to these negroes?

To the sober, honest, industrious negro Individualism says, "You have fought a good fight; you toiled, you earned, you saved, you wisely invested. Keep what you have so justly deserved.

"By the splendor of God, your title shall be made good against the unworthy of your own race and against the lawless of ANY other race. And that which is yours—won by the sacred rights of manual or other labor—you shall keep, and your children shall have it after you, if such is *your* will.

"THUS will Individualism encourage the individual and secure to him his just reward."

What does *Socialism* say to these negroes?

"Surrender your homes and farms. They are not yours. You have robbed your black brothers. Bring us your title deeds that we may destroy them. No private ownership of land shall be allowed. Keep your mule, keep your cow, but surrender your farm. Those seven hundred and forty-six thousand farms do not belong to you who bought them, to you who hold the deeds to them. Those farms belong to *all the negroes* in common. You are all brothers in black. You are equal; the land belongs as much to one as to another. Fetch all your land papers that they may be canceled. Then, out of the 746,000 farms we will make one great big farm, and *this* farm shall belong to all the millions of negroes, in what we melodiously describe as 'social ownership.' We *don't* mean confiscation; we *don't* mean division. No, no. We only mean that you, the 746,000 farm-owning negroes, shall cease to be the exclusive owners of those farms of yours, and that all the millions of negroes who now own no farms shall hereafter be as much the owners of your land as you will be!

"But *you* may keep your cow. And hereafter when the landless millions of negroes make a pasture out of your 746,000 farms, we will grant you the glorious privilege of turning in your cow." God deliver us from any such JUSTICE as that!

* * * * *

Ah, Brother Bigelow! It may be that you are lending yourself to the sowing of that which makes men the reapers of the whirlwind.

Can our SYSTEM of Government be radically wrong, IN ITSELF, when the negro race—certainly not the most provident of races—can, in forty years, earn and own 38,000,000 acres of land, in a civilized country? Think of it! Thirty-eight million acres, 59,000 square miles, a domain equal to all the New England states grouped together!

Ponder it well, Brother mine! Then, peradventure, the next time you mount the pulpit to preach against me, you may feel inclined to state to the landless workmen who listen to your eloquence that the state of Texas is even now inviting home-seekers to come to her and settle upon *six million acres* of her bountiful soil.

Texas offers to sell land to your congregation, and to all others, at *one dollar per acre*, on forty years' time, at 5 per cent. interest.

Do your followers really want "access to land"?

Then, there's the chance. One dollar per acre, a credit of forty years, 5 per cent. interest, and six million acres!

Will Brother Bigelow's followers go to Texas and settle upon *that* land?

Will they enter upon any section of the 300,000,000 acres of public domain which Uncle Sam invites them to accept as a home and a farm? No. Not one of them will do it. They will remain in Cincinnati, in Chicago, in New York, and in the other great centres, and will continue to howl about "land monopoly." They don't want a farm in Texas, or in any other rural community—*where there is no land monopoly.* So desperately determined are they to get snake-bitten that they camp right over the hole

where the snake stays. They stubbornly refuse to go where there are no snakes. They want "collectivism"—which being interpreted means that they want a share of the accumulated wealth of Cincinnati, Chicago and New York.

No Texas for *them*. No, indeed.

Their farms must be laid out for them in Cincinnati, in Chicago, in New York, and other centres of wealth and population.

Beat it about the bush as much as you like, but *that's what Socialism puts into the head and heart of the average Socialist.*

* * * * *

Thus private property in land had its origin, and a more equitable principle never inspired human industry.

* * * * *

The land is no more of a natural monopoly than the muscle in the workman's arm. Your ownership of your land is no more of a private monopoly than your ownership of your horse or cow. Private property in cows could be abused just as private ownership of land could be carried too far; and the Beef Trust of today illustrates how it can be done.

No *principle* distinguishes the one kind of ownership from the other. Land is real, while the cow is personal, and that is all.

Nature made and provided both the land and the cow for human use.

I cannot understand why the Socialist would separate them, and allow me to own the cow and not own the cow-lot.

Mr. Debs says that Society must own the "means of wealth production." If that be so, you must class cow and cow-lot together, for the cow is more of a wealth producer than the cow-lot.

Why overrate the lot? Why underrate the cow?

There are millions of acres of land that are utterly worthless to mankind. There are no worthless cows.

There are millions of acres of unappropriated land. There are no unappropriated cows.

Talk about not being able to find a coal mine in a cow! Why, the cow produces more wealth every year of her life than all the coal mines in the world. Her annual output sells for a larger total of cash than all the gold veins of the universe produce in dollars.

She asks no "Protection" from the Government, but she manufactures more commodities, measured in money, than all the factories combined.

Golden is the harvest of the wheat-field; but it is not the equal of the yearly value of the cow.

Rich is the yield of the cotton belt; but it is less in its annual addition to wealth than the contribution brought by the cow.

How lame, then, is Mr. Bigelow's argument; how insecure its foundation.

He may contend, if he will, that as a matter of *expediency*, of *policy*, Society must not allow me to own the lot as well as the cow, but don't let him insist that any *principle* is involved.

To contend that the *value* of the thing is the test by which we shall divide public from private property is manifestly untenable ground.

The *principle* involved in the hack-driver's ownership of a fifty-dollar plug is evidently the same as that which was involved in Keene's ownership of Sysonby, the hundred-thousand-dollar race-horse.

* * * * *

Brother Bigelow asks:

"Suppose you had a cow and do not choose to milk her; are you under any obligations to let me milk her?"

None, Herbert—none at all. I may not want to wear my hat tomorrow, but am under no obligations to let *you* wear it. I may not want to use my books, but I am under no obligation to let you use them. And if I choose to let my garden grow up in weeds, that is none of your business. If the cow is *mine*, she is not yours; if *the garden* is mine, it is not *yours*. According to your admission on the cow question and the horse question, you would allow me to buy up and *hold out*

of use every cow and every horse on earth.

Would not that monopoly be about as injurious as the present system of land-ownership?

Let me own *all* the cows and *all* the horses, as you admit that I may rightfully do, and there is only one way to resist me. You would have to deny me the right to use any land on any terms.

In that event I would have no place to put the horses and cows. But in that case you would have outlawed me for having done what you admitted would be my right to do.

In other words, you would treat me as a criminal when I had committed no crime.

* * * * *

Socialism is a doctrine born of the intense longing of philanthropists to liberate the people from intolerable conditions in the cities.

The doctrine has no considerable foothold anywhere outside of the cities. Its arguments are based upon city conditions. In our rural communities it makes no headway, simply because conditions which encourage it in the cities do not exist in the country.

If the overcrowding in the cities could be counteracted, if the surplus population could be induced to scatter out and go to work, building up the waste places in rural communities, responding to the earnest demand for laborers in the less populous portions of the Union, creating homes and farms upon the millions of square miles of unappropriated or easily accessible land which impatiently awaits the beneficent touch of human industry—Socialism would at once cease to be a factor in politics, and would once more become, what it has so long been, a cult of the studio.

* * * * *

Because of attacks aimed at me personally, I hope my readers will pardon me for a final word, of a personal nature.

I did not inherit a foot of land. When the contraction of the currency and the Panic of 1873 bankrupted my father, I was sixteen years old, and at college. Thrown out for lack of money to pay my way, I auctioned off a few books which were in our library, and they netted me $3.75.

With this capital I began life. Sometimes teaching school, sometimes clerking in a store, sometimes working in the field, sometimes copying papers in the Clerk's office, sometimes pleading law cases, sometimes delivering lectures, sometimes editing a paper, sometimes writing books, *but always at work*—that is the record. It was varied by two brief terms in elective office, during which the work was somewhat harder than any I had ever done.

No wealth came to me by inheritance, and nobody ever gave me anything excepting doubtful advice, sore eyes, and measles. I have almost reached the age of fifty, and after thirty-four years of hard work I am in possession of a modest competence.

I cannot feel that my reward is out of proportion to my labor, nor a wrong to my fellow-man.

When I had walked all over the city of Augusta in 1874, hunting for work and failing to find it, I did not sink into its slums. I went out of the city into the country, and took a good firm grip on a pair of plow-handles. Day after day the skyline of my contemplation was diversified and embellished by the rear end of a mule. When the upland rice got ripe, I took a sickle and helped reap it.

Going to college had not made me too foolish to despise honest work—thank God!

The fact that my folks had been well-to-do slaveholders and landowners for generations did not enslave me with illusions on the subject of my own condition, my own duties and the necessity for reliance upon my own exertions.

So I hammered away at any honest job that came to hand—having ingrained in me a wholesome contempt for the man who despises toil or the toiler.

My own hard experience, early humiliations and painful struggles gave me a deep insight into the life of the poor and a profound sympathy for the downtrodden and the oppressed.

Those who best know my record, my work in the Georgia Legislature, my terrible struggles for political freedom in the South, my labors in Congress, my efforts as editor and author, are most conscious of the fact that no man of this generation has more ardently and unselfishly battled for the cause of just laws and good government.

If I could not prove this by my life-work, in office and out of it, I would not take the pains to make the statement.

But I take no stock in Socialism.

Jeffersonian democracy is good enough for me.

Do away with privilege.

Establish equality before the law, open wide the golden doors of opportunity, stimulate individual ambition with the hope of individual reward, guard *the home* as you would the gates of heaven—that is my ideal.

Government like that is possible. Government like that we once had. Government like that we can have again, provided the inert masses of the people can be made to care enough about it to kick the party boss aside and vote for what they want.

The Railway Mail Clerk

It takes a wide-awake man to get a job and hold it in the railway mail service. He must be mentally and physically active and strong. His task is exacting and his post of duty is one of danger.

His mail-car is a cheap wooden box which is hitched on close behind the engine. In case of a collision this dry-goods box is almost certain to be crushed like an eggshell, and the clerk himself left bleeding, mangled, and perhaps dead amid the splinters.

Upward of twelve thousand picked men of our army of workers go daily into these flimsy boxes, carrying their lives in their hands, and are whirled along the iron highways, serving out the people's mail. That they are not better protected is a national reproach. That they are given the post of greatest danger and are shipped in the cheapest, flimsiest car is a cruel injustice. That we should spend ten million dollars building a battleship out of steel, and should compel twelve thousand of our best men to risk their lives every hour of the day by riding next to the engine in a dry-goods box, seems incredible.

But the corporations have the Government by the leg, and we continue from year to year to pay as great a sum in rental for the use of one of these mail-cars as the car itself cost the corporation. The consequence is a ghastly sum total of human beings maimed or killed in the daily performance of a duty which is unnecessarily hazardous.

The statement has been frequently made that the risk assumed by the railway mail clerk is so great that the insurance companies refuse to issue policies on the lives of the men engaged in that service.

This must be a mistake. I know of at least one instance in which Ryan's rascally Equitable solicited a railway mail clerk.

It may be that those New York insurance thieves are so anxious to get new business that they are less particular than formerly.

But I rise to ask a question which I deem important; if anyone among our readers can answer it, he is urged to do so.

Is it true that the railroad corporations insure the lives of the railway mail clerks?

A sinister story of that kind has come to me from a source which commands attention.

Is the story true?

Do the corporations collect from the insurance companies for every mail clerk killed, and do they then rush a settlement upon the bewildered, grief-stricken widow, *and then pocket for themselves the larger part of the insurance money?*

My informant assures me that such is the practice.

If there is a grain of truth in this amazing statement, there is another crying abuse that President Roosevelt should jump on with both feet.

If the corporations reap a profit out of the killing of the railway mail clerk, we can readily understand why *they* are content to let him continue to ride next to the engine, in a frail wooden box.

The same corporations which find it cheaper to kill and maim 94,000 human beings every year than to provide against the slaughter are capable of doing business on the principle that it is more profitable to have a mail clerk killed than to provide for his safety.

If it be true that the corporations insure the lives of the clerks, and collect the policies when they are slaughtered, then the situation becomes as clear as it is horrible.

But is it true? I respectfully invite anyone who knows what the truth is upon this subject to give the Magazine the benefit thereof.

Early in July an attack on me appeared in the Macon *Telegraph*. My reply will be given in the next number of this Magazine.

THOMAS E. WATSON.

What Is Money?

So many questions have been asked of our Educational Department about the nature, uses and power of MONEY that I think our subscribers will be glad to have the following epitome on that most important subject.

This admirable selection of quotations from standard authorities was made by Mr. W. S. Morgan, of Arkansas, and originally appeared in his paper, the *Buzz Saw*.

WHAT IS MONEY?

Money is a creation of law!

"Congress shall have power to coin money, and regulate the value thereof." —*Constitution of the United States*.

"The gold dollar is not a commodity having an intrinsic value, but money having only a statutory value, and every dollar has the same value without regard to the material. The gold dollar has no intrinsic value."—16, *Iowa Rep.*, 246.

Aristotle said: "Money exists not by nature, but by law. The use of money was of necessity devised. From barter arose the use of money. For it is not everything which is naturally useful that is easy of carriage, and for this reason men invented among themselves, by way of exchange, something which they would mutually give and take. Money, then, being *devised* from necessity of mutual exchange."

Henri Cernuschi says: "Money is a value created by law. Its value is *legal* and not material. It is perhaps not easy to convince one that the value of metallic money is created by law. It is, however, a fact."

"Trade arises out of a condition of

labor. The need of money comes from the fact of trade."—*Price, "Principles of Currency."*

"The intrinsic value idea of money was the idea in the days of crude barbarism. The simplest and most perfect form of money is that which represents nothing but transferable debt, such as paper. It is only when states have reached a high degree of civilization that they adopt this perfect form of money."—*Rees's Encyclopedia.*

"Treasury notes secured by the pledges of the faith and credit of the Government, with or without interest, will make better currency than gold or silver."—*Victor Bonnet.*

"An article is determined to be money by reason of the performance by it of certain functions without regard to its form or substance."—*Appleton's Encyclopedia.*

"Money is simply employed for bartering, as a ship for carrying. Its action is similar to a cart's: it fetches for its owner the things he is in want of."—*W. S. Jevons.*

"Gold and silver are not intrinsically of the equal value of iron. No methods have been hitherto formed to establish a medium of trade equal in all advantages to its bills of credit made legal tender."—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Prof. Browning Price says: "Money is a tool of exchange and nothing more. It is not a measure of value, nor a standard of value, nor a representative of property. It transfers property conveniently from one party to another, as a wagon hauls goods from one place to another."

J. C. Hannon, in "The Twentieth Century," says: "The value of gold is a fictitious monetary value, which, when destroyed, reduces the metal to a commodity less valuable than many other metals. Gold plays the part of watered stock in the world's markets, and it is only a question of common sense when the people will repudiate or rather demonetize all metals."

"Moneys are of great varieties. The palpable characteristic which distinguishes money from the numerous objects that resemble it, but which are not money, is its mark of authority, signifying that it is issued, circulated and made payable for debts, services, fines, taxes and commodities by virtue of law."—*Alex. Del Mar, "Science of Money."*

Prof. F. A. Walker says: "Let me repeat, money is to be known by its doing a certain work. Money is not gold, though gold may be money; sometimes gold is money and sometimes it is not. Money is no one thing, no group of many things having any material property in common. On the contrary, anything may be money; and anything, in a given time and place, is money which then and there performs a certain function. Always and everywhere that which does the money-work is the money-thing."

Bastiat, in his "Harmonies Economiques," describing money, used the following illustration: "You have a crown piece. What does it mean in your hands? If you can read with the eye of the mind the inscription it bears, you can directly see these words: 'Pay to the bearer a service equivalent to that which he has rendered to society. Value received and stated, proved and measured by that which is on me.'"

McLeod, "Elements of Banking," Chapter I, says: "When persons take a piece of money in exchange for services or products, they can neither eat it, drink it nor clothe themselves with it. The only reason why they take it is because they believe that they can exchange it away whenever they please for other things which they require."

Aristotle, writing of money, says: "Money by itself . . . has value only by law, and not by nature; so that

a change of convention between those who use it is sufficient to deprive it of all its value and power to satisfy all our wants."

And again he says: "But with regard to a future exchange (if we want nothing at present) money is, as it were, our security that it may take place when we do want something."

John Locke, in "Consideration," etc., regarding money, published in 1691, *says:* "Mankind, having covenanted to put an imaginary value upon gold and silver, by reason of their durableness, scarcity, and not being very liable to be counterfeited, have made them, by general consent, the common pledges whereby men are assured, in exchange for them, to receive equally valuable things to those they parted with, for any quantity of those metals; by which means it comes to pass that the intrinsic value regard in those metals, made the common barter, is nothing but the quantity which men give or receive of them; they having, as money, no other value but as pledges to procure what one wants or desires.

Baudeau, reputed one of the most eminent of an early school of French economists, says: "Coined money in circulation is nothing, as I have said elsewhere, but effective titles on the general mass of useful and agreeable enjoyment which cause the well-being and propagation of the human race.

"It is a kind of bill of exchange, or order payable at the will of the bearer."

Adam Smith says: "A guinea may be considered as a bill for a certain quantity of necessaries and conveniences upon all the tradesmen in the neighborhood."

Jevons, "Money and Exchange," Chapter VIII, says: "Those who use coins in ordinary business need never inquire how much metal they contain. Probably not one person in two thousand in this kingdom knows, or need know, that a sovereign should contain 123.27447 grains of standard gold.

"Money is made to go. People want coin, not to keep in their own pockets, but to pass it off into their neighbors' pockets."

Henry Thornton, in his work on "Paper Credit," says: "Money of every kind is an order for goods. It is so considered by the laborer, when he receives it, and it is almost instantly turned into money's worth. It is merely the instrument by which the purchasable stock of the country is distributed with convenience and advantage among the several members of the community."

John Stuart Mill says: "The pounds or shillings which a person receives are a sort of ticket or order which he can present for payment at any shop he pleases, and which entitles him to receive a certain value of any commodity that he makes choice."

"The theory of intrinsic value of money has been abandoned by the best writers and speakers."—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

"Metallic money, while acting as coin, is identical with paper money, in respect to being destitute of intrinsic value."—*North British Review.*

"Money is a value created by law (a statutory value). The value of metallic money is created by law."—*Henri Cernuschi.*

"An article is determined to be money by reason of the performance by it of certain functions, without regard to its form or substance."—*Appleton's American Encyclopedia.*

"The gold dollar has not intrinsic value."—*Supreme Court of Iowa.*

The Supreme Court of Iowa (Iowa Reports, Vol. XVI, page 246) *says:* "In business transactions gold is not a commodity, but money, nothing more

nor less. . . . This gold has and had a *statutory* value; the parties dealt with it as so many dollars, and not as a commodity having a specified or fixed intrinsic value; legally each dollar passed for one hundred cents, and *legally it had no other value.*"

Dugald Stewart, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in his lectures on Political Economy (Part I, Book II) said: "When gold is converted into coin, its possessor never thinks of anything but its exchangeable value, or supposes a coffer of guineas to be more valuable because they are capable of being transferred into a service for his own use. Why, then, should we suppose that, if the intrinsic value of gold and silver were completely annihilated, they might not still perform, as well as now, all the functions of money, supposing them to retain all those recommendations (durability, divisibility, etc.) formerly stated, which give them so decided a superiority over everything else which could be employed for the same purpose?

"Supposing the supply of the precious metals at present afforded by the mines to fail entirely the world over, there can be little doubt that all the plate now in existence would be gradually converted into money, and gold and silver would soon cease to be employed in the ornamental arts. In this case a few years would obliterate entirely all trace of the intrinsic value of these metals. I am disposed to think whether the true idea of money, as such, be not altogether that of ticket or counter."

Judge Tiffany, in his "Constitutional Law," page 221, says: "To coin money and regulate its value as an act of sovereignty involves the right to determine what shall be taken and received as money, at what measure or price it shall be taken, and what shall be its effect when passed or tendered in payment or satisfaction of legal obligations. Government can give to its stamp upon leather the *same money value* as if put upon gold or silver or any other material. There is no such thing, legally, as gold or silver money and paper money. Money is the sovereign authority impressed upon and attached to that which is capable of taking and retaining the impress of that authority. The act of *coining money* consists in affixing to that which is to *constitute money the stamp or seal of sovereign authority*, by which it may be recognized and known in market as being authoritatively entitled to be received at the price or value stamped thereon. The authority which coins or stamps ITSELF upon the article can select what substance it may deem suitable to receive the stamp and pass as money; and it can affix what value it deems proper, independent of the intrinsic value of the substance upon which it is affixed. . . . The currency value is in the stamp when used as money, and not in the material independent of the stamp. In other words, the MONEY QUALITY is the AUTHORITY which makes it current, and gives it power to accomplish the purpose for which it was created (the power to pay debts).

"Our ancestors in Maryland and Virginia, before the Revolutionary War and for some time after it, in default of gold and silver, used tobacco as money, made it money by law, reckoned the fees and salaries of Government officers in tobacco, and collected the public taxes in that article."—*Cyclopedia of Political Science, II*, 879.

GOLD NOT A STANDARD OF VALUE

That a metallic money, whether of gold or silver, is very far from being stable is admitted by innumerable authorities, of whom I will cite only a few.

Dr. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," Book I, Chapter V, says: "Gold and silver, like every other commodity, vary in their value. The discovery of the abundant mines of America reduced in the sixteenth century the value of gold and silver in Europe to about a third of what it had been before. This revolution in their value, though perhaps the greatest, is

by no means the only one of which history gives some account."

And again: "Increase the scarcity of gold to a certain degree and the smallest bit of it may be more precious than a diamond."

John Locke, "Considerations, etc., in Relation to Money" (published in 1691), says: "The greater scarcity of money enhances its price and increases the scramble; there being nothing that does supply the want of it; the lessening of its quantity, therefore, always increases its price and makes an equal portion of it exchange for a greater of any other thing."

Prof. Francis A. Walker, "Money," etc., page 210, says: "Gold and silver do, over long periods, undergo great changes of value and become in a high degree deceptive as a measure of the obligation of the debtor of the claim of the creditor. Thus Professor Jevons estimates that the value of gold fell between 1789 and 1809 46 per cent., that from 1809 to 1849 it rose 145 per cent., while in twenty years after 1849 it fell again at least 20 per cent."

Jevons, "Money and Exchange," Chapter VI, says: "In respect to steadiness of value the metals are probably less satisfactory, regarded as a standard of value, than many other commodities, such as corn."

And again, in Chapter XXIV of the same work, he says: "We are too much accustomed to look upon the value of gold as a fixed datum line in commerce; but in reality it is a very variable thing."

QUANTITY REGULATES VALUE

The great statesman, Wendell Phillips, in speaking on the subject, said: "Every writer on political economy, from Aristotle to Adam Smith, allows that a change in the currency alters the price of every ounce and yard of merchandise and every foot of land."

Professor Nicholson, of the University of Edinburgh, in his Essay on Monetary Problems, says, page 168: "We cannot proceed a single step in any argument on general prices without assuming their dependence on the quantity of money."

On page 95, the same work: "The quantity of standard money, other things remaining the same, determines the general level of prices."

"For the value of money, in general, is the quantity of all the money in the world, in proportion to all trade."—*Works of John Locke, Vol. V, page 49.*

Again on page 166 of the same work he affirms that prices are fixed by the quantity of standard metallic money. He says: "The key to the present controversy on the connection between the currency and the fall in prices is found in the dependence of prices on the quantity of standard metallic money. Those who experience difficulty in tracing this great and general fall largely to currency causes may find that difficulty much lessened by considering the way in which at previous times a rise in prices has undoubtedly been connected with the increase in the supply from the mines."

"A reduction of circulation must tend to lower prices."—*Lord Overstone's Tracts, page 202.*

John Stuart Mill, the recognized English authority on political economy, says: "That an increase in the quantity of money raises prices and a diminution lowers them is the most elementary proposition in the theory of currency." —*Mill's Political Economy Chapter VIII, Section 4.*

"Other things being the same, an increase of the money in circulation raises prices and diminution lowers them."—*2 Mill's Political Economy, Chapter XII, Paragraph 1; Ibid. Chapter VIII, Section 2.*

"If the whole money in circulation was doubled, prices would be doubled. If it was only increased one-fourth, prices would rise one-fourth.

"I apprehend that bank-notes, bills or checks as such do not act on prices at all. What does act on prices is credit in whatever shape given, and whether it gives rise to any transferable instruments, capable of passing into circula-

tion or not."—2 *Mill's Political Economics, Chapter XII, Paragraph* 1.

Ricardo, another standard English political economist, in his Political Economy says: "That commodities would rise or fall in price in proportion to the increase or diminution of money I assume as a fact that is incontrovertible; that such would be the case the most celebrated writers on political economy are agreed."

Professor Walker, a standard authority on political economy in this country, says: "That prices will rise or fall as the volume of money is increased or diminished is a law as unalterable as any law of nature."

The American Cyclopedia says: "The presence of a large supply of money in a country must, therefore, exert an important influence upon its advancement in prosperity, by furnishing the means wherewith labor can be paid, thus preventing its waste."

McLeod, "Principles of Economics," Chapter V, says: "All governments can do is to maintain a fixed weight and purity in the current coin of the realm; but they can no more control its variations in value than they can regulate the motions of the stars by act of Parliament."

Sir Archibald Alison, "England in 1815 *and* 1845," *says*: "The coining of gold and silver, which is universal in all civilized nations, and affixing to them one definite and permanent value by authority of law, has no effect whatever in preventing the fluctuations in the real value of the current coin of the realm."

McCulloch, the great Scotch economist, and editor of the article on "Money" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, says: "Thus it appears that whatever may be the material of the money of a country, whether it consists of gold, silver, iron or paper, *and however destitute of intrinsic value it may be*, it is yet possible, by sufficiently limiting its quantity, to raise its value, in exchange, to any conceivable extent."

John Locke, in his "Considerations," etc., published in 1690, *said:* "Money, while the same quantity of it is passing up and down the kingdom in trade, is really a standing measure of the falling and rising value of other things in reference to one another, and the alteration in price is truly in them only. But if you increase or lessen the quantity of money current in traffic in any place, then the alteration of value is in the money."

Locke further said: "The value of money in any one country is the present quantity of the current money in that country in proportion to the present trade."

The historian Hume says: "It is not difficult to perceive that it is the total quantity of the money in circulation, in any country which determines what portion of that quantity shall exchange for a certain portion of the goods or commodities of that country.

"It is the proportion between the circulating money and the commodities in the market which determines the price."

Fichte says: "The amount of money current in a state represents everything that is purchasable on the surface of the state. If the quantity of purchasable articles increases while the quantity of money remains the same, the value of the money increases in the same ratio; if the quantity of money increases, while the quantity of purchasable articles remains the same, the value of money decreases in the same ratio."

John Stuart Mill, in his treatise on Political Economy, says: "And again in whatever degree, therefore, the quantity of money is increased or diminished, other things remaining the same, in that same proportion the value of the whole, and of every part, is reciprocally diminished or increased."

And again: "The value of any

money, other things being the same, varies inversely as its quantity; every increase of quantity lowering the value, and every diminution raising it in a ratio exactly equivalent."

And again: "Alterations in the cost of the production of the precious metals do not act upon the value of money, except just as they increase or diminish its quantity."

Ricardo (reply to Bosanquet) says: "The value of money in any country is determined by the amount existing.

"That commodities would rise or fall in price in proportion to the increase or diminution of money, I assume as a fact that is incontrovertible."

PAPER MONEY BEST

Hon. Amasa Walker, a hard-money man, who made a specialty of the money question, says in his "Science of Wealth":

"I find that gold fluctuated 50 per cent. during a single year of the late war, while the greatest fluctuation of the greenback, in any one year, as measured by the same standard, was only 9½ per cent."

Mr. Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court, said: "It is an undoubted fact that during the late Civil War the activity of the workshops and factories, mines and machinery, shipyards, railroads and canals of the loyal states, caused by the issue of legal tender currency, constituted an inexhaustible fountain of strength to the national cause."

Ricardo: "But this very quality subjects to greater variations of value during periods of war or extensive commercial discredit, when it is often collected and hoarded, and may be urged as an argument against its use. The only objection to the use of silver as the standard is its bulk, which renders it unfit for the large payments required in a wealthy country; but this objection is entirely removed by the substituting of paper money as the general circulation medium of the country."

Ricardo: "By limiting the quantity of money it can be raised to any conceivable value. It is on this principle that paper money circulates. Though it has no intrinsic value, yet, by limiting its quantity, its value in change is as great as an equal quantity of coin. *On these principles, it will be seen, that it is not necessary that paper money be payable in specie to secure its value.*"

John C. Calhoun said: "I undertake to affirm without the fear of successful contradiction that a paper issued by the Government with the simple promise to receive it for all tax dues would be as uniform in its value as the metals themselves."

Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," page 490, says: "It may be worth while to remark that neither the existence nor the want of confidence in the solvency of the issuer exerts the smallest influence over the value of the paper money, so-called. . . . No such circumstances affect paper money; it circulates *because it is a legal tender*, and because its use as a circulating medium is indispensable."

Bonaby Price, professor of political economy in Oxford University, England, says: "Experience has proved that inconvertible paper need not suffer depreciation in value. The public has a certain definite need for a medium of exchange, and so far as the use of paper money is concerned, it is *immaterial* whether the notes be redeemed on demand or not."

THE MONEY QUESTION EPITOMIZED

"I would change the form of these notes, so that instead of being *technically*, or in form, a promise, they should have stamped upon them the denomination as gold and silver have." —*Senator Wright, of Iowa, U. S. Senate, 43d Congress, Congressional Record, Vol. II, page 751.*

Mr. Gallatin said: "If in a country which wants and possesses a metallic currency of seventy millions of dollars, a paper currency to the same amount should be substituted, the seventy millions in gold and silver, being no longer wanted for that purpose, will be exported, and the returns may be converted into a productive capital and add an equal amount to the wealth of the country."

In his Proposal for an Economic and Secure Currency, Ricardo says: "A well-regulated paper currency is so great an improvement in commerce that I should greatly regret if prejudice should induce us to return to a system of less utility. The introduction of the precious metals for the purposes of money may with truth be considered as one of the most important steps toward the improvements of commerce and the arts of civilized life; but it is no less true that with the advancement of knowledge and science we discover that it would be another improvement to banish them again from the employment of which, during a less enlightened period, they had been so advantageously applied."

Mr. J. R. McCulloch, in commenting on the principles of money laid down by Ricardo, says: "He examined the circumstances which determine the value of money . . . and he showed that . . . its value will depend on the extent to which it may be issued compared with the demand. This is a principle of great importance, for it shows that intrinsic worth is not necessary to a currency, and that provided the supply of paper notes, declared to be a legal tender, be sufficiently limited, their value may be maintained on a par with the value of gold, or raised to any higher level. If, therefore, it were practicable to devise a plan for preserving the value of paper on a level with that of gold, without making it convertible into coin at the pleasure of the holder, the heavy expense of a metallic currency would be saved.

"It appears, therefore, that if there were perfect security that the power of issuing paper money would not be abused; that is, if there were perfect security for its being issued in such quantities as to preserve its value relatively to the mass of circulating commodities nearly the equal, the precious metals might be entirely dispensed with, not only as a circulating medium, but also as a standard to which to refer the value of paper."

Chas. Sears, an eminent economist, says: "Independently of circumstances, and on its merits, the specie basis hypothesis is the most disorganizing element that ever obtained place in society. . . . On this hypothesis our monetary, industrial and commercial systems constitute a huge pyramid, or cone, standing on its apex. Forty billions of property resting upon six billions of current production, which rests for its value upon, say, seven hundred millions of currency, which in turn for its value rests upon two hundred and fifty millions of specie, which, so far as our possession of it is concerned, depends upon the interests and good-will of our rivals in industry and haters of our political system."

"Of course, on this system all people, in all times, have been solvent. Production and trade have been carried on upon sufferance. So long as confidence continued unimpaired, the movements of property were kept up; but the exigencies of the war, of local trade and of the stock and money speculators and the natural system itself requiring periodical settlement, demonstrate the general insolvency. Within the last fifty years, say, a money crisis has come quite regularly every ten years. Something—any one of a dozen causes, few know what—sets gold flowing out. Fifty millions withdrawn in a short time from its usual place of deposit is quite sufficient to make the whole volume of coin disappear from ordinary circulation as completely as if it had never existed. The metallic basis is gone—slipped out; the pivot of the system is dislocated; somebody wanted it, and took it; and the pyra-

mid tumbles down, burying in its ruins three-fourths of a business generation."

Mr. R. H. Patterson, a very eminent English economist, and opponent of the specie-basis system, says: "This theory of specie-basis is, briefly, this: If much gold happens to come into the country, the note circulation is likely to be increased to a corresponding extent; if gold is withdrawn from us, the note circulation is proportionately diminished. If, owing to a temporary cause, all the gold available for monetary purposes were sent abroad, all our paper money would likewise disappear, and the country be left without money of any kind. A more absurd theory was never propounded. If one kind of money fails us, we are on no account to use any other! If metallic money fails us, we are upon no account to use any other. This we are told to regard as a masterpiece of economical science; this is the great discovery which our advances into civilization have revealed to us! . . . The gospel of monetary science now is, that when a country does not want paper money, it ought to have a great supply of it; and when it does require paper money, it shall have none. When a country has enough of specie, it ought to double its currency by issuing an equal amount of bank-notes; and when there is no specie, there should likewise be no notes. Is it necessary to discuss such a theory? In order to be refuted it needs only to be stated; in order to be rejected it only needs to be understood. It is a theoretical monstrosity against which common sense revolts—a burlesque of reason, which even the present generation will live to laugh at."

Mr. Patterson further says: "For many years during the wars with the great Napoleon there was hardly a sovereign left in the country. At such a time—and it may occur again—the supporters of this theory would have nothing left to vary. The gold being o, the paper currency should also be o! To hold such doctrine is to bid defiance to common sense."

John C. Calhoun, the idol of Southern Democracy, and the most eminent statesman of which that party can boast, said. "It appears to me, after bestowing the best reflections I can give on the subject, that no convertible paper—that is, whose credit rests on a promise to pay, is suitable for currency. On the other hand, a national currency, while it would greatly facilitate its financial operations, would cost next to nothing, but would give to every branch of industry great advantages. And I now undertake to affirm, without the least fear that I can be answered, that a paper issued by the Government, with but the single promise to receive it for dues, would form a perfect paper circulation, which could not be abused by the Government; that it would be as uniform in value as metals, and I shall be able to prove that it is within the Constitution and power of Congress to provide such a paper, according to the most rigid rule of construing the Constitution."

Thomas Jefferson said: "Treasury bills bottomed on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, as may be found necessary, thrown into circulation, will take the place of so much gold and silver."

The great English financial writer, Thomas Atwood, says: "Contrast all the dangers, the changes, the fluctuations, the unjust ruin, the unjust aggrandizement attendant upon a metallic standard with the security, the equality of prices and of values, the exemption from unjust losses and from unjust gains, and the general stability of all profits and of all prosperity, which a non-convertible paper currency presents, self-existent, self-dependent, liable to no foreign actions, entirely under our own control; contracting, expanding or remaining fixed according as the wants and exigencies of the community may require—a non-convertible paper currency presents every element of national security and happiness without the possibility of injuring any one class of the community. By it we may forever insure a wholesome range

of prices, neither too high nor too low, but securing at all times the due reward of industry to the productive classes, and the due distribution of mutual rights and interests among all other classes of the community. I have reflected upon the subject for twenty years; I have continually turned it in my mind in a thousand shapes and ways, and I still most firmly retain the opinion above expressed. And one important fact I ought to mention, in confirmation of this opinion: I have never met one single individual who has had leisure and disposition to turn his thoughts to this subject who has not fully adopted the same opinion in the end."

"If these arguments are wrong, is it not strange that no one has ever been found to point out their error?"

Thomas Law, an eminent writer on finance, gives seven reasons why a paper circulation is better than coin:

"1st. Because it can be regulated so as to always bear a proper proportion to the industry and property of a nation, whereas coin, being an article of commerce, fluctuates in quantity.

"2d. Because the precious metals disappear, being hoarded or exported in times of difficulty when most required, whereas the paper always remains.

"3d. Because as the value of fixed capital and the interest of money depend upon the quantity of money, it is requisite to have a sufficient quantity without excess.

"4th. Because paper money is more cheaply and rapidly transmitted from one quarter of the country to the other than specie.

"5th. Because by this facility of remittance it lowers the rate of internal exchange.

"6th. Because paper money permits the exportation of bullion for advantageous mercantile transactions without derangement of home trade and interchange of labor for money.

"7th. Because paper money increases manufactures and improvements and exports bring back specie."

"A currency would be in its most perfect state if it consisted wholly of paper money of the same value as gold and silver. It is impossible, however, to attain to this degree of perfection so long as paper money is made convertible into coin, as such convertibility renders paper of the same value as metallic money, but it is defective inasmuch as it does not banish the latter from circulation, and does not save, therefore, the whole expense of a metallic currency."—*McCulloch's Political Economy.*

EVILS OF CONTRACTION

Abraham Lincoln said: "If a government enacted a debt with a certain amount of money in circulation and then contracted the volume of money before the debt was paid, it is the most henious crime a government could commit against the people."

David Hume said: "Falling prices, misery and destitution are inseparable companions. The disasters of the Dark Ages were caused by decreasing money and falling prices. With the increase of money, labor and industry gain new life."

During the '40s a period of depreciation occurred similar to that which this country experienced in the past. Of the cause of this condition Henry Clay said: "Of all the conditions of society that is most adverse in which there is a constant and rapid diminution in the amount of the circulating medium. Debtors become unable to pay their debts, property fails, the market is gutted, business declines and labor is thrown out of employment. Selling becomes difficult and purchasers become scarce from an unwillingness to make investments with the prospects of almost certain loss. If the currency is greatly diminished, as beyond all example that has been, how is debt to be extinguished? Property, the resource on which the debtor relied for his payment, will decline in value, and it may happen that a man who honestly contracted a debt on the worth of property, which had a value at the time

sufficient to warrant the debt, will find himself stripped of his property and his debt remain unextinguished."

Again he said: "The revulsions of 1837 produced a far greater havoc than was experienced in the period above mentioned. The ruin came quick and fearful. There were few that could save themselves. Property of every description was parted with at sacrifices that were astounding, and as for the currency there was scarcely any at all. In some parts of the interior of Pennsylvania the people were obliged to divide bank-notes into halves, quarters, eighths, and so on, and agree, from necessity, to use them as money. In Ohio, with all her abundance, it was hard to get money to pay taxes. The sheriff of Muskington County, as stated in the Guernsey *Times*, in the summer of 1842, sold at auction one four-horse wagon at $5.50; ten hogs at 6¼ cents each; two horses (said to be worth from $50 to $75 each) at $2 each; two cows at $1 each; a barrel of sugar for $1.50, and a store of goods at that rate. In Pike County, Missouri, as stated in the Hannibal *Journal*, the sheriff sold three horses at $1.50 each, one large ox at 12½ cents; five cows, two steers and one calf, the lot at $3.25; twenty sheep at 13½ cents each; twenty-four hogs at 25 cents for the lot."

The United States Monetary Commission, created August 15, 1876, *made a report March* 2, 1877, *in which the following may be found:*

"That the disasters of the Dark Ages were caused by the decreasing money and falling prices, and that the recovery therefrom and the comparative prosperity which followed the discovery of America were due to an increased supply of the precious metals and rising prices, will not seem surprising or unreasonable when the noble functions of money are considered. Money is the great instrument of association, the very fibre of social organism, the vitalizing force of industry, the protoplasm of civilization and as essential to its existence as oxygen is to animal life. Without money civilization could not have a beginning, and with a diminishing supply it must languish, and unless relieved finally perish."

"Falling prices, misery and destitution are inseparable companions. It is universally conceded that falling prices result from contraction of the money volume."—*United States Monetary Commission Report, Vol. 1, page* 50.

POWER TO ISSUE AND REGULATE PAPER MONEY

Walter Bagehot, whom Wendell Phillips pronounced the highest authority in England, one of her most voluminous writers, says: "Within a country the action of a government can settle the quantity and therefore the value of its currency."

Timothy Walker's "American Law" —a text-book in all law offices and courts —"the American Blackstone"—says: "How can paper be made to pass for money? In the first place Government may compel the people to take it as money. . . . And when this course is adopted it makes but little difference whether the paper purports to be redeemable in specie or not, since its circulation is the result of compulsion."

Thomas Jefferson said: "And so the nation may continue to issue its bills as far as its wants require and the limit of its circulation will admit."

John C. Calhoun said: "I shall be able to prove that it is within the Constitution and power of Congress to provide such a paper, according to the most rigid rule of construing the Constitution."

The attorney-general of the United States, speaking of the legal tender act (12 *Wallace, United States Supreme Court Reports, page* 519), *says:* "This legislation assumes that, in contemplation of law, money of every species has the value which the law fixes on it; that Congress has the constitutional power to say that ten pennyweights of silver shall henceforth be the dollar, and do

the office heretofore done by sixteen pennyweights and one-half grains."

"We repeat, money is not a substance, but an impression of legal authority, a printed legal decree."

"Whatever power there is over the currency is vested in Congress. If the power to declare what is money is not in Congress, it is annihilated. . . . We repeat, money is not a substance, but an impression of legal authority, a printed legal decree."

Wallace's United States Supreme Court Reports, Vol. XII, page 548:

"Contracts for the payment of money are subject to the authority of Congress, they are engagements to pay with lawful money of the United States, and Congress is empowered to regulate the money. *It cannot therefore be maintained that the legal tender acts impair the obligation of contracts.* No one ever doubted that a debt of one thousand dollars, contracted before 1834, could be paid by one hundred eagles ($1,000) coined after that year, though they contained no more gold than ninety-four eagles ($940), such as were coined when the contract was made, and this *not because of the intrinsic value of the coin, but because of its legal value.* The Constitution does not ordain what metals may be coined. Nor does it prescribe that the legal value shall correspond at all with the intrinsic value in the market."

I will give you a rule by which you can always tell a gold-bug or one of his dupes, by his profound ignorance or hypocrisy. He invariably tells us in this connection that the legal tender act was "a military necessity," "a war measure," notwithstanding the Supreme Court of the United States in its legal tender decision (12 *Wallace, page* 567) *expressly declares:* "It is not a war power that is only to be called into exercise in times of war; for the other public exigencies may arise in the history of a nation which may make it expedient and imperative to exercise it. But of the occasion when, and of time how long, it is for the legislative department of the Government to judge."

And on page 562 of same volume: "Another ground of the power to issue treasury notes or bills is the necessity of providing a proper currency for the country." *And again,* "The wants of the Government can never be made the measure of its power."

SHALL WE TURN THE CONTROL OF MONEY OVER TO THE BANKS?

Read the authorities who point out the danger of doing so and then decide for yourself.

John Randolph said: "Charter a bank with $30,000,000 of capital, let it establish and learn its power, and then find, if you can, means to bell the cat. It will be beyond your power. It will overawe Congress and laugh at your laws."

R. M. Widney, president of the University Bank, Los Angeles, Cal., before the Commercial Congress, Kansas City, in 1891, *said:* "The owners of money do not want the volume increased. While it is limited they can control the rate of interest and the value of all labor and property. . . . A corner on money is a corner on all other corners combined, and can control the social and political as well as the producing labor and property interests of the nation."

Hon. Amasa Walker, a hard-money writer, in contemplating the foregoing facts, says: "Here we meet the question, yet to be decided by the action of Congress, whether the banks exist for the benefit of a nation or the nation for the benefit of the banks; whether all legislation in regard to monetary affairs shall be for the benefit of every class of men or for a particular class only. From past legislation, both state and national, it would seem to have been assumed that banking must be made as profitable as possible, whatever the results to the public."—*A. Walker's "Money Problem," page* 14.

Senator John A. Logan, in speaking in the senate in 1874 *on the demonetization act, said:* "I see in this only benefit

to the money-holders, who receive interest. I see as the result of this legislation business operations crippled and wages reduced to a mere pittance. I see the producers of the Western states reduced to the condition of serfs when the banks get control of the entire volume of money."

Hon. O. P. Morton, Republican governor of Indiana, said: "A combination of stock-jobbers, as destitute of conscience as pirates, and inspired by the love of gain, successfully thundered at these doors, and drove the Government into an act of the most stupendous villainy and bad faith ever perpetrated upon any people since the dawn of history."

Says Professor Jevons: "If gold or silver is used as money, then the amount of money must be governed by the amount available, and the holders by making money 'tight' or 'easy,' become the masters of all producers."

Salmon P. Chase: "My agency in procuring the passage of the National Bank act was the greatest financial mistake of my life, and it should be repealed."

James G. Blaine: "The money lost to the people under the old system of State Banks is a mere bagatelle compared with the system of National Banks for robbing the people."

Daniel Webster: "There has never been devised by man a more specious plan for robbing labor of the fruits of toil. It is a scheme of an infamous ring to rivet the chains of slavery on the limbs of labor so that idle luxury may ape the pretentious airs of foreign nobility."

"I believe that banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. Already they have raised up a money aristocracy that has set the Government at defiance." "The issuing power should be taken from the banks and restored to the Government and the people to whom it properly belongs. Let banks exist, but let them bank upon coin or treasury notes."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"Place the money in the hands of a single individual or combination, and they, by contracting or expanding the currency, *may raise or sink prices* at pleasure, and by purchasing at the greatest depression and selling at the greatest elevation, may command the whole property and industry of the community and control its fiscal operations. Never was an engine better calculated to place the destiny of the many in the hands of the few, or less favorable to that equality and independence that lie at the bottom of our free institutions."—*John C. Calhoun.*

"The Government ought not to delegate this power if it could. It was too great a power to be trusted to any banking business whatever, or to any authority but the highest and most responsible which was known to our form of government."

"The Government itself ceases to be independent, it ceases to be safe, when the national currency is at the will of a company. The Government can undertake no great enterprise, neither of war nor peace, without the consent or coöperation of the company. It cannot count its revenues for six months ahead without referring to the action of that company—its friendship or its enmity, its concurrence or its opposition. The people are not safe when such a company has such a power. The temptation is too great, the opportunity too easy, *to put up and down prices*, to make and break fortunes, to bring the whole community on its knees to these Neptunes who preside over the flux and reflux of paper money. All property is at their mercy (?)—the price of real estate, of every growing crop, or every staple article in the market, is at their command. Stocks are their playthings with which they gamble with as little secrecy and less morality than common gamblers."—*Thomas H. Benton.*

In a letter to Mr. Gallatin, December 13, 1803, Mr. Jefferson said of the old United States Bank:

"This institution is one of most deadly hostility existing against the principles and form of our Constitution.

"The nation is at this time strong and united in its sentiments and cannot be shaken. But suppose a series of untoward events should occur, sufficient to bring into doubt the competency of the Government to meet a crisis of great danger, an institution like this, penetrating by its branches every part of the Union, acting by command and in phalanx, may in a critical moment upset the Government.

"I DEEM NO GOVERNMENT SAFE WHICH IS UNDER THE VASSALAGE OF ANY SELF-CONSTITUTED AUTHORITIES, OR ANY OTHER AUTHORITY THAN THAT OF THE NATION OR ITS REGULAR FUNCTIONARIES. What an obstruction could these banks be in time of war! They might dictate to us the peace we should accept, or withdraw their aid."

HOW THE BANKS HAVE ACTED IN THE PAST

"The bank is in the field, enlisted for the war, a battering-ram—not to beat down the citadel of American liberty; to command the elections and elect a bank president by dint of bank power. . . . If she succeeds in that election, she will wish to consolidate her power by getting control of all other elections. Governors of states, judges of the courts, representatives and senators in Congress, all must belong to her. The senate especially must belong to her, for there lies the power to confirm nominations and to try impeachments. To get possession of the senate, the legislature of a majority of the states will have to be acquired. The whole Government will fall into the hands of this money power. An oligarchy will be established, but that oligarchy will in a few years ripen into a monarchy." —*Thomas H. Benton, in U. S. Senate.*

Berkey says: "That the senate was controlled in its action in regard to the legal tender bill by improper influences is not a matter of conjecture, but of history."

In a speech made by Hon. W. D. Kelly, at Philadelphia, January 15, 1876, he says:

"I remember the grand old commoner, Thaddeus Stevens, with hat in his hand and his cane under his arm, when he returned to the house after the final conference, and shedding bitter tears over the result. 'Yes,' said he, 'we have had to yield. The senate was stubborn. We did not yield until we found that the country must be lost or the banks be gratified, and we have sought to save the country in spite of the banks."

They issued the Hazzard Circular.

They precipitated the panic of 1893 in order to secure the suspension of silver coinage.

CALHOUN ON MONEY
OUR PAPER MONEY NECESSARY TO NATIONAL PROSPERITY

In his speech in the United States Senate, February 5, 1840, Mr. Calhoun said:

"The first and indispensable step is a thorough reformation of the currency. Without a solid, stable and uniform currency you never can fully succeed. The present currency is incurably bad. It is impossible to give it solidity or stability. A convertible bank currency, however well regulated, is subject to violent and sudden changes, which must forever unfit it to be a standard of value. It is by far the most sensitive of all to every change, commercial or political, foreign or domestic, as may be readily illustrated by reference to the ordinary action of foreign exchanges on such currency."

In his speech on the Subtreasury bill, March 22, 1838, Calhoun said:

"In fact, it may be laid down as a rule that where currency consists of a convertible paper resting on a gold and silver basis, the small portion of specie which may be required to uphold the whole has its fluidity obstructed by so many and such powerful causes as to afford no certain criterion of the

relative expansion of the currency between it and other countries, and of course afford no certain rule of regulating banking operations."

In his speech on his amendment to separate the Government from the banks, October 3, 1837, Calhoun said:

"The banking system can advance no further in our country without great and radical changes. It has come to a stand. The conflict between metallic and bank currency, which I have shown to be inherent in the system, has, in the course of time and with the progress of events, become so deadly that they must separate and one or the other fall.

"Nothing can prevent it but great and radical changes, which would diminish its profits and influences so as effectually to arrest that strong and deep current which has carried so much of the wealth and capital of the community in that direction. Without that the system, as now constituted, must fail; unless, indeed, it can form an alliance with the Government and through it establish its authority by law and make its credit, unconnected with gold or silver, the medium of circulation. If the alliance should take place one of the first movements would be the establishment of a great central institution; or, if that should prove impracticable, a combination of a few selected and powerful state banks which, sustained by the Government, would crush or subject the weaker, to be followed by an amendment of the Constitution, or some other device, to limit their number and the amount of their capital hereafter. This done, the next step would be to confine and consolidate the supremacy of the system over the currency of the country, which would be in its hands exclusively, and, through it, over the industry, business and politics of the country; all of which would be wielded to advance its profits and power.

"The system having now arrived at this point, the great and solemn duty devolves on us to determine this day what relation this Government shall hereafter bear to it. Shall we enter into an alliance with it and become the sharers of its fortunes and the instrument of its aggrandizement and supremacy? This is the momentous question on which we must now decide. Before we decide it behooves us to inquire whether the system is favorable to the permanency of our free republican institutions, to the industry and business of the country, and above all to our moral and intellectual development, the great object for which we were placed here by the Author of our being.

"Can it be doubted what must be the effects of a system whose operations have been shown to be so unequal on free institutions, whose foundation rests on an equality of rights? Can that favor equality which gives to one portion of the citizens of the country such decided advantage over the other, as I have shown it does in my opening remarks? Can that be favorable to liberty which concentrates the money power and places it under the control of a few powerful and wealthy individuals? It is the remark of a profound statesman that the revenue is the state; and, of course, those who control the revenue control the state; and those who can control the money power can the revenue, and through it the state, with the property and industry of the country, in all its ramifications. Let us pause for a moment and reflect on the nature and extent of this tremendous power.

"Place the money power in the hands of a single individual or a combination of individuals, and they, by expanding or contracting the currency, may raise or sink prices at pleasure; and by purchasing when at the greatest depression and selling at the greatest elevation, may command the whole property and industry of the community and control its fiscal operations. The banking system concentrates and places this power in the hands of those who control it, and its force increases just in proportion as it dispenses with a metallic basis. Never was an engine invented better calculated to place the destiny of the many in the hands of the few, or

less favorable to that equality and independence which lie at the bottom of our free institutions.

"These views have a bearing not less decisive on the next inquiry—the effect of the system on the industry and wealth of the country. Whatever may have been its effects in this respect in its early stages, it is difficult to imagine anything more mischievous on all of the pursuits of life than the frequent and sudden expansions and contractions to which it has now become so habitually subject that it may be considered its ordinary condition. None but those in the secret know what to do. All are pausing and looking out to ascertain whether an expansion or contraction is next to follow, and what will be its extent and duration; and if, perchance, an error be committed, if it expands when a contraction is expected or the reverse, the most prudent may lose by the miscalculation the fruits of a life of toil and care. The consequence is to discourage industry and to convert the whole community into stock-jobbers and speculators. The evil is constantly on the increase and must continue to increase just as the banking system becomes more diseased, till it shall become utterly intolerable."

Of the use of paper money, Calhoun, in his speech on the bill authorizing an issue of Treasury notes, September 19, 1839, said:

"It is, then, my impression that, in the present condition of the world, a paper currency in some form, if not necessary, is almost indispensable in financial and commercial operations of civilized and extensive communities. In many respects it has a vast superiority over a metallic currency, especially in great and extended transactions by its greater cheapness, lightness and the facility of determining the amount. The great desideratum is to ascertain what description of paper has the requisite qualities of being free from fluctuation in value and liability to abuse in the greatest perfection. I have shown, I trust, that the bank-notes do not possess these requisites in a degree sufficiently high for this purpose. I go further. It appears to me, after bestowing the best reflection I can give the subject, that no convertible paper—that is, no paper whose credit rests on a promise to pay, is suitable for currency. It is the form of credit proper in private transactions between man and man, but not for a standard of value to perform exchanges generally, which constitutes the appropriate functions of money or currency. . . .

"On what, then, ought a paper currency to rest? I would say on demand and supply simply, which regulates the value of everything else—the constant demand which the Government has on the community for its necessary supplies. A medium resting on this demand, which simply obligates the Government to receive it in all its dues, to the exclusion of everything else except gold and silver, and which shall be optional with those who have demands on Government to receive or not, would, it seems to me, be as stable in its value as those metals themselves, and be as little liable to abuse as the power of coining. It would contain within itself a self-regulating power. It could only be issued to those who had claims on the Government and to those only with their consent, and of course only at or above par with gold and silver, which would be its habitual state; for, as far as the Government was concerned it would be equal in every respect to gold and silver, and superior in many, particularly in regulating the distant exchanges of the country. Should, however, a demand for gold and silver or other accidental causes depress it temporarily, as compared with the precious metals, it would then return to the treasury; and as it could not be paid out during such depression, its gradual diminution in the market would soon restore it to an equality, when it would again flow out into the general circulation. Thus there would be a constant alternate flux and reflux into and from the treasury between it and the precious metals; but if at any time a permanent depression in its value be possible from any cause, the only effect would be to oper-

ate as a reduction of taxes on the community, and the only sufferer would be the community itself. Against this its own interests would be a sufficient guarantee. . . .

"It may throw some light on this subject to state that North Carolina, just after the Revolution, issued a large amount of paper which was made receivable in dues to her. It was also made a legal tender, but which, of course, was not obligatory after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. A large amount, say, between four and five hundred thousand dollars, remained in circulation after that period and continued to circulate for more than twenty years at par with gold and silver during the whole time, with no other advantages than being received in the revenue of the state, which was much less than $100,000 per annum. . . .

"No one can doubt but that the Government credit is better than that of any bank—more stable, more safe. Why then, should it mix it up with the less perfect credit of those institutions? Why should it not be safe in its own hands, while it shall be considered safe in the hands of 800 private institutions, scattered all over the country, and which have no other object but their own private profit, to increase which they almost constantly extend their business to the most dangerous extremes? And why should the community be compelled to give up 6 per cent. discount for the Government credit blended with that of the banks, when the superior credit of the Government could be furnished separately, without discount, to the mutual advantage of the Government and the community? Why, let me ask, should the Government be exposed to such difficulties as the present, by mingling its credit with the banks, when it could be exempt from all such by using, by itself, its own safer credit? It is time the community, which has so deep an interest in a sound and cheap currency, and the equality of the laws between one portion of the country and another, should reflect seriously on these things, not for the purpose of oppressing any interest, but to correct gradually disorders of a dangerous character which have insensibly, in the long course of years, without being perceived by anyone, crept into the state. The question is not between credit and no credit, as some would have us believe, but in what form credit can best perform the functions of a sound and safe currency.

"Believing that there might be a sound and safe paper currency founded on the credit of the Government exclusively, I was desirous that those who are responsible and have the power should have availed themselves of the opportunity," etc.

Further on, in the same speech, he said:

"I am not devoid of sympathy for the country in the pecuniary distress which now pervades it. No one struggled earlier or longer to prevent it than myself; nor can anyone more sensibly feel the widespread blight which has suddenly blasted the hopes of so many and precipitated thousands from affluence to poverty. The desolation has fallen mainly on the mercantile class—a class I have ever held in the highest estimation. No country ever had a more superior body of merchants, of higher honor, of more daring enterprise, or of greater skill and energy. The ruin of such a class is a heavy calamity, and I am solicitous, among other things, to give such stability to our currency as to prevent the recurrence of a similar calamity hereafter."

In the speech on his amendment to separate the Government from the banks, October 3, 1837, Calhoun said:

"I am not the enemy, but the friend of credit—not as the substitute, but the associate and the assistant of the metals. In that capacity I hold credit to possess in many respects a vast superiority over the metals themselves. I object to it in the form which it has assumed in the banking system, for reasons that are neither light or few, and that neither have nor can be answered. The question is not whether credit can be dispensed with, but what

is its best possible form, the most stable, the least liable to abuse and the most convenient and cheap. I threw out some ideas on this important subject in my opening remarks. I have heard nothing to change my opinion. I believe the Government credit in the form I suggested combines all the requisite qualities of a credit circulation in the highest degree, and also that the Government ought not to use any other credit but its own in its financial operations.

"We are told the form I suggested is but a repetition of old continental money—a ghost that is ever conjured up by all who wish to give the banks an exclusive monopoly of Government credit. The assertion is not true; there is not the least analogy between them. The one was a promise to pay when there was no revenue, and the other a promise to receive in the dues of Government when there is an abundant revenue.

"We are also told that there is no instance of a Government paper that did not depreciate. In reply I affirm that there is none, assuming the form I propose, that ever did depreciate. Whenever a paper receivable in the dues of Government had anything like a fair trial it has succeeded. Instance the case of North Carolina, referred to in my opening remarks. The drafts of the treasury at this moment, with all their incumbrance, are nearly at par with gold and silver; and I might add the instance alluded to by the distinguished senator from Kentucky, in which he admits that as soon as the excess of the issues of the Commonwealth Bank of Kentucky were reduced to the proper point, its notes rose to par. The case of Russia might also be mentioned. In 1827 she had a fixed paper circulation, in the form of bank-notes, but which were inconvertible, of upward of $120,000,000, estimated in the metallic ruble, and which had for years remained without fluctuation, having nothing to sustain it but that it was received in the dues of the Government, and that, too with a revenue of only about $90,000,000 annually. I speak on the authority of a respectable traveler. Other instances, no doubt, might be added, but it needs no such support.

"It has another and striking advantage over bank circulation in its superior cheapness as well as greater stability and safety. Bank paper is cheap to those who make it, but dear, very dear, to those who use it—fully as much so as gold and silver. It is the little cost of its manufacture and the dear rates at which it is furnished to the community which gives the great profit to those who have a monopoly of the article. Some idea may be formed of the extent of the profit by the splendid palaces which we see under the name of banking houses, and the vast fortunes which have been accumulated in this branch of business; all of which must ultimately be derived from the productive powers of the community, and, of course, adds so much to the cost of production. On the other hand, the credit of Government, while it would greatly facilitate its financial operations, would cost nothing, or next to nothing, both to it and the people, and, of course, would add nothing to the cost of production, which would give every branch of our industry, agriculture, commerce and manufactures, as far as its circulation might extend, great advantages, both at home and abroad.

"But there remains another and greater advantage. In the event of war it would open almost unbounded resources to carry it on without the necessity of resorting to what I am almost disposed to call a fraud—public loans. I have already shown that the loans of the Bank of England to the Government were very little more than loaning back to the Government its own credit; and this is more or less true of all loans where the banking system prevails. It was preëminently so in our late war. The circulation of the Government credit, in the shape of bills receivable exclusively with gold and silver in its dues, and the sales of public lands, would dispense with the necessity of loans by increasing its bills with the increase of taxes. The in-

crease of taxes, and, of course, of revenue and expenditures, would be followed by an increased demand for Government bills, while the latter would furnish the means of paying the taxes without increasing in the same degree the pressure on the community. This, with a judicious system of funding at a low rate of interest, would go far to exempt the Government from the necessity of contracting public loans in the event of war."

Later still (March 22, 1838), in his speech on the Subtreasury bill, Calhoun said:

"I now undertake to affirm positively, and without the least fear that I can be answered, what heretofore I have but suggested, that a paper issued by Government, with the simple promise to receive in all its dues, leaving its creditors to take it or gold and silver, at their option, would, to the extent that it would circulate, form a perfect paper circulation, which could not be abused by the Government, that would be as steady and uniform in value as the metals themselves, and that if by any possibility it should depreciate, the loss would fall not on the people, but on the Government itself; for the only effect of depreciation would be virtually to reduce the taxes, to prevent which the interest of the Government would be a sufficient guarantee. I shall not go into the discussion now, but on a suitable occasion I shall be able to make good every word I have uttered. I would be able to do more—to prove that it is within the constitutional power of Congress to use such a paper in the management of its finances according to the most rigid rule of construing the Constitution; and that those, at least, who think that Congress can authorize the notes of private state corporations to be received in the public dues are estopped from denying its right to receive its own paper. If it can virtually indorse by law on the notes of specie-paying banks, 'receivable in payment on the public dues,' it surely can order the same words to be written on a blank piece of paper."

Calhoun, in his speech of October 3, 1837, said:

"My colleague, in the course of his remarks, said he regarded this measure as a secret war waged against the banks. I am sure he could not intend to attribute such motives to me. I wage no war, secret or open, against the existing institutions. They have been created by the legislation of the states and are alone responsible to the states. I hold them not answerable for the present state of things, which have been brought about under the silent operation of time without attracting notice or disclosing its danger. Whatever legal or constitutional rights they possess under their charters ought to be respected; and if attacked, I would defend them as resolutely as I now oppose the system. Against that I wage, not secret, but open and uncompromising hostilities, originating not in opinions recently or hastily formed. I have long seen the true character of the system, its tendency and destiny, and have looked forward for many years, as many of my friends know, to the crisis in the midst of which we are now. My ardent wish has been to effect a gradual change in the banking system, by which the crisis might be passed without a shock if possible, but I have been resolved for many years that should it arrive in my time I would discharge my duty, however great the difficulty and danger. I have thus far faithfully performed it, according to the best of my abilities, and with the blessing of God shall persist, regardless of every obstacle with equal fidelity to the end.

"He who does not see that the credit system is on the eve of a great revolution has formed a very imperfect conception of the past and anticipation of the future. What changes it is destined to undergo and what new form it will ultimately assume are concealed in the womb of time and not given us to foresee. But we may perceive in the present many of the elements of the existing system which must be expelled, and others which must enter it in its renewed form.

"In looking at the elements at work, I hold it certain that in the process there will be a total and final separation of the credit of Government and that of individuals, which have been so long blended. The good of society and the interests of both imperiously demand it, and the growing intelligence of the age will enforce it. It is unfair, unjust, unequal, contrary to the spirit of free institutions and corrupting in its consequences. How far the credit of Government may be used in a separate form with safety and convenience remains to be seen. To the extent of its fiscal action, limited strictly to the function of the collection and disbursement of its revenue and in the form I have suggested, I am of the impression it may be both safely and conveniently used, and with great incidental advantages to the whole community. Beyond that limit I see no safety and much danger.

"What form individual credit will assume after the separation is still more uncertain, but I see clearly that the existing fetters that restrain it will be thrown off. The credit of an individual is his property and belongs to him as much as his land and house, to use it as he pleases with the single restriction which is imposed on all our rights, that it is not to be used to injure others. What limitations this restriction may prescribe time and experience will show; but whatever they may be, they ought to assume the character of general laws, obligatory on all alike, and open to all; and under the provisions of which all may be at liberty to use their credit jointly or separately, as freely as they now use their land and houses, without any preference by special acts in any form or shape to one over another. Everything like monopoly must ultimately disappear before the process, which has begun, will finally terminate.

"I see, not less clearly, that in the process a separation will take place between the use of capital and the use of credit. They are wholly different and under the growing intelligence of the times cannot much longer remain confounded in their present state of combination. They are as distinct as a loan and an indorsement; in fact, the one is but giving to another the use of our capital and the other the use of our credit; and yet so dissimilar are they that we daily see the most prudent individuals lending their credit for nothing, in the form of indorsement or security, who would not loan the most inconsiderable sum without interest. But as dissimilar as they are, they are completely confounded in banking operations, which is one of the main sources of the profit and the consequent dangerous flow of capital in that direction. A bank discount, instead of a loan, is very little more, as I have shown, than a mere exchange of credit, an exchange of the joint credit of the drawer and indorser of the one note discounted for the credit of the bank in the shape of its own note. In the exchange the bank insures the parties to the note discounted, and the community, which is the loser if the bank fails, virtually insures the bank; and yet by confounding this exchange of credit with the use of capital the bank is permitted to charge an interest for this exchange, rather greater than an individual is permitted to charge for a loan, to the great gain of the bank and loss to the community. I say loss, for the community can never enjoy the great and full benefit of the credit system till loans and credits are considered as entirely distinct in their nature, and the compensation for the use of each be adjusted to their respective nature and character. Nothing would give a greater impulse to all the business of society. The superior cheapness of credit would add incalculably to the productive powers of the community, when the immense gains which are now made by confounding them shall come in aid of production.

"Whatever other changes the credit system is destined to undergo, these are certainly some which it must; but when and how the revolution will end, whether it is destined to be sudden and convulsive or gradual and free from shock, time alone can disclose. Much

will depend on the decision of the present question and the course which the advocates of the system will pursue. If the separation takes place and is acquiesced in by those interested in the system the prospect will be that it will gradually and quietly run down without shock or convulsions, which is my sincere prayer; but if not, if the reverse shall be insisted on, and above all, if it should be effected through a great political struggle (it can only so be effected), the revolution would be violent and convulsive. A great and thorough change must take place. It is wholly unavoidable. The public attention begins to be roused throughout the civilized world to this all-absorbing subject. There is nothing left to be controlled but the mode and manner, and it is better for all that it should be gradual and quiet than the reverse. All the rest is destiny."

JEFFERSON ON MONEY

"This institution (national bank) is one of the most deadly hostilities existing against the principles and form of our Constitution. . . . Ought we then to give further growth to an institution so powerful, so hostile? . . . Now, while we are strong, it is the greatest duty we owe to the safety of our Constitution to bring this powerful enemy to a perfect subordination under its authorities. The first measure would be to reduce them to an equal footing with other banks, as to the favors of the Government."—*Letters to Albert Gallatin, December* 15, 1803, *Jefferson's Works, Vol. IV, pages* 515-520.

"The banks have discontinued themselves. We are now without any medium, and necessity as well as patriotism and confidence will make us all eager to receive treasury notes, if founded on specific taxes. Congress may now borrow of the public, and without interest, all the money they may want. Providence seems indeed, by a special dispensation, to have put down for us, without a struggle, that very paper enemy which the interest of our citizens long since required ourselves to put down at whatever risk. The work is done. The event is pregnant with futurity, and if not at once by Congress, I know not on what shoal our bark is next to be stranded."—*Jefferson's Works, Vol. VI, page* 382, *letter to Thomas Cooper, September* 10, 1814.

"The question will be asked, and ought to be looked at, what is to be the course, if loans cannot be obtained? There is but one—'*Carthago delenda est.*' Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation, to whom it belongs. It is the only fund on which they can rely for loans; it is the only recourse which can never fail them, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose. Treasury bills bottomed on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, as may be found necessary, thrown into circulation will take the place of so much gold and silver, which last, when crowded, will find an influx into other countries, and thus keep up the quantum of medium at its salutary level. Let the banks continue, if they please, but let them discount for cash alone or for treasury notes."—*Letter September* 11, 1813, *Vol. VI, page* 194.

"I have ever opposed money of banks; not of those discounting for cash, but of those foisting their own paper in circulation, and thus banishing our cash. My zeal against those institutions was so warm and open at the establishment of the Bank of the United States that I was derided as a maniac by the tribe of bank-mongers who were seeking to filch from the public, thus swindling on barren grains. But the errors of that day cannot be recalled. The evils they have engendered are now open to us, and how are we to get out of them? Shall we build an altar to the old paper money of the Revolution, which ruined individuals, but saved the Republic, and burn on that all of the bank charters, present and future, and their notes with them? For these are to ruin both Republic and individuals."—*Letter of Thomas Jefferson to President Adams, January* 24, 1814.

"The system of banking we have

both equally and ever reprobated. I contemplate it as a blot left in all our constitutions, which, if not severed, will end in their destruction, which is already hit by the gamblers in corporations, and is sweeping away in its progress the fortunes and morals of our citizens. Funding I consider as limited rightfully to a redemption of the debt within the lives of a majority of the generation contracting it; every generation coming equally by the laws of the Creator of the world to the free possession of the earth He made for their subsistence, unencumbered by the predecessors. And I sincerely believe, with you, that banking institutions are more dangerous than standing armies and that the principle of spending money to be paid by posterity under the name of funding is but swindling futurity on a large scale."—*Letter to Taylor, May* 28, 1816, *Jefferson's Works, Vol. VI, pages* 605-606.

"And so the nation may continue to issue its bills as far as its wants require and the limit of its circulation will admit. Those limits understood to extend with us at present to $200,000,000, a greater sum than would be necessary for any war. But this, the only resource which the Government could command with certainty, the states having unfortunately fooled away, nay, corruptly alienated to swindlers and shavers, under the cover of private banks. Say, too, as an additional evil, that the disposable funds of individuals to this great amount have thus been withdrawn from improvement and useful enterprise, and employed in the useless, usurious and demoralizing practices of bank directors and their accomplices. In the war of 1775 our state availed itself of this fund by issuing a paper money bottomed on a specific tax for its redemption, and to insure its credit bearing an interest of 5 per cent. Within a very short time not a bill of this emission was to be found in circulation. It was locked in the chests of executors, guardians, widows, farmers, etc. We then issued bills bottomed on a redeeming tax, but bearing no interest. These were readily received and never depreciated a single farthing."—*Opinions of Thomas Jefferson in* 1813, *his letters to John W. Epps, June* 25, 1813; *Jefferson's Works, Vol. VI, pages* 139 *and* 140.

JACKSON ON BANKS OF ISSUE

Jackson in his farewell address, speaking of the United States Bank, said: "The immense capital, the peculiar privileges bestowed upon it, enabled it to exercise despotic sway over the other banks in the entire country. From its superior strength it could seriously injure, if not destroy, the business of any one of them which might incur its resentment, and it openly claimed for itself the power of regulating the currency throughout the United States. In other words, it asserted (and undoubtedly possessed) the power to make money plenty or scarce at its pleasure, at any time, and in any quarter of the Union, by controlling the issues of other banks, and permitting an expansion, or compelling a general contraction of the circulating medium, according to its own will. The other banking institutions were sensible of its strength, and they soon generally became its obedient instruments, ready at all times to execute its mandates; and with the banks necessarily went also that numerous class of persons in our commercial cities who depended altogether on bank credits for their solvency and means of business; who are therefore obliged, for their own safety, to propitiate the favor of the money power by distinguished zeal and devotion to its service.

"The result of the ill-advised legislation which established this great monopoly was to concentrate the whole moneyed power of the Union, with its boundless means of corruption and its numerous dependents, under the direction and command of one acknowledged head; thus organizing this particular interest as one body, and securing to it unity and concert of action throughout the United States, and enabling it to bring forward, upon any occasion, its entire and undivided strength to support or defeat any

measure of the Government. In the hands of this formidable power, thus perfectly organized, was also placed unlimited dominion over the amount of the circulating medium, *giving it the power to regulate the value of property and the fruits of labor*, in every quarter of the Union, and to bestow prosperity or bring ruin upon any city or section of the country, as might best comport with its own interest or policy.

"We are not left to conjecture how the moneyed power, thus organized and with such a weapon in its hands, would be likely to use it. The distress and alarm which pervaded and agitated the whole country, when the Bank of the United States waged war upon the people, and in order to compel them to submit to its demands, cannot yet be forgotten. The ruthless and unsparing temper with which whole cities and communities were oppressed, individuals impoverished and ruined, and a scene of cheerful prosperity suddenly changed into one of gloom and despondency, ought to be indelibly impressed on the memory of the people of the United States. If such was its power in a time of peace, what would it not have been in a season of war with an enemy at your doors? No nation but the freemen of the United States could have come out victorious in such a contest; yet, if you had not conquered, the Government would have passed from the hands of the many to the hands of the few; and this organized money power, from its secret conclave, would have dictated the choice of your highest officers and compelled you to make peace or war, as best suited their own wishes. The forms of your Government might for a time have remained, but its living spirit would have departed from it."

At another time he said:

"The question is distinctly presented whether the people of the United States are to govern through representatives chosen by their unbiased suffrages, or whether the power and money of a great corporation are to be secretly exerted to influence their judgment and control their decisions. It must now be determined whether the bank is to have its candidates for all the offices in the country, from the highest to the lowest, or whether candidates on both sides of political questions shall be brought forward as heretofore, and supported by the usual means."—*Message of December* 3, 1833.

Bob Taylor's Nomination

BY HOWELL BROOKE

BOB TAYLOR, who was nominated by the Democrats of Tennessee, by a nine-thousand plurality over Senator Carmack, after a bitterly fought battle, has been seeking a seat in the United States Senate for years. He was defeated many times by the state legislature, and it was thought when he was defeated by Frazier to succeed General Bate that he would give up hope and retire to private life. But there was one spark of hope left in his bosom, and he decided to make a final effort.

He realized that there was no chance for him with the Democratic caucuses of the state legislature; so he changed his tactics, and fought to place the nomination before the people. With the people supporting him he gained his point, thereby giving the people a right that they have so long deserved. As he said in his campaign speeches: "I have now got my case before the jury, and, as I know it to be a fair and impartial jury, I expect nothing but victory." He carried seventy-six out of ninety-six counties. Victory

was his, a victory that should be the most appreciated, as it comes direct from the people, and not from a corrupt party caucus. He did a good deed when he wrested the senatorship from the corrupt caucus of the legislature, and gave it to the people as their own power and right. Now any deserving poor man will have a chance. In the states where the office is bought and paid for, it is only a question of how much money one is able to spend in corrupting the legislature to his interest. Thus the people have no choice in the matter, for there are very few legislatures reflecting the sentiments of the people.

Tennessee is only following the example set by Arkansas. When the other states fall in line and elect their senators by popular vote, there will be less bribery and corruption in the United States Senate, for they will then be servants of the people, and not servants of the great corporations that are now sending the majority of them to the senate.

The Chattanooga *News* intimates that it would not be at all unlikely if Taylor were defeated in the legislature at the final election. It would not be very surprising if they were to do such a thing, as they have just defeated in a Democratic convention the people's choice for governor, and nominated a man whom the people defeated. The legislature is not likely to do such a thing, however, but if they were to act so, it would be a shame and disgrace to Tennessee, and the people might as well turn all its affairs over to the ringsters, and let them run things to their own notion.

The majority of Bob Taylor's constituency believe he will take his seat in the United States Senate, and make them a good senator. Whether this be true or not, it is generally stated that he will make a better senator than the one he has recently defeated, for Carmack was considered a tool of corporations, which he represented more than he did the people when the interests of both were involved.

All this goes to show that the time has come when it is absolutely necessary for the people to elect the United States senators by popular vote, in order to do away with the bribery and fraud that are perpetrated by legislatures in the matter. It is now impossible for an honest man to be elected to the United States Senate by the legislature, as they will send none except those who have adopted their corrupt methods of politics.

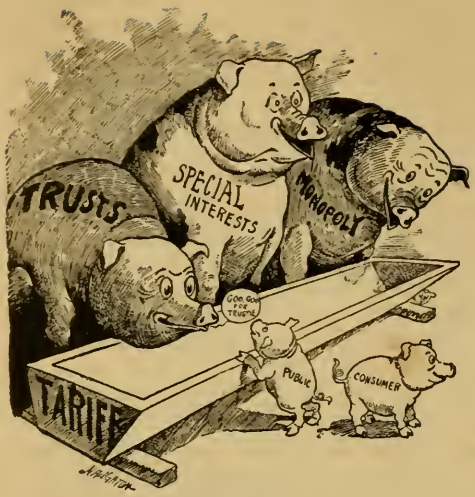
Training Him

"I YEAHS tell, Sistah Gladys," said a portly old colored woman, "dat you and yo' husband has done had a fallin' out?"

"Yas'm!" returned the yellow and somewhat younger matron whom she addressed. "Mistah Bowersock and muhse'f has sho'ly enjoyed words, and I isn't ever gwine to speak to dat man ag'in for as much as two whole days! Tell yo' how 'twuz, Aunt Miasmy. We-all was uh-'spoundin' religion, and he done asparagused de Babdists——"

"Well—uh, law-suzz, honey! What diff'unce do dat make? None o' yo folks am Babdists—yo'-all's Shoutin' Meferdists fum 'way back!"

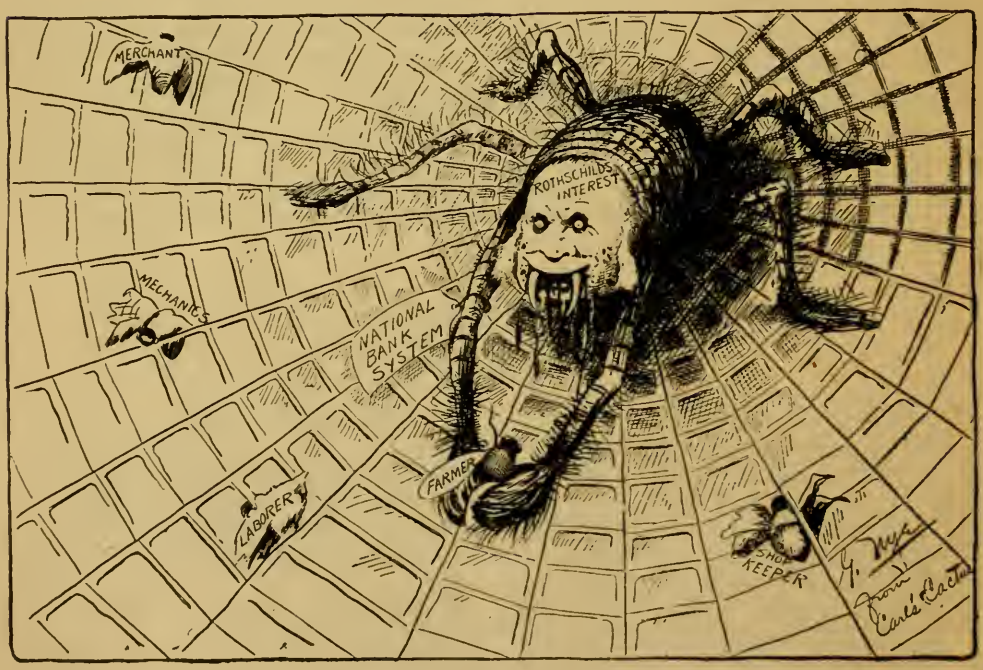
"Yas'm, but one o' muh first husband's cousins married a lady dat had a brother dat was a Babdist befo' dey tuck and hung him for so'thin', I dunnuh what—and I dess told Mistah Bowersock he couldn't stigmatize none o' muh kinfolks wid impecunity. Aw, lemme tell yo', Aunt Miasmy, yo' gotter teach dese yuh men humidity early in de game, or dey'll git to thinkin' yo's skeered of 'em!"



Crowding Them Out
Naughton, in Duluth Evening Herald.

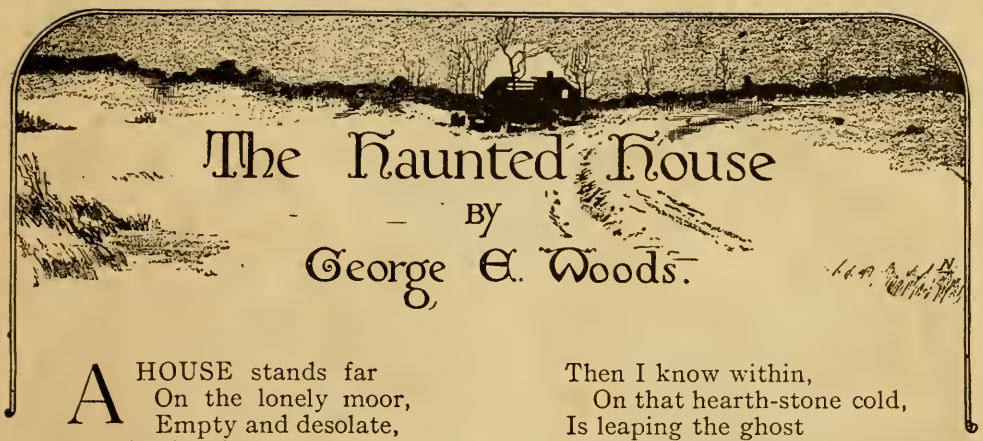
The Chicago Packer and His Silent Partner

Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review.



We Are All Flies for the Spider

G. Nye, after Carl Browne.



The Haunted House

BY

George E. Woods.

A HOUSE stands far
On the lonely moor,
Empty and desolate,
Ruined and poor.

The snow lies cold
On the cold hearth-stone;
Through shuddering rafters
The mad winds moan.

The hands that builded it
Long are dead;
The souls it sheltered
From earth have fled.

False or faithful,
Coward or brave,
They are all asleep
In the hush of the grave.

But not for store
Of jewels or gold
Would I gaze upon that
Which the bleak walls hold.

For at eve, when all
Should turn to rest,
As the red sun sinks
To the wave in the west,

Bright and level,
And full and fair,
His parting rays
Still linger there;

And blazing out
On the gathering night,
From the crazy windows
Shines a light.

Then I know within,
On that hearth-stone cold,
Is leaping the ghost
Of the fires of old;

And long as the phantom
Flame shall burn
Must the spirits of those
It had warmed return.

Oh, whether in peace
Or in pain they dwell,
They must draw to earth
At that eerie spell.

And spread thin hands
To the spectral blaze,
And cower and whisper
Of old, dead days!

You can hide and listen,
Close at the door,
To their tread as it crosses
The shivering floor;

Then, as the sun
Is quenched in the wave,
On a sudden all
Is still as the grave!

The ghosts have flitted;
Their fire is gone;
The old house stands
In the dark alone.

And far and wide
On the dreary heath
The silence falls
Of night and death.

HAMILTON'S REPAYMENT

BY John Laighton

If we fall in the race, though we win,
The hoof-slide is scarred in the course.
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin,
Remaineth forever Remorse.

Maxim of Hafiz.

WHEN Hamilton told me this story of himself he referred to it as an illustration of the natural law that something is not to be had for nothing, and spoke of heat units being equivalent to power units, plus friction and loss. This was because he was an engineer and a good one, and could do things with heat units whereof I know not enough even to record what he might do. But when he spoke he was not thinking of machinery, but of men and women, and he meant that what a man gives to the world that he can take from it, and neither more nor less. Appearances had theretofore led me to a different conclusion, but Hamilton insisted that it was so.

I had known him since we were boys together at college, had been made his brother in the Beta Zeta Chi fraternity, and, contrary to the experience in many cases, the brotherhood had been realized. Four years we had lived together as intimately as young men may, had played football side by side, had read the same books, quoted the same poetry and thought the same thoughts. It seemed to me in those days that there was nothing that Hamilton might not do. I was kept fairly busy, as much so as my spirit yearned to be, with the routine of the course that ended in the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Hamilton was studying engineering, what kind I was never sure. The prescribed work of mechanical engineering study did not satisfy him. Consequently he studied some metallurgy and dynamo-electric machinery and learned field engineering in his spare time. This was in addition to his football playing and shot-putting and two-mile running and cadet battalion drilling, besides a liberal allowance of such social doings as the environment afforded.

I envied him the concentration of mental power that permitted all these things, but more I envied him his physical manhood. In this he was about all that a man could be, and courage came to him as a matter of course.

I shall grow tiresome if I permit myself to go into the details of what he was then, but in general he was my perfect ideal, and the years have not changed my notion in that respect as much as usually happens to young ideals.

We were graduated together. He went to Carnegie at Pittsburg, and I to New York. I had a name to make in the most difficult art in the world, it seemed to me then—the art of writing what people want to read. He had a position to go to, almost limitless promotion ahead, and I thought rather bitterly how easy and assured his future seemed to be compared to mine. And, so far as the future that I was thinking of is concerned, I was right.

When I saw him again it was a year and a half later in New York. I had so far succeeded in my professional pursuits that I was able to pay my landlady on time rather more often than not, and was beginning to take heart. He came to town wearing purple and fine linen, and announced that we would both fare sumptuously every day as long as he remained. And we did.

He told me that he was doing pretty

well, that he worked in the day hours now, from which I received my first idea that a large part of those of my fellow-citizens who produce the iron and steel that we use turn night into day half the time. But he had got past that, and worked at night only when emergency required, and occasionally took a Sunday afternoon for purposes of recreation. This large measure of liberty seemed a great thing to him. As to financial results, he mentioned a monthly salary about equal to my annual gross receipts. So we talked along—it was after dinner on his first evening that these things came out—and I asked him when he was to be married. He smiled a little and said he didn't know, and his manner meant that the lady was as undetermined as the date. Now, he had been engaged as hard and fast as a college senior ever was to a girl whom even I conceded to be good enough for him, and some others had thought too good for any mere man, and if ever there were two people whom it would have done your heart good to look upon, these were the two. If she hadn't been more sensible than he was, they would have been married when he was graduated, and I knew this.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "You and Grace are not going to be married at all?"

"Yes," he said, "I mean that. I haven't seen or heard from her for a year."

"Not a quarrel?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he said. "She wouldn't quarrel. And I never quarrel with a girl. Intervening distance and lack of leisure as well as the attractiveness of a later acquaintance had more to do with it."

I didn't answer him; I couldn't. I felt sorry for the girl. She had been my friend, and I had felt more than kindly toward her on Hamilton's account, as well as on her own. And it disappointed me to have such a romance spoiled. But the real blow was the shattering of my ideal. It was the first act or speech of Hamilton's that had fallen below the high standard I had set for him. And it hurt me very sorely. Still, for more than five years my attitude toward him had been, "the king can do no wrong." It takes time to overcome a mental habit of long standing.

We passed the days of his stay very pleasantly together, and in everything else that he said or did he was his own true self. Energetic as of old, he wanted to see and do everything; his talk was good, his ideals of his professional work and of his citizenship were high, his taste as careful as ever, and by the time he had left I had almost forgotten the one failing I had found. I thought of it afterward, though, and it was hard to forgive. I knew it was his fault; there could be no doubt of that, and that he had dishonored himself. My attitude toward him changed, and though I loved him none the less, my own ideas obtruded themselves more, and my standards became my own instead of those of the ideal Hamilton. It was one of the experiences that must come to everyone in this life, but it came late to me, when childhood was long past, and it hurt the more.

Time went on. I heard from Hamilton often. Superintendent, General Superintendent, Manager—these titles all came to him in the next few years. Inventions bearing his name were put into use in the great industry to which he was giving himself. But I did not see him again until his wedding, when I was his best man.

A man to see and remember, he was then; the boy looks gone, and the confident, compelling glance and attitude of the man of affairs in its place. I thought, as I looked at him: "And I say unto this man, Go and he goeth; and to another, Come and he cometh."

Well might he have been a centurion of old. Yet the gentleness and tenderness that he had always had were there, and his bride was very happy. She was a dear girl, a perfectly womanly woman, and no need to tell what Hamilton was to her. I could see this in the glimpses I caught in the

two or three days of the wedding time. And it was strange that I could not forget the other girl, nor refrain from misgivings. Hamilton had said very little about his bride, though confidential as of old about all other personal matters, and I tried to tell myself that the doubts I had were due to this, and that his reticence was due to my knowledge of the old affair and how it terminated.

I went back to New York, and heard of the birth of a baby boy a year later, and Hamilton's letters grew more frequent, and there were baby photographs in them, and talk about his wife. I knew that he was as happy as a man might be, and I rejoiced in it. Then, four years after his wedding, came a telegram announcing their baby's death. I went to the funeral, but not to see Hamilton, for I felt that no one should come between husband and wife at that time, and I had barely an hour with him. He was brave for himself and his wife, too, for she seemed crushed and her strength came all from him; but he was hurt more than I knew.

The next word was that his wife's health had failed; but he outlined his plan for making her well again, and for a year afterward his letters were frequent and always spoke of her and his hopes for her. Then, a year of almost total silence, when the few letters that I had had from him spoke of other matters, and only said, "She is no better." And at the end came a message that said she had followed her baby, and asked me to come to him.

I found him looking the same strong man he had always been, but he was very quiet and not inclined to talk. Only once did he say much and that about his work. His sole enthusiasm seemed to be centered there. Beyond the details of her illness he did not talk of his wife, and though he seemed as fond of me as ever, he did not talk of himself and his own affairs as he had been used to do. So, in two days, I left him.

In less than a week he was in New York and told me that he had come to stay; that he had been appointed chairman of the General Operating Committee of the Steel Corporation. I think that was the name. At any rate, he had offices on Broadway in the Empire Building. And what his work was I do not know, because it seemed to be a little of everything.

But, often in the first year of his stay here, before my own marriage, he would invite me out to dine with a party of iron and steel men, and I formed my opinion of his standing in his own business from the titles they bore and their attitude toward him. I used to love to listen and watch at these talks, for the men who came were worth knowing. Many of them were crude, some even rough, but all were men of power and accustomed to make things move. And none of them ever put off till tomorrow what he could do tonight.

But with it all I was a little jealous, for though Hamilton sought me out, invited me, insisted on my presence, there were no longer the personal talks that there once had been. Literature and art, politics, and all that he and I had once had in common, tired him now. He had not lost his grasp of them, but it seemed that nothing except the sharp stimulus of talk of the business that never sleeps, talks before experts whose presence compelled hard thinking, could satisfy him. To me he never spoke of these things, and what there was in common for us seemed to grow less and less as I found him so little interested in the general topics on which he could talk so well if he would. Our friendship had been too close to grow less; the worst that could happen would be that it might not grow any greater. So I waited, believing that this absorption in business was temporary and a means to forgetting the trouble he had had. My own wedding day was coming on now, and I had thoughts and plans and duties of my own that kept me away

from him more than had been our custom.

When I went away to be married he went with me to the station, saying again how sorry he was that he could not leave New York, and wishing that he might be with me as I had been with him. Now this was a subterfuge, for Hamilton was as independent in his comings and goings as a man could well be. But I knew, or thought I knew, the trouble he had stood, and forgave him for wishing to stay away. In two weeks I was back again with my bride, and I remember how Hamilton had had our apartments decorated in her honor with the most beautiful flowers I have ever seen. Where he got some of them I do not know. He met us at the station and drove home with us, but did not enter, and again his excuse was pressure of business. His renewal of that reason for failing to take what I considered a proper interest in my affairs irked me somewhat, but afterward I was to hear it often.

From that time on my life changed, of course, and though I saw him frequently, it was usually for a few minutes at his office or a short time at my home. He never visited his clubs. Again and again he left me with the excuse, "work to do." Now men in his position in New York are not given to working at night and least of all in their offices. Yet I found after a while that this had become Hamilton's custom. I knew that he was keeping track of a mass of details that no other man had ever attempted; this much had been told me, but I knew he was too good an organizer, too much of a man to be compelled to work at night unless he chose to do so. I used to invite him often and he always came, but usually left just as another man would have been making himself really comfortable. Finally, I noticed gray hair coming at his temples; he was only thirty-six, and in desperation Alice and I held a council of war.

"This devotion to business," I said, "is becoming a mania. He has been here alone three years now and it is time to do something to bring him out of this fever."

And I deliberately proposed that we invite Alice's sister, Eleanor, with a view to making things more entertaining for him. "Not," I said, "that I propose to throw her at him, even if she could be thrown, which she can't" (this was a diplomatic tribute to family pride), "but you know how beautifully she sings and how attractive she is, and then four people lend themselves to all sorts of entertainment better than three."

And Alice, who was quite as fond of Hamilton as I could wish, consented to the arrangements. "Not that there will be anything between them, you goose," she said, "but Nell may succeed in making him take notice."

So Eleanor came, saw, and, I believe, was conquered. And Hamilton became as courteous an attendant to my sister-in-law as I could hope to have. But there resulted nothing more. I used to try to see whether he was holding himself in check, or whether perfect courtesy and a friendly interest were really the extent of his feeling for her. I was, without any qualms of conscience, trying to be a matchmaker, but never dared mention the subject to Alice, when, the first days over, there seemed to be no impression made. Alice has fully as much family pride as is good for her, a quality Eleanor shares, but Hamilton's manner toward her sister was perfect, and she did not suspect my sinister designs. So the early winter went by.

One night in December I was downtown late and dropped into Hamilton's quarters. It was after midnight, but his lights were burning, and I knew that he was not asleep. So I went in, in answer to his call at my knock. "Here's something nobody ever saw yet," he said; "an electric steel furnace that will work. Look it over carefully, but don't give the details away till I am ready."

I did not resent the veiled sarcasm of this, but took the cigar he held out to me and sat down in his biggest chair.

"Look here, Bob," I said to him, "what kind of a way is this to treat yourself? How many hours' sleep did you have last night and the night before?"

"About four in two nights," he answered. "It was all I could use. Why?"

"I'll tell you why," I said. "Because you are making an old man of yourself with this everlasting work. Because all the things of this life that are worth while are getting away from you. You don't know half that you knew once about the world and its doings. Steel is all very well as a business, but it isn't life. You know that, Bob! You are not so narrow as you are making yourself out. You know better things in this life than electric furnaces. You are killing the man I love as fast as you can, and even the steel man you are driving to death. I wish I had the disposition of your time for a month. I would guarantee that you wouldn't know the price of pig-iron at the end of that time."

"That would be a novel experience," he returned. "But you are wrong about me. I'm a better man than I have been, and I'm not killing myself. It is very well for a man with a wife and home and a baby like yours to talk to a man like me. My work is all I have left."

Then the secret desire of my heart led me to say what common respect for feelings I did not understand should have prevented.

"Why don't you have all these things yourself?"

He looked at me a long time, and then turned his chair and looked into the fire. I was a little alarmed at my own temerity, and did not interrupt.

He arose and stood on the hearth-rug in an attitude that suggested resistance to a physical shock, and looked me between the eyes.

"I'll tell you why," he said. "You are a student of men, but you are blind where I am concerned. And I have been making false pretenses to you for a long time. I have kept things from you for the sake of your good opinion. I'll tell them all, now."

I could see that he was restraining strong emotion, though his manner was very quiet and his words came slowly.

"When you and I were in school together," he went on, "you knew me as I was. There was nothing held back from you, then, and if I seemed true and square to you, remember it to my credit now. For, since we met first after parting, I have been trying to seem better to you than I was. Do you remember the night here when you asked me about my wedding? I saw what your thoughts were then, and that knowledge kept from you what went after, though it did not hold me back. You have always thought that the girl I spoke of that night was the one I married, but it was not so. For I talked love to more girls than one or two in those days, telling myself that I was studying the personal equation and improving my conversational powers. That was the sinful pride of my youth, and I have done penance for it since. None of these girls took any great harm from me, beyond the damage to their conception of the manliness of men, and a temporary hurt to their feelings. They are all married and happy now, and why should I care for them? Why should the memory of those days be a dull, dead pain to me beneath the live one that I carry above it? Because at that time my honor was lost, because from that day on I could never say to myself that no one who had trusted me had ever been the worse for it. They may have suffered then, from wounded feelings and hurt pride, but they had done no wrong, and have long ago forgotten me. It is I that remember, and I that have had to pay.

"One of the girls I knew then was Nan, my wife. I broke with her once; a little misunderstanding that originated in my own mind was the cause given. Then, after a time, in the vainglorious pride that cursed me, rather than in the spirit of true love, I went back to her to see whether my

broken word would still be given credit, to see whether the power I thought I had was great enough to overcome her just resentment and outraged pride. And she forgave me. Fool that I was then, the dim conception that even my purblind sight gave me of the worth of a love like that sobered me, and for long I was true to her and sorry for what I had done. But it is the nature of a man like me never to be sorry until it is too late, and happy as we were together, I feared that I should have to pay. And when my son was taken, I said, 'That is the price.'

"Still I went on, hoping that this might be all, and doing what I could for Nan; for her health failed then, as you know. But it is not good for a man who has had a son to be without, and as time went on there came a bitterness over his loss, as the thought came home that, strong man as I was, I might never have another child, and I rebelled at that. So the half-formed wish came to me that if Nan might not be well, there might come another in her place. I had not profited by the former lesson, you see. Yet I did not then do more than to think sometimes of what might be after she was gone.

"Her illness dragged along, and at last there came a crisis. I have known ever since that with the strong support I might have given her she would have been well again now. Ah, what a fight she made! Strong as I count myself, I could not have made that fight. And—the deadly shame of it—I failed her, little Nan, whose illness came from bearing my son, and the stress of her perfect care of him, and the grief of having him go."

He had forgotten me by this time and was talking to himself.

"How slight the opportunity is," he went on, "that gives an evil man the chance to show himself. If Billy Cochran had been one minute later, I would never have seen that girl. But I met him, and we had dinner together and afterward—I swear I had no thought of it when we started.

"Even then I can claim the excuse of no sudden impulse, for it was four days later, after thinking and knowing what I was doing, that I saw her first alone. I said to myself, 'Nan can never be well again,' and I let that black thought enter my mind and remain. 'She is like a sister or a child to be taken care of as long as she lives, but that is all.' And the words came to my mind: 'For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death us do part.'

"But I would not listen. 'Nan will never know,' I said, 'and it will make no difference between us,' and when opportunity offered I used to see that girl. And it was then my black mind invented the word 'nervousness' and applied it to my wife's heart-break, for she knew the difference from that first day. Not that she knew the truth, and for the matter of that, my one word would have overweighed proof positive with her.

"So the days went on, and in the time I had been used to spend with her I began to work, for I did not enjoy being with her in those days. And, dear heart, how she fought her fight, alone and unhelped for week after week. Nervousness! I have seen some nerve in my time, but never to equal hers. But the spirit was stronger than the body. And on the day that her strength failed and she gave up I saw myself as you see me now, and as I have seen myself day and night, waking and sleeping, every hour since.

"From that time on I never left her. No sense of repentance moved me, but the scales fell from my eyes, and I knew. Too late, I knew. She died happy, because for the second time I had come back to her, and she forgave me as she had before, with a forgiveness so perfect that it needed no words. And so she left me.

"You will observe how these things work out," he said, after a pause. "No man ever was the worse for knowing and trusting me. There is not a man in the world that I ever knew that I am not glad to see. I

have given them as much as I have received, and taken nothing that was not mine. But, on the other hand, no woman ever gave me any of the tenderness of her heart that I made her a fair return. And so I have some deferred payments to make. But," and he looked across the room where his wife's picture hung, "I shall have paid before long. I shall not have to live on like this forever.

"Now you know why I work at night; you know why my hair is grayer at thirty-six than my father's is at sixty; but these are only the outward signs. What I have stood in the nights of these three years, when each little separate loveliness of the wife whose life I threw away comes before my eyes, you will never know. She knows it all now, and she has long ago forgiven, but what comfort is there in that when I regard myself?

"You say I have no thoughts outside of steel. If only that were true! Do you think I care for nothing else all day and all night? Would I not rather talk to you? But your talk suggests too much; steel is all material and helps me to forget. Do I work because I want to, when a hundred men could be found to do this work for me? Not I. It is to be tired enough to sleep a little, only a little, each night."

I held out my hand to him.

"I am glad that you know," he said. "I wearied long ago of false pretenses."

That night I thought long of Hamilton in the light that he had shown me. I had never suspected that he had done what he confessed, or any part of it. Before he told me I would have said it was impossible. Whether it was the crookedness of my moral vision I leave you to decide, but I thought no worse of him than before. "Of all the men that have lived in the world," I said, "there may have been a few that have not done some of these things for which Hamilton blames himself so bitterly. There is nothing new in the sin. But among those who have so transgressed, how many have there been who have paid as he has?" And I thought of many things that had escaped me in the last three years which might have shown me what his trouble had been. "A deathbed repentance," I said, "is no uncommon thing; but here is a man in the strength of his youth, rich, influential and of many resources. How many men similarly situated would not have gone on and forgotten?" And I concluded that in the last analysis I was right; and that my poor boy, though he had fallen below himself, was still the man I had thought him.

The next day he went to Pittsburg, and three days later came a telegram telling of an accident that had befallen him and asking me to come. It was signed by his friend, Adam McNaughton, whom I had come to know well in New York. I went, and the fastest train on the Pennsylvania crawled at a snail's pace that day. McNaughton met me at the station, and I saw by the look in his eyes that I was too late. One would not have suspected McNaughton of tears, but his eyes were damp and his voice shook as he told me the story. One of the infernal machines they call furnaces had become disarranged in some way; there had been an explosion and Hamilton alone had been killed.

"Couldn't he get away?" I asked.

"Mon," said McNaughton, "do ye no suppose that Rob Hamilton kenned hoo to save himsel'? It was a damned worthless Hun that he gaed back to save that caused his death. I ha' been brought up to piety, and tocht that the ways o' God are past finding oot, an' I fear to blaspheme, but in this case I will say that the worth of the ane man's life bears no relation to the worth of the ither. Yet," and he broke down past all pretense, "it wadna' ha' been Rob Hamilton to ha' stude by and seen the mon burn, or to call to ithers to help!"

When I stood and looked at Hamilton a little later I knew that he was asleep at last, and I fancied that I was better able than McNaughton to understand the ways of God in this particular case.

Then the men he had known and worked with rose up to do him honor, and on the third day mills were idle and engines quiet, for the men would have it so and the managers desired it no less. And on that day they paid back to Hamilton the debt that they owed him so far as in their power lay, and his fame was in the papers and his name on the tongues of men, and so that account was squared. As to the debt he owed, I cannot be so sure. These things are matters of speculation at the best. But I—who know something of what his life had been—I like to believe that in the days before he died his payment was made complete, and that where Nan, his wife, is there he is, too, having gone back to her for the third and last time.

The Bride

FROM "LINES," BY PETER McARTHUR

HO, windy gossips, in your ear!
When morning threw the casement wide
The jilted sun, with eager face,
Stole in and kissed the waking bride!

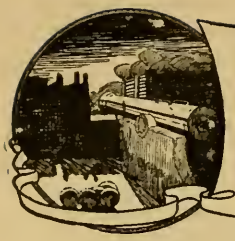
And, while she blushed, a bobolink
That all he sees in music tells,
Rang out the tidings to the world
With tinkling chimes of elfin bells.

She rose and donned her rich attire,
The yearning bridesmaids led her down,
And she was wedded in the church
Before the jostling, gaping town.

But think you that the stolèd priest,
With studied pomp and sacred rite,
Hath wholly bound to one of earth
This bride of the adoring light?

The grace of the elusive streams
Is in that form his vows would bind,
For she has roamed the summer world
A free-foot follower of the wind.

And though you choired the husband's joy
And mellow chimes have pulsed it wide,
The birds are singing to the flowers
That she was trothed another's bride.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BY THOMAS E. WATSON.

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II

STUDYING LAW!

To that stage had Andrew Jackson come, in 1785, steered by the unseen forces which govern the world. It is doubtful whether he himself could have explained how he happened to drift into that profession rather than some other.

In the finding of one's life-work there is much more of feeling around in the dark than is generally supposed. Cervantes did not begin to write Don Quixote until he had tried success by many routes, and had landed on the wrong side of a prison door. Bacon's best work was done after his disgrace as an officer of state, and after Queen Elizabeth had expressed the weighty opinion that he didn't know much law.

Oliver Goldsmith, the neglected physician, wrote "The Deserted Village" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" after he had waited in vain for patients bringing fees.

Had Napoleon been a success as an author, he might never have meddled with politics.

Had General Lew Wallace been a success as a soldier, he might never have written "Ben Hur."

Had U. S. Grant been a money-maker at the outbreak of the Civil War, he might never have commanded on the winning side at Appomattox.

Had Sam Houston been able to wear with credit the harness of social and political existence in Tennessee, he might never have thrown himself amid the wilder men of the Southwest and won fame as a builder of empire!

Patrick Henry's failure in other fields shunted him into the legal profession; and Jefferson's partial failure as a lawyer became a stepping-stone into the higher calling of practical statesmanship.

Happy is the man who can find out, early in life, the work which he is best fitted to do. Among the most pitiable of the wretched is he who grows old at a task which, too late, he learns was not set for *him*.

The gray-haired school-teacher or commonplace preacher, who realizes that he should have been a merchant, lawyer, doctor or civil engineer, is pathetic. To know what to try to do is the great problem, and it may be that even the men who succeed in their chosen calling could have rendered mankind better service in some other field.

Henry Brougham's shrewd old mother bewailed his quitting the House of Commons to don the robes of Lord Chancellor: Dr. Samuel Johnson lamented the fate which never gave him a chance to try his hand in Parliament: Edmund Burke writhed under Goldsmith's famous lashing of him "who to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

What is it that draws the most ambitious men of modern times into "the study of law"?

The reward, of course. All things considered, no other profession offers so great a return upon the investment of time, talent and industry.

While the nations are standing in arms, clothed in steel from head to foot, the purpose is not so much to fight as to discourage attack from without and insurrection from within.

The standing army gives the education whose watchword is "*Obey!*" It cultivates the class-pride and prejudice upon which caste rule is built. It interests millions of citizens in the maintenance of "Law and Order"—the law which imposes the yoke of the ruling caste and the order which restrains its victims from revolt.

The military profession, therefore, is one which irresistibly attracts very many aspirants to influence, to position, to power; but even the military profession does not win over so many ambitious young men as does "the study of the law."

In the building up of our civilization we have complicated matters to such an extent that the lawyer is indispensable, almost omnipotent.

Does the layman know anything about his own rights as a citizen? Very little. Upon the simplest things only is he informed. At every turn he finds himself under the necessity of getting help from the lawyer. Great is the corporation—the bank, the railroad, the trust—but the corporation dares not move a step without a lawyer in the pilot-house.

From the Justice's Court in the rural district and the Mayor's Court in the village, all the way up to Presidential policies and Governmental problems, the lawyer is the doctor who *must* be called in to look at the tongue of the difficulty, and to write out a prescription.

In the business world the lawyer levies his tribute upon the great and the small, the rich and the poor, the hayseed farmer and the silk-hat financier.

Our Wall Street Money-Kings would no more think of organizing a rascally scheme of High Finance without the help of lawyers than the buccaneers of old would have thought of flying the pirate flag without guns on board.

In the political world, also, the lawyer is omnipresent, indispensable.

Who organizes the Machine and steers the Boss on his cruise, keeping him off the reefs and bars of the Criminal Code?

The lawyer.

Who maps out the campaign, devises a fraud upon the people which the statute cannot quite reach, and then, after the election has been stolen from the people, shows the Boss how to keep the stolen goods in defiance of right and in spite of legal proceedings?

The lawyer.

Who is it that the beneficiaries of class-legislation naturally select to advance their claims, voice their demands, guard their interests in the legislatures of states, in the Congress of the United States, in the Cabinet of the President?

The lawyer.

Under our system, so complex has it become, the man who wants to do right doesn't know how. Except in the simplest transactions, à lawyer must show him how. If, on the contrary, a bad man wants to do wrong, but wants to escape punishment, he needs, and can generally get, a lawyer to show him the way.

The innocent man, accused of crime, needs a lawyer; is not safe without one, and may be convicted, even then, if he happens to employ a sorry one, who can be outwitted by the prosecution.

The guilty man, accused of crime, needs a lawyer; is not safe without one; and if he employs a good one, while the prosecution is managed by a sorry one, the jury may be forced to turn him loose, although they feel that he is "as guilty as a dog."

Thus, looked at from the standpoint of mere ambition, sordid selfishness, the "study of law" powerfully attracts young men who want to get on in the world.

But there is another point of view—thank God!

It is not every student of Blackstone or Coke who licks his chops, by anticipation, over the sweets of mental prostitution.

It is not every student of the law who means to become the jackal to the lion, the doer of dirty work for hire, the seller of divinely fashioned genius to the highest bidder—with the morals of a harlot, without that excuse of dire necessity which the harlot can often give.

In most cases the boy who comes to the study of the law is actuated by nobler motives, a higher purpose. A generous ambition to gain knowledge, to fit himself for a leader's place among men, to arm himself with the weapons which enable him to fight the battles of the weak and to defend the right against the wrong, find place in his mind and heart, just as they do in the beautiful language of the oath which he must take.

Almost in the very words—and quite in the identical spirit—that ancient Chivalry solemnly swore the Knight-Errant to his duty, pledging him to champion the cause of the weak and the oppressed, the oath of office consecrates the young lawyer to his work by the same holy vows. For it must be remembered that no profession has a more glorious tradition and heritage than that of the law.

The Crusaders who have in modern times gone forth to redeem the Holy Sepulchre of Truth from the Infidel have been led, by whom?

The lawyer.

The Knight-Errant who rode forth, panoplied in burnished steel, to break the chains, lift the yoke, batter down the prison door of the captive, the weak, the oppressed, has been, whom?

The lawyer.

Great was Mirabeau, but he dreamt only of changing France into a constitutional monarchy, leaving Divine Right on the throne and hereditary Privilege in force.

It was Danton, the lawyer, who led *the Revolution*, and sketched the Democratic state, in which all the people should rule for the benefit of all.

It was the lawyer who led in the long, hard fight for Civil liberty in England; the lawyer who slew the monsters of her Criminal Code; the lawyer who armed the private citizen with school-book and ballot.

It was the lawyer who pleaded Ireland's cause at the bar of Public Opinion, wrung from British intolerance Religious Freedom, compelled the recognition of the Irishman's rights in Irish land, and so won upon the conscience and the fear of the ruling caste that the triumph of the Cause of Ireland has become a question of time rather than a matter of doubt.

In our own history whose record is better than that of the lawyer?

Would our forefathers ever have gone to war with Great Britain had they awaited the lead of Benjamin Franklin, John Dickinson and George Washington?

Never in the world.

Not until Patrick Henry and Dabney Carr and Thomas Jefferson and James Otis and John Adams and Alexander Hamilton, *the hot-headed young lawyers*, had fired the woods, and the flames were leaping onward with a rush which none could stop, did those more cautious and conservative citizens, Franklin, Dickinson and Washington, commit themselves to the movement of the Colonies against the Mother Country.

The lawyer lit the signal fires of that Revolution, the lawyer wrote the Declaration of Independence, the lawyer framed the Constitution, the lawyer organized the Government. The lawyer struck down Feudalism in America, wrote the statute for Religious Liberty, swung wide the doors of individual opportunity, and forged, ready for use, every weapon against tyranny which a free people need to protect themselves from oppression.

Even at that early period there was another side to the shield, not so bright as that which I have presented, but, throughout the Revolutionary Era, the patriotic service of the lawyer was so splendidly conspicuous that the reverse side of the shield was as the spot on the sun.

When Andrew Jackson rode into Salisbury, N. C. (1785), and put up at the Rowan House, the old-fashioned tavern, he was eighteen years old, and had already gone to the school of experience, to an extent which few of his future competitors for national honor had equaled.

His boyhood had breathed in the hot atmosphere of war. The sound of musketry, of rifle fire, of cannon play, had been familiar to his ear. The sight of bloodshed, scenes of carnage, the ruthless deeds of Tory hate and Whig revenge had burnt their impressions upon mind and heart. The dangers amid which he had lived, the hardships which he had endured, the lust of victory and the panic of defeat, the sudden flight from deadly attack, the narrow escape from awful death, the loss of his brothers and mother, the imprisonment and maltreatment of himself, the wild disorders and appalling cruelties of foreign invasion added to Civil strife—all these things were factors in the molding of Andrew Jackson.

When he entered the office of Spruce McCay to read law under that influential attorney, he had already given evidence of the traits of character which afterward made him one of the best loved and best hated men that ever lived.

It had already been shown that he would fight at the drop of a hat; that he was headstrong, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing. Weaker boys who turned to him for protection got it. He would "take up" for the small boy, and, if need were, wage his battle. He was high-tempered, quick as powder, hard to get along with—and the boy who laughed at him because he had what was called "a slobber mouth" had to run or fight.

He had shown that he was fond of outdoor life, outdoor sports, games and recreations. He loved to hunt, was a good shot, an expert horseman and rode admirably, excelled in running and jumping. Some say that even when thrown by a stronger man he "wouldn't stay throwed"; others relate that John Lewis could out-jump him and throw him down; and that when John Lewis threw him, Andy *did* "stay throwed." That he was believed to have a generous nature is proven by the fact that he is said to have been a great friend to this same John Lewis.

The eighteen-year-old Jackson had already shown his fondness for gambling at cards, on chicken fights and horse races, on the throw of a dice-box, on almost any sort of game or contest. He was known also as a wild young fellow who would drink too much whisky, indulge in too many coarse practical jokes, and who, when inflamed by anger, could out-curse anybody in all the regions round about.

During his stay of two years in Salisbury Jackson's character continued to unfold itself along on those lines. He was not much of a student; it is not recorded that he did any office work for Spruce McCay; nor does any biographer explain how it was that he paid for his board and lodging.

It seems that he kept his horse, and that he was active in horse-racing, cock-fighting, card-playing circles; but it is not probable that he relied upon his winnings to pay his way.

How, then, did he do it?

Perhaps his work as school-teacher should be assigned to this period of his life, and it is possible that some remnant of his legacy may have tided him over.

Illustrative of the rougher side of his character is the practical joke which he played upon the eminent respectabilities of Salisbury by sending cards of invitation to the Christmas ball to two notorious strumpets of the town. The unclean birds came to the ball, as per Andrew Jackson's cards, and the uproar in the fowl-house was considerable. But Andy was a great favorite with the ladies—as "wild" young men have ever been—and he succeeded in getting rid of the disturbers and at the same time holding the admiration of the eminently respectable.

Another anecdote of the period represents him engaged with boon companions in a carousal, which lasted throughout the night and wound up with a general smashing of all the furniture in the room.

A flood of light is poured upon his

standing with the "unco' good and rigidly righteous" at this time by the exclamation of the old lady of Salisbury, who, on being told, forty years later, that Andrew Jackson was a candidate for President, cried out:

"What! Jackson up for President? *Jackson? Andrew* Jackson? The Jackson that used to live in Salisbury? Why, when he was here, he was such a rake that my husband would not bring him into the house! It is true, he *might* have taken him out to the stable to weigh horses for a race, and might drink a glass of whisky with him *there*. Well, if Andrew Jackson can be President, anybody can."

From the office of Judge Spruce McCay Jackson went to that of Colonel John Stokes, where he continued his studies until he thought himself ready for admission to the Bar. In the spring of 1787 he applied for and received his license to practice law.

For a year after his admission to the Bar he appears to have lived at a village in Martinsville, N. C., where two friends of his kept a store. Tradition says that he helped them in running the business, and that he accepted a local position as constable or deputy-sheriff. At any rate, he realized soon that he was gaining no foothold in North Carolina, and he made up his mind to try his fortune in the new country beyond the mountains, where Robertson and Donelson and Sevier were planting the beginning of another state on the Cumberland.

Before we follow Jackson into Tennessee, let us pause "to take his picture."

He was tall and slender—standing six feet and one inch in height. Carrying himself straight as a ramrod, and stepping with a quick, springing, clear-lift walk, he made the impression upon the observer that he was as active as a cat—lithe, sinewy, tough, and with not a lazy bone in his body.

He had a shock of red hair, and a pair of fine blue eyes, which rested unwinkingly upon one in conversation, and which blazed when he was aroused. His face was sallow, freckled, long, thin, angular, with a fighting jaw.

His bearing toward men was open, frank, confident, self-assertive.

Toward women he was deferential, most attentive and polite. Surprising as it may seem, there is no room for doubt that Andrew Jackson's manner toward ladies was, from the first, captivating to a marked degree. By the time he reached the age of eighteen he had developed a taste for good dressing. The same trait which led him to want the finest-looking horse, the richest caparison, the best pistols and guns, the best dogs and game chickens, led him to choose for himself a style of wearing apparel, both in the material and the make, which was far above the average of the backwoods.

Some of his lady friends went to the courthouse the day he was examined for admission to the Bar, and one of these has left a description of him as he then appeared.

Those who recall Albert Gallatin's statement that Jackson, when in Congress, looked and dressed like an uncouth backwoodsman may not be able to reconcile his testimony with that of Mrs. Anne Rutherford, who says:

"He always dressed neat and tidy, and carried himself as if he was a rich man's son.

"The day he was licensed he had on a new suit, with a broadcloth coat, ruffled shirt, and other garments in the best of fashion."

There is no disputing about taste; and the reader is left to the conclusion that a style of dressing which appeared to be the best of fashion to a country girl of North Carolina may have seemed "irregular" to such a cosmopolitan gentleman as Gallatin.

The red breeches of Thomas Jefferson had been "the best of fashion" in Paris, but when he wore them in New York, as a member of Washington's Cabinet, social rumblings were heard and social upheavals feared.

To be Continued

An Indictment of Corporations

BY THOMAS SPEED MOSBY

WHEN Attorney-General Crow, of Missouri, a few years ago arraigned the five great packing companies before the Supreme Court of Missouri for violation of the Missouri Anti-Trust law, the court fined the companies $5,000 each, the fines were promptly paid, and a slight increase in the price of packing-house products was the only tangible result.

When the same attorney-general, in 1899, prosecuted ninety-eight fire insurance companies for a violation of the same law, the Supreme Court fined the companies $1,000 each, and that $98,000 wrung from the companies has been repaid to them many times over in increased fire insurance rates in Missouri.

When the various members of the Beef Trust were arraigned in Chicago some weeks ago and fined $25,000 for a violation of the Federal Anti-Trust law, the fines were promptly paid, and the fine has already been many times recouped by increases in the price of packing-house products.

Should Attorney-General Hadley, of Missouri, be successful in his prosecution of the oil companies, the court will either assess a fine against the corporations or will oust them of their franchises in Missouri. If fines are assessed, the corporations will not feel them at all, and they will simply be made a pretext for further increases in the price of oil. If the companies are deprived of their franchises in Missouri, it will be necessary for them merely to reorganize under new names and with new figureheads for stockholders, and the old conditions will again recur.

These and many other similar cases raise the question as to what is to be done with corporations, especially those who violate the laws. Collaterally we may consider the expediency of granting corporate rights in the first instance.

When the state grants a corporate franchise, it gives to the owners of the corporate stock rights which other men do not possess. If these rights were not valuable, and to a certain extent exclusive, no corporation would be organized. If these franchise rights have a substantial value, as they certainly have, the value is produced by the privileges enjoyed by the corporation. But the corporation does not create that value. Manifestly, the value must be created at the cost of those who do not enjoy the privilege.

It will be taken for granted that equality of opportunity is the natural right of all mankind. Publicists and economists will generally agree that whatsoever tends to restrict the equal exercise of this right by all men is an evil. It is well known that no man or class can enjoy a special privilege except at the cost of some sacrifice on the part of some other man or class. When one man has more than an equal opportunity with his fellows in the industrial struggle, some other man must have less than an equal chance. This is necessarily the case. Government cannot discriminate in favor of one without discriminating against another; it cannot give to one without taking from another.

Corporation advocates declare that the corporation is a public good because it supplies the quickest and most convenient method for the combination and application of capital toward in-

dustrial ends. Therein lies the objection which may be urged against the whole corporation system. The corporation furnishes the most available means whereby a great number of men may quickly unite their capital for a given purpose, to be prosecuted for a period beyond the term of human life. The stock may be shifted with such facility that the combination of many corporate interests in the hands of a single individual is attended with little or no inconvenience, and may often be the work of but a few days. There can be no question that this operates as an encouragement to the formation of trusts.

The corporation also supplies a fruitful means of injustice and fraud. The minority stockholders are entirely at the mercy of the man who owns the controlling interest. He may bond the corporation until it pays no dividends and the stock falls below par when it may be, in fact, worth more than par, and would so be rated but for the "understanding" between the majority interest and the bondholders, whereby that which should be dividends is diverted into interest payments upon a bonded debt. The minority stockholder is thus often compelled to sell at a loss. This game of freeze-out has been played so often that it has ceased to arouse the indignation and scorn of the public, but has come to be regarded as a necessary incident of successful corporation management. Such an institution, organized upon a large scale, is certain to overcome the competition of individual or smaller concerns, for the majority stockholder, while temporarily fixing prices at rates which are ruinous to competitors, may recoup his own losses by freezing out the small stockholders in his own concern.

A striking instance of how corporations may be manipulated for the purposes of fraud is given in the case of Butler *vs.* Harrison & Co., 41 S.W. Rep. 234, a Missouri Supreme Court decision which was commented upon by Judge Seymour D. Thompson, the eminent authority on corporation law, in an address before the American Bar Association at Morgantown, W. Va., a few years ago. In that case three rich men procured themselves to be incorporated for the purpose of engaging in business exclusively for their pecuniary profit. In their character as individuals they got into debt to themselves as a corporation. In their character as a corporation they got into debt to outsiders. Finding themselves insolvent in their character as a corporation, they transferred to themselves as individuals all the property owned by them as a corporation, for the purpose of preferring themselves as individuals, as creditors of themselves as a corporation, leaving their outside creditors in the lurch; it thus being held that a man might clothe himself in the artificial character of a corporation, become indebted to himself, and then prefer himself over other creditors.

How often, too, are the funds of a corporation dissipated in the form of high salaries paid to officials who, to earn such salaries, are obliged to do nothing but "stand in" with those who own the controlling interest in the stock, and leave the small shareholders to hold the bag. The point is well illustrated by the case of two small London boys who, walking down a street of the city, passed a tobacconist's shop. The bigger of the two remarked:

"I say, Bill, I've got a ha'penny, and if you've got one, too, we'll have a penny smoke between us."

Bill produced his copper, and Tommy, diving into the shop, promptly reappeared with a penny cigar in his mouth. The boys walked side by side for a minute or two, when the smaller one mildly remarked:

"I say, Tom, when am I to have a puff? The weed's half mine, you know."

"Oh, you shut up!" was the businesslike reply. "I'm the president of this corporation and you're only a shareholder. I'll do the smoking, and you can spit."

Corporations breed immorality in many ways. They are artificial, in-

tangible beings, and are not answerable for breaches of the moral law. The conscience of a corporation official is seldom hurt by the wrongful act of his company, for which, by a process of metaphysical gymnastics, he reasons that he is not morally responsible—for it is not his act, but the act of the corporation. The corporation, as Coke says, "has no soul." It certainly has no body. It cannot be hanged or imprisoned. It has no fear of the Penal Code. The corporation knows no law but the civil statute, and that is too frequently enacted by that gigantic corporation lobby whose disgraceful influence is too potent in many of the legislative bodies of this Republic. Although without soul and without body, the corporation is said by law writers to be "immortal," which means that its graft shall endure forever. It has no morals and no religion, and its only prayer is a prayer for judgment at law or injunctive relief in a court of equity.

The idea of corporations and the idea of entails both owe their origin to the Roman law. But this is not the only point of their resemblance. The now flourishing law of private corporations is to personal property what the law of entails was to real property in the day of its widest prevalence, excepting the fact that the possessor of corporate rights has many privileges and powers additional to those which accrued to the man who received the benefits of the law of entails.

Although one estate may have remained in a single family from generation unto generation, passing from eldest son to eldest son, there never was a time when the holder of the estate was not liable to have his privileges taken to satisfy the just demands of his creditors. Not so with the owner of corporate stocks. He, too, has perpetual succession, so far as his corporate rights are concerned, but "the members of a corporation are ordinarily not liable to creditors at all." (*Morawetz, sec.* 7.)

The attribute of perpetual succession is the chief utility of a corporation. This, also, was the chief advantage of primogeniture and entails. That was the object of this feature of the old common-law land system. An estate is only the right one has in or to a thing. If wrong to tie up real estate in perpetuity in a single family, through the medium of entails, why is it not just as wrong to tie up certain rights and privileges with their accruing profits, in perpetuity, when clothed in the garb of a corporation? It is an ancient maxim that "the law abhors perpetuities," but the law does not abhor corporations—not to any great extent, at any rate. In this country they are usually on speaking terms, and get on quite amicably and unanimously together. And yet, the essence of the corporation is its perpetuity. The one form of perpetuity would seem to be as hurtful as the other. The reason which condemns entails cannot justify the corporation.

Those who concede that corporation rights are really privileges say, however, that no harm can come from the granting of these privileges because all men are, upon compliance with the statute, privileged to organize corporations, secure franchises and enjoy perpetual corporate succession. There seems now, indeed, to be an almost universal tendency to incorporate all grades and forms of business, and the corporation statutes, yielding to the prevailing demands, are being so generally amplified in character and scope as to comprehend all classes and degrees of industrial pursuits. There can be no doubt of the growth of this tendency, and, so general and rapid has been the movement, that the great mass of existing corporation law has been built up in the last fifty years, although its incipiency dates from Rome.

This industrial phenomenon is but another evidence of the general desire of all men to enjoy equal opportunities. But if equal business opportunity is the end, why this costly circumlocu-

tion? It would be more convenient, and far less expensive, to grant charters to no man than to grant them to all men.

The law may grant special privileges, but it cannot bestow natural rights. Natural rights are not the subject of legislative grant. If the right to perpetual succession belongs to a few men, it belongs to all, and they should not be required to apply to the state for authority to exercise it. But it is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, an individual right or a natural right, and it has never been so considered, either by text-writers in the law or by the courts. Perpetual succession is the inherent, natural and exclusive right of government alone. It belongs to society, to the social state. It is a supreme attribute of sovereignty. The political nature of the corporation has always been recognized by courts and law writers generally. The question as to the ultimate advisability of granting charters or franchises is therefore political in its nature and not legal. It is plainly a question of politics.

When the people have solved this question they will have solved, to a great extent, the question of trusts and monopolies, the majority of which could not have been formed but for the corporate privileges granted by the state.

If public utilities require the sovereign attribute of perpetuity to accomplish their successful administration, it may be concluded that the administration of such utilities is itself a sovereign function, and the Government may act accordingly. As to private business interests, they have no need of such a privilege; for it is no more necessary that one firm should continue in business from generation to generation, unaffected by death, amassing in its coffers the earnings of several generations of men, than that one family, by means of primogeniture and the law of entails, should tie up for many generations, in the scions of a single house, a few hundred acres of land.

The system of entails, in its day, was not a more prolific breeder of class distinction and wealth segregation than the corporation system of the present day. Thomas Jefferson led in the movement which resulted in the abolition of entails. Examining the workings of our corporate system, the future Jefferson may find a similar task.

The Master Singer

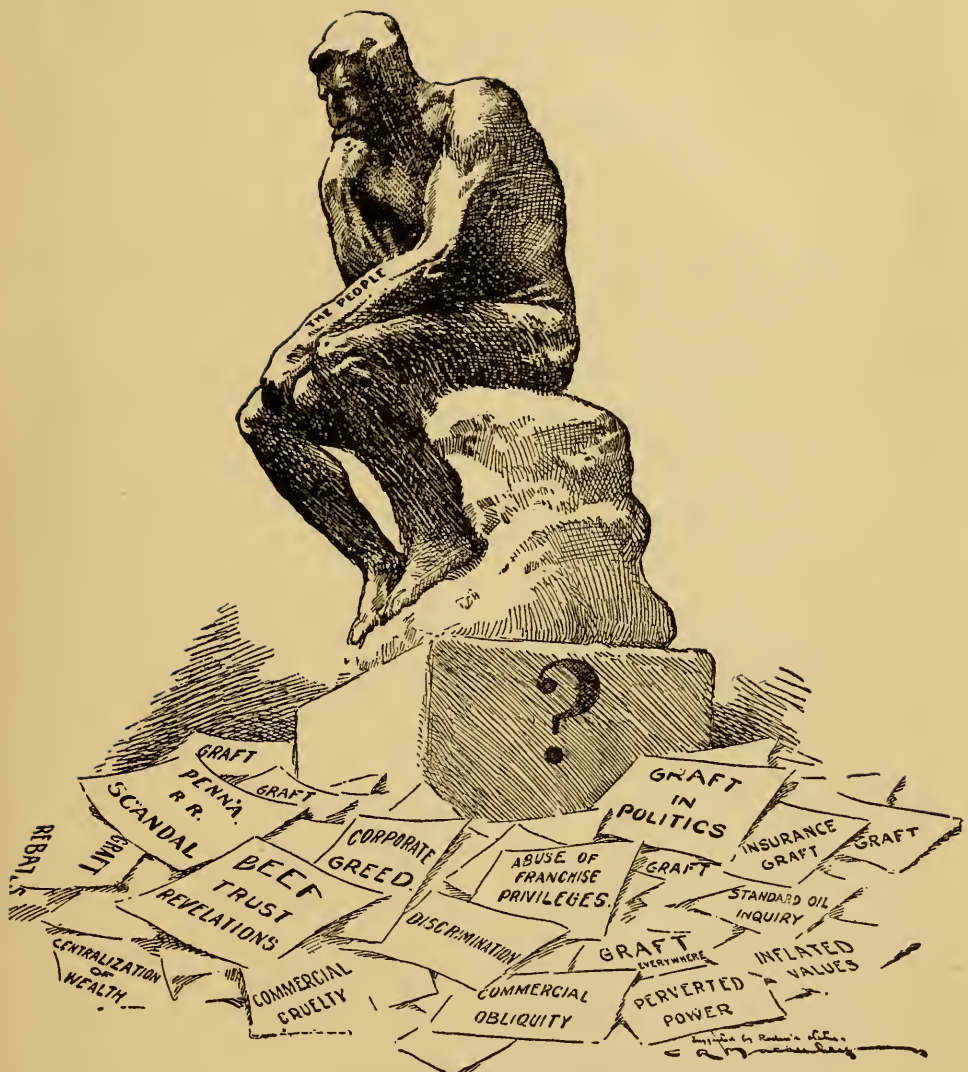
BY ARTHUR STRINGER

I

THINGS loved once overmuch he made us hate,
He turned our veriest weed into a rose,
Taught us to weep at laughter, laugh at fate,
Touched us to love or sorrow as he chose.

II

And waywardly, at his imperious whim,
The tides of truth and beauty seemed to sway
About our feet—while broken life for him
Groped down its old, blind, inharmonious way!



"THE THINKER." (*After Rodin's Statue.*)

C. R. Macauley, in N. Y. World.

The Fat Lady Who Climbed Fences

By

Charles Fort.

A CHERRY on a plum on an apple! All three impaled upon a skewer to hold them together. That should give you some idea of Mrs. Pillquit's figure. Head as round as a cherry; face of cherry complexion; face hung so precariously that one good shake of the round head would, I am sure, detach at least one of the loose, wabbly cheeks that looked pendent. Encroaching cheeks forcing lips into a pouting expression. Big blue eyes with a look of infantine calm and innocence.

"Bad luck to old maids!" pouted Mrs. Pillquit. In her rocking-chair she was sitting at her kitchen window. A large tenement kitchen. Flooring of wide, clean, bare boards. A kitten chasing a cockroach up and down a bare board. Green-painted walls with white blotches where holes had been plastered but not repainted.

The sun was setting. But last rays of sunlight could not fall upon Mrs. Pillquit at her window, because sheets and blankets, on the clothes-line that ran to the window of the floor above, eclipsed the setting sun. Mrs. Pillquit never went to the street, so her only chance to enjoy a little sunlight was at her kitchen window, late in the afternoon. The top-floor tenant was very particular in the matter of bedding; had it hanging out on the line all day. Hence:

"Bad luck to old maids!"

Sun gone. Tenement house beginning to stir with the activity of supper-preparing; men coming home from their work. Pork chops sizzling on the first-floor stove; second-floor corned beef and cabbage warming over; but Mrs. Pillquit, of the third floor, cooked only for herself, for her husband worked in a restaurant, board and twelve dollars a week.

Mrs. Pillquit lighting a tin-reflector lamp, hanging it on a nail in the wall. Quick steps outside. Mr. Pillquit home from work. A dapper little man, pretty well impressed with his own importance. Dapper little man throwing the door open, crying:

"Mommer, you ain't got a second to spare if you want to save your life!"

Mrs. Pillquit looking at him doubtfully. "Why, yes, popper; but I don't have to leave the room, do I?"

"Quick! put on your hat, mommer! The wall of the next-door building is bulging and will be on the top of us any second!"

"Then," sorrowfully, "I'd be all crushed out flat."

"Fly for your life, mommer!"

Said Mrs. Pillquit sadly: "I don't know how to fly. I'll be all crushed out and flat, and you'll marry again, and sometimes think of me and say I wasn't so bad, after all——"

"Oh, if you ain't the worst!" Mr. Pillquit tossing his hat and coat to a chair. "You'd actually sit here and be all crushed out flat rather than stir from the room?"

"Oh, then you're only fooling me again?" said reproachful Mrs. Pillquit. "And the building ain't going to fall? You play me such tricks and try and get me out to the street when you know I ain't able to stir from this room."

"Can't nothing ever get you down

those stairs? And you'd sit here and be crushed before you'd move?" But Mr. Pillquit's interest turned to other matters. Mr. Pillquit striding up and down a bare board, rubbing his hands briskly. "Mommer, the restaurant couldn't run a day without me. The manager says I'm the best storeroom man he ever had. Every manager I ever worked under said that, and a manager can't get along without a good storeroom man. Why, mommer, the hash-machine broke down today and I put the corned beef through the mangle, which squeezed it so we could mix it up with our hands in no time. No one else thought of that. We ran out of chicken soup, and the manager was frantic. 'Bob,' he says to me, 'I've only got you to depend on; we must get chicken soup somewheres.' So I says, 'Boil over the boiled chickens.' We boil over the sandwich chickens, and I never saw anyone gratefuller. 'I'd be lost without you, Bob!' he tells me." Mr. Pillquit swaggering up and down the bare board, his head bobbing emphasis.

Mrs. Pillquit wobbling after him. Mrs. Pillquit looking apprehensive. Trying to tell him something, finally blurting:

"It's our turn to scrub down the stairs, popper."

"What!" Mr. Pillquit pausing in his swaggering. "Well, then, you must do it! It ain't a man's place to do such work. When he's away all day, it's the woman's place to do the housework."

"Oh, popper," piteously, "I could scrub down the stairs, but I could never climb up them again."

"Oh, yes, you could! That's all nonsense. Aren't you ever going out again? And the doctor telling you you must have exercise!"

A wail:

"Oh, popper, I ain't fit to be seen on the street. I'm so ee-normous! I'd drop if I walked a block! Popper, all the other tenants took their turns, and it's our turn on the stairs now; and, if you don't like it, you ought to live in a house where there's a housekeeper."

"Give me the pail and scrub brush," said Mr. Pillquit forlornly. "It's all nonsense you not being able to go up or downstairs, and you ain't half as helpless as you make out. They'll laugh at me for a month if they see a man scrubbing down the stairs. I'll never do it again!" Wrathful Mr. Pillquit going out to the hall, Mrs. Pillquit faintly calling:

"Be sure and sweep down before you scrub, popper!"

Mr. Pillquit scrubbing down the stairs. You would have thought him laying a train of powder to blow up the tenement. Such a look of fear and guilt! What if any tenant should come along and see him doing a woman's work! A man tenant would be bad enough, but if a woman tenant should see him, she would deride him for all time.

Top-floor door opening, a woman tenant in the top floor! Mr. Pillquit stumbling downstairs to hide his pail under the top-floor sink, pretending to wash his hands there, though it is a serious offense for a tenant to use any sink other than his own. But the door had been opened only for air, and Mr. Pillquit was saved.

Mr. Pillquit scrubbing his way down to the second floor. And what if the second-floor door should open! Sound of sweeping behind it. Long strokes of a broom, short dabs in corners, then concentrating strokes approaching the door. Sweeper starting to turn the door-knob. Mr. Pillquit rising guiltily from hands and knees—saved again! Door not opening. Someone crying, "Oh, don't sweep dirt out in the hall, or something'll surely happen!"

For, as everyone knows, when you sweep dirt out of a room, you sweep out your luck.

Mr. Pillquit returning to the third floor so humiliated that there was none of his former swaggering.

"Here's your pail, mommer," humbly.

Mrs. Riordan, of the second floor, running into the room. Laying a dime on the table. Pointing to the dime. Running back to the hall. Turning

again to point at the dime. Down the stairs with her.

"I won't!" said Mr. Pillquit weakly. "I ain't going to chase errands for anybody." But he had scrubbed down the stairs, and his sense of importance was gone.

"Ah, the poor soul!" waves of sympathy coursing up and down Mrs. Pillquit's vastness. "Her husband won't give her any beer when he's off the drinking. 'Tis not right to deprive her, just because he's stopped for a week and'll then be at it worse than ever."

Humbled Mr. Pillquit going for a pint of beer and then returning with it. Mrs. Riordan stealing up the stairs, and then darting into the room, after him. Pantomimically, with long arms, expressing her harassments, and down with a glass of beer. One long arm aloft and waving to express, "You can't stir but what the men are watching you!" Down with another glass. Distress upon Mrs. Riordan's long, red face; glasses coming too swiftly, but not a moment to waste, for at any moment Mr. Riordan might be heard shouting for her. One hand holding a third glass; other hand rubbing her stomach. Shouts from the second hall:

"Nellie! Nellie, where are you?"

Such distress! Mrs. Riordan forcing down a third glass and grabbing Mrs. Pillquit's evening newspaper, which would be her excuse for going to a neighbor's. Down the stairs with her, a fourth glass in her hand, empty glass left on the sink shelf.

"Now, I ain't got any paper!" complained Mr. Pillquit. "Well, anyhow, I'm going out for a walk, mommer."

"Oh, now, popper!" lips pursed like a pouting child's. "You leave me every night."

"But I want you to come with me, mommer. You won't come along?"

"Oh, you know I can't do that! Oh, I'd drop and never get up again if I stirred a step from the house. And I don't see where you go every evening."

"Just walking," said Mr. Pillquit. He went walking.

Mrs. Pillquit left alone. It was very unpleasant to be left alone, every evening—but never, never could she go down those stairs.

Door opening and top-floor maiden lady coming in. "Oh, excuse me!" very common mistake in houses where all doors look alike. "I got in the wrong floor." Casting one eye at the floor, to see whether there were carpet, other eye wandering to see what kind of furniture the Pillquits had.

"Oh, do sit down, ma'am; I'm all alone!" from lonesome Mrs. Pillquit. Maiden lady's thin hair done up like a pitcher handle, in the back. When speaking, she smiled three fluttering wrinkles in her cheeks. Maiden lady looking around, remarking:

"You haven't any carpet, have you? Well, you don't have to have carpet, like I do, because I have millionaires coming to see me."

"Millionaires?" Mrs. Pillquit was deeply impressed.

"Oh, yes, indeed, they come to engage me for work. Just suppose I had an old stove like yours—oh, but it's quite right for you!" Three deep wrinkles smiled into each cheek. "Or oilcloth on my table! Oh, yes, your cheesecloth curtains are very nice—for you! but I must have real lace. I have millionaires coming to see me."

Mr. Pillquit back from his walk. Running excitedly up the stairs and bursting into the kitchen, crying:

"Fire, mommer! Big fire, and this house'll go next!"

"Then I'll burn," said Mrs. Pillquit, not alarmed, but sorrowful.

"Come run, mommer; we ain't got time to save a thing!"

"I'll have to burn," said Mrs. Pillquit, as if in impersonal pity for herself.

"Oh, if you ain't the worst!" Mr. Pillquit stamping on the floor, saying disgustedly: "Well, I guess you would rather sit there and burn than run down to the street. There ain't any fire, then. Mommer, I'm bound to get you out."

"I'd drop before I went ten steps," said Mrs. Pillquit. "Then there ain't any fire, and it was just more tricks?"

"I'll get you down those stairs some

way!" said very determined Mr. Pillquit. "Once I do, you'll have no excuse, and there won't be any more scrubbing down stairs for me. You know you're as able to go out as anybody."

"I'd drop dead," from placid Mrs. Pillquit.

Another evening. Very important-looking Mr. Pillquit just entering the kitchen. Frowning so that a severe aspect should heighten his look of importance. "They couldn't run a day without me, mommer! There's the cook, for instance! All out of French fries, and the vegetable woman hadn't cut any. But I'd told the dishwasher to save all the French fries that came in with the dishes, and, though someone had thrown tomato soup all over them, we cleaned them up—the cook couldn't get along without me!"

"Ashes!" said Mrs. Pillquit.

Jaunty shoulders drooping. And head drooping. "Oh, now, mommer, it's too much to ask me to carry down ashes."

"Oh, well, now, popper," pursing pouting lips at him, rolling big eyes at him, "the ashes been accumulating three days, and be filling the room up, and I can't go down with them, because I couldn't get back."

Gloomy Mr. Pillquit. Carrying ashes down to the yard, pausing at every landing to look ahead, darting to the yard, throwing ashes ten feet toward a barrel, and then away with him.

"Goes out and leaves me all alone!" pouted Mrs. Pillquit to her friend, Mrs. Clamp, who had dropped in for a moment.

"You can't trust the men!" from Mrs. Clamp, a wan woman, whose manner was tragic and vehement.

"Don't you think you can?" big eyes wistful and sorrowful, but without suspicion in them.

"You can't trust the men!" Mrs. Clamp cried so vehemently that the glass of beer she was holding was dashed over her skirt. "Oh, never mind that!" rubbing the beer into the skirt. "There's nothing like beer to bring out the color of black goods." Pouring more beer into her hollowed hand, rubbing more beer on the skirt. "Don't never try it with blue or gray, but there's nothing like beer for black. You can't trust the men!"

Mrs. Pillquit looked worried. "Can't you?" she asked.

Mr. Pillquit coming home from his evening walk. Shoulders swinging jauntily—but:

"Oh, popper!" thumb in Mrs. Pillquit's mouth, "I don't know how you'll take it, but you'll have to go empty this cabbage water and then clean the sink."

Jauntiness swept away. "Oh, mommer, you go too far, you do! You know you can at least go down to the sink."

"Why, no, popper; don't you see that if I could go one sink down, I could go two sinks down? And if I could go two sinks down, I could go all the way to the street? So take down the sink broom with you."

Despondent Mr. Pillquit taking the sink broom with him.

Next afternoon. Top-floor maiden lady suddenly running to the stairs. She had heard loud groans in the room below. Down the stairs with the maiden lady to exclaim:

"Oh, Mrs. Pillquit, please don't do that!"

Mrs. Pillquit rocking herself in her chair, looking at a letter just brought to her.

"Oh, my heart's broke!" groaned rocking, wobbling Mrs. Pillquit.

"Oh, but I expect millionaires, maybe, for me to go to work today! And millionaires are so sensitive and don't like to hear groans! Oh, you mustn't carry on so when there are millionaires coming to see me!"

"He's broken my heart! My poor heart's broke!"

"But the millionaires!" cried the apprehensive maiden lady.

"Bad luck to you and your million-

aires!" Mrs. Pillquit again reading the letter. Lamentations renewed so that the maiden lady hastened down the stairs to receive millionaires on the front stoop.

Mr. Pillquit home, in the evening. Mrs. Pillquit not looking at him. "Why, what's the matter, mommer?" Mrs. Pillquit turning her back to him. "Why, I ain't done anything, have I? Do you want more ashes carried down?" Back turned to him until he went out for his evening walk.

Then up from her chair with Mrs. Pillquit! Bonnet slapped on and hatpins stabbed into it. Down the stairs and after him—perhaps not three or four steps at a time—but down and after him! And up the street after him, Mr. Pillquit a hundred feet ahead.

When Mr. Pillquit came to a long yard with carts in it, he entered the yard. Mrs. Pillquit right after him. Mr. Pillquit coming to a string of carts in his way. Climbing over a cart. Mrs. Pillquit right after him! Dodging down under a driver's seat when he seemed about to turn around.

Mr. Pillquit going on to the end of the yard, and, by means of some leaning boards, climbing upon a shanty. From the roof of the shanty he scaled a fence and dropped upon the other side.

A shanty to climb? She did it! Not noiselessly and not so very gracefully, perhaps—but she did it! To the fence with Mrs. Pillquit. Ten-foot fence! Up and down the other side by means of broken places for feet and hands. Did it, but brought the whole top of the fence with her before she got all the way down.

Windows thrown open. Cries of, "Stop-pit! Stop-pit! Who's breaking that fence down?" Mrs. Pillquit struggling amid fallen boards, crying, "Don't shoot! I didn't mean no harm by it!"

"Stop-pit! stop-pit or you'll be arrested!" And Mrs. Pillquit, having no way to learn where Mr. Pillquit had gone, ran and wobbled through a hall to the street, glad to escape, neither arrested nor shot.

Mrs. Pillquit had scarcely time to reach home when Mr. Pillquit returned.

"Oh, don't come near me! Don't never speak to me again!" Mrs. Pillquit wobbling with blubbering sobs.

"Mommer," said Mr. Pillquit brightly, "don't I see ashes under the stove? Well, right down to the back yard with them, just as quick as you can!"

"Oh, I couldn't!" Mrs. Pillquit almost forgetting the letter that had caused adventures and despair.

"Come now, mommer," brisk way with him, way of a man who will stand no more nonsense. "Take this bundle of papers down with you."

"Oh, you know I couldn't never! See here—" waving the letter.

"You can't? After climbing up over big high carts?"

Mrs. Pillquit stammered.

"Over a shanty? Over a ten-foot fence?"

Mrs. Pillquit blubbering: "All is over betwixt us—but how did you know?"

"My dear," said Mr. Pillquit, taking the rocking chair, and making himself comfortable in it, "the room looks a little untidy. Please go down and empty that dishwater in the sink. And run out and get me something nice to eat and don't stop to jump any hurdles or climb any trees—what an athlete you are!"

"This letter—" blubbered and wobbled Mrs. Pillquit.

Mr. Pillquit, languid in the comfort he was enjoying, languidly took the letter she held out.

"Yes!" said Mr. Pillquit. "Not fires and not falling buildings could do it, but how quick this brought you out!"

"'Dear Madame,'" he read, "'take a friend's advice and find out where your husband goes every night.'"

"Very good!" said Mr. Pillquit. "I have scrubbed down my last stairs. Now, just you go on your little errands, and don't stop to play leapfrog on the way. Mommer, as I'll show you, this was written backhand by myself."

The German View of Morocco

BY HORACE MARKLEY

WHEN the Morocco question first appeared the organs of the German policy distinctly and emphatically declared its foremost purpose to be the protection of Germany's *commercial and industrial interests*. Even a superficial knowledge of Prince von Bülow's utterances on this subject will prove this. The German merchants, the representatives of German commerce, were the first to greet Emperor William when he set foot on Moroccan soil in March of last year in their quality of pioneers of German trade, and all the efforts of Germany in the Morocco question, so widely misconstrued and misunderstood, were made in furtherance of the open door.

Two questions at once present themselves, viz., Did the Franco-English agreement of April 8 really endanger the open door in Morocco, and were the German interests in the open door at Morocco of sufficient importance to justify such vigorous political action on the part of Germany?

The first question must be conditionally answered in the affirmative. A glance at the colonial policy of France as a whole will suffice to induce an affirmative reply. Algeria is practically completely closed to foreign commerce,* while in Tunis a series of measures taken by the French Government has entirely crowded out all free competition. In Madagascar all foreign coast navigation has been suppressed, and the acrimonious controversy between Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, provoked by the French exclusion policy in Madagascar, will still be fresh in the memory of our readers. In Indo-China foreign commerce has slowly but surely been crowded out. The Lansdowne-Delcassé agreement of April 8 states clearly and distinctly that the intentions of France in Morocco had in view the exclusion of foreign commerce. (See the last paragraph of Article IV of the agreement in question.)

In this agreement France reserved for herself, at the outset, the right to monopolize all public works in Morocco, such as port, bridge, road and railway constructions. We will be thoroughly justified, and even remain short of the true figures, in estimating only the most urgently necessary works of this kind at 600 to 800 million francs. All foreigners were at the outset to be excluded from any participation therein. Furthermore, Article IV, Paragraph III, stipulated that freedom of trade was to be assured for thirty years. The French reckoning was simply that the monopolized works for opening the country would, after thirty years, have sufficiently developed Moroccan trade to make its complete monopolization worth while. Furthermore, French newspapers and technical periodicals had not the slightest doubt that the intentions of France pointed in that direction. Germany's distrust was naturally further increased by the fact that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, Delcassé, in spite of reiterated and urgent warnings, stubbornly neglected to communicate

*Just to quote a simple example we may state that the British imports of cotton goods have dwindled, on account of protectionist measures, from £300,000 to £13,987, (in 1902).

the wording of the agreement to Berlin and to enter upon an exchange of notes concerning its contents. In considering this matter, attention must, moreover, be paid to the fact that this agreement was not binding on anyone except on England and France themselves, as long as the Sultan of Morocco, who never ceased to protest against it, had not given his consent thereto.

Germany consequently saw that it was the evident intention of France to appropriate the Morocco trade to herself, to exclude all fair competition, and to do all this, furthermore, in a manner which was equivalent to a total disregard of Germany, and had naturally to be considered as unworthy of the position of the German Empire in international life.

Now let us consider the second question, viz., Were the German interests in Morocco really of sufficient importance to justify far-reaching political action? A consideration of the following facts will result in an unqualified affirmation of this question.

Above all, Morocco possesses great wealth, the valleys of its rivers produce grain and all other plants of commercial value in large quantities and of good quality; its stock of cattle is considerable, and it has already been ascertained that there are rich mineral deposits at many points, and more especially rich deposits of copper in the southern part of the country, in the province of Sus. Gold, silver, nickel, antimony and iron have likewise been found. From a geological standpoint, Morocco is an extension of Spain, which latter country, in 1899, exported metals amounting to $35,000,000.

The total commerce of Morocco amounted in 1903 to $20,000,000, but in considering these figures it must be taken into account that the country has in no sense been opened up, that it is without a single mile of wagon road, possesses no railways and scarcely any bridges fit for use, that the prohibition of export and vexations of all kinds on the part of the Government strangle unrestricted trade development, that the condition of the ports is simply deplorable, and that lack of trade has made it impossible for the population, all torn up by interior wars and conflicts, to accumulate capital and to increase its purchasing power.

However, in this respect also, a glance at adjacent Algeria will teach us how rapidly commerce will grow, when once the ports shall have been improved, means of communication constructed and safe conditions attained by a well-ordered police protection. Algeria, with a population scarcely one-half as large as that of the Empire of the Sherifs, has at the present time a trade amounting to about $125,000,000. Investigations made on the spot by experts have induced them to believe that, under favorable preliminary conditions, the trade of Morocco will increase within the next thirty years to more than one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Germany is not sufficiently wealthy to voluntarily renounce its natural share in the development and trade of a country offering such rich promise for the future. Attempts have been made to make the share of Germany, which amounted to two million dollars for each of the years 1903 and 1904, appear insignificant, and there can be no possible doubt that these figures for German trade are relatively insignificant when compared with British and French statistics. On the other hand, however, we must take into consideration that England, since the days of the pirates of the Elizabethan era, and France, since the times of Louis XIV and still more since the conquest of Algeria, and consequently at least for three generations past, have been in the closest contact with the Empire of the Sherifs, and possessed all the natural facilities for developing their trade with that country. Germany's trade with Morocco is rapidly growing and promises exceedingly well for the future. As late as the year 1885 German exports to Morocco amounted to only $12,000, while its trade in 1895 had not reached a higher figure than

$750,000, which has been trebled during the last ten years.

Only fifteen years ago no German was established on Moroccan soil, and the German flag was scarcely ever unfolded in that country. At the present time thirty-eight flourishing German firms have settled there, acquired lands, and are likewise interested in industrial and agricultural enterprises. These firms are now only commencing to have at their disposal a trained staff of men, knowing the country and its languages, both of which are indispensable requirements for success everywhere, and especially in Mohammedan countries.

The figures indicating the movement of vessels are still more favorable. During 1903 there entered and left all of the Moroccan ports 534 German vessels of 420,000 tons register, 626 French vessels of 494,000 tons register and 1,148 British vessels of 760,000 tons register.

If we take into consideration the geographical location of France, the proximity of Marseilles and Algeria, and, in respect to Great Britain, the nearness of Gibraltar, the German share, after efforts commenced only fifteen years ago, is well worthy of attention.

Germany finds itself in a position similar to the United States, and the vital interests of both countries demand that the door shall not be closed in their faces in those countries in which it still remains open. An open door with monopolies, and one that is open only for a period of thirty years, is not, in fact, an open door. In such a country no sensible merchant will engage in enterprises in which the distant future is to be counted with. In this respect German political action has gained a quick and decisive victory, but the outside world has not as yet shown itself sufficiently grateful for the policy followed by Germany.

France has been compelled to withdraw its pretensions, both to a monopolizing position in respect to the public works in Morocco, and to the closing of the open door after thirty years, the latter by the Radolin-Rouvier agreement, and the former by recognizing the right of Germany to the construction of the port of Tangier. The Algeciras convention has determined that the public works are to be allotted by means of calls for international tenders, on a broad basis, and that *in Morocco the door shall remain open for all time.*

Germany has thereby protected her own interests, while likewise protecting those of all the commercial nations of the earth. The lengthy controversy concerning the police question, which has proven so little understood in all foreign countries, served, however, exclusively the purpose of insuring the open door also for the future. All who are conversant with Oriental conditions are well aware that in these countries, in which nearly all commercial or industrial activity originates directly or indirectly with the Government, a prevailing influence on such Government is equivalent to predominance in trade. If the convention had allowed France to exert the police power without international control, there would have been no doubt that within a short time all Government orders and Government works would have been allotted to French firms, and notwithstanding all promises made on paper, the principle of the open door, of fair competition, would have been destroyed. The analogy with China, an empire with which we have considerable trade, will appeal to our readers interested in such matters, and by them be more easily understood than Morocco, and will be useful for a correct appreciation of Germany's policy.

Let us suppose that England and Japan should conclude a treaty, by which, in consideration of concessions in other directions, England would yield to Japan the political predominance in China, as well as the monopoly of all public works and Government orders, and the right of closing, after the lapse of thirty years, the open door in China, and of regulating the customs duties at its own discretion.

Let us suppose this to be done, notwithstanding the existence of an international agreement, likewise signed by England and Japan, by which the United States is given equal rights in China. In that case—which is, of course, beyond the bounds of possibility, and has only been brought forward in order to make the matter more thoroughly understood—nothing would be more natural than that the United States should issue an emphatic protest against such settlements, and that they should most vigorously insist on the removal of this obnoxious clause, although having no political or territorial ends in view.

Furthermore, the enlightened statesmen in whose hands America's foreign policy is placed, have conceived from the beginning that Germany is not representing a German, but an international interest at Algeciras, and the principle of the open door has at all times met with the benevolent support of America. In fact, according to newspaper reports, the agreement reached at Algeciras on the basis of the entirely and for all time open door in Morocco was due to the intervention of the American delegate.

By this agreement the policy of Germany has attained the goal it distinctly strove for from the beginning, Morocco will remain open to the world's competition, and it will henceforth become the duty of the merchants and shipowners to develop and uplift Moroccan commerce, as it can and will develop in view of the natural preliminary trade conditions. All such traces of political displeasure as may still remain as a result of the battle for the commercial and industrial future of the Empire of the Sherifs will soon disappear in the peaceful rivalry between Germany and France.

The Doctor's Story

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

PART ONE

I SAW Hotchkiss the other day at the club, and he brought back to me vividly the strange experiences we had together at Laurelcrest—strange that is, to look back upon. At the time we would have characterized them more strongly.

"Do you remember what Carter said?" Hotchkiss asked, as he filled out his slip. And I remembered. Carter was used up, like the rest of us, that last morning at Laurelcrest, and he made only one remark, to my recollection, during breakfast. "Talk about the excitement of city life!" he said. "Well, for pure, hair-lifting business, give me the heart of the Maine mountains, twelve hours from town and an hour from a railroad."

With Carter, however, the events at Laurelcrest were only incidental to a busy and not unexciting career. To me they were much more, altering, as they did, the entire course of my life. Had I never left the hospital to accompany Mr. Henry St. John to his country estate I would not have missed the Berlin clinics, and today I should probably be a specialist on the eye and ear, spending my mornings in

luxurious offices and my afternoons playing golf, instead of a hard-working general practitioner, using two horses a day in relays, and sleeping with one ear open for the telephone and the other for the office bell.

Everybody interested in surgical matters knows Dr. Jamieson. When he announced that Henry St. John's case was an incurable one, the other members of the staff proceeded to agree with him, and so great was his reputation that when St. John, frenzied at the thought of leaving his young wife, sent for consultants from other cities, they heard Jamieson's verdict with respect, and acquiesced in it. As this account of the strange occurrences at Laurelcrest is meant for the lay mind, I need not go into details. It is sufficient to say that the trouble was a creeping paralysis of the right leg, with intervals of unconsciousness, which Jamieson and the other men who ought to know declared epileptic in origin, while I, Carrol Pierce, numbering not as many years of life as Jamieson had to his credit in the profession, ventured to differ from their diagnosis, and was properly snubbed for my pains.

St. John was growing daily more anemic and emaciated. It was late in October when he finally decided to leave the hospital and go to Laurelcrest, taking with him the middle-aged nurse who had cared for him since early summer, and myself. I think he took me for companionship; certainly he had no hope of my being very useful in a professional way, but he had seemed to like me, and I felt a warm admiration for him in return. He was perhaps a dozen years older than I, very handsome, even now in his emaciation, with finely chiseled features, a sensitive, thin-lipped mouth and a square jaw.

He had been married a year before to a Southern girl, a Kentuckian, as fair as the proverbial Southern girl is dark—a tall, willowy girl, whose attention had been unremitting during his illness. His devotion to her was pitiful, and, with what I have always considered a mistaken idea of kindness, he had refused to inform her of his real condition. In fact, he had enlisted us all, staff, internes and nurses, in the deception, and she came to the hospital daily, with her arms full of flowers and her face glowing with smiles, while we who knew the real state of things looked on and wondered.

Then a queer thing happened Mrs. St. John suddenly refused to go to Laurelcrest. There was a week or so during which St. John argued in vain, and during which, before our very eyes, his wife grew paler and thinner, offering one inadequate excuse after another and persisting in her refusal. Then St. John, choosing to treat the matter as a whim, took affairs into his own hands, made arrangements to go to Laurelcrest and told his wife, gently but firmly, only a few days before the journey.

Miss Martin, the nurse, reported an uncomfortable interview, and the hospital people, being stanch allies of St. John, resented it. Knowing what I do now, I do not wonder at her unwillingness, and as she was ignorant of her husband's real condition, perhaps we judged her too harshly.

The afternoon of the day set for the journey I had a long interview with St. John and when I finally left the room I had much to think over. St. John saw in his wife's refusal to go to Laurel crest a deeper, more subtle origin than a capricious dislike for the place, and he asked my assistance in helping him to solve the mystery.

"She must not even suspect my condition," he finished. "We will tell her at the last, but we can give her a few months, not of happiness, for she is not happy, but of ignorance. I have no qualms about discovering this secret, whatever it is, for I cannot resign myself to—what may happen, knowing that she has some trouble which she is concealing from me. We are going to be conspirators, Pierce, conspiring for the happiness of the best woman in the world."

There was nothing eventful about the journey. We reached the station nearest to Laurelcrest some time in the

night, and our special car was switched onto the side-track until morning. Mr. St. John was very quiet, and the nurse had no occasion to rouse me, so it was eight o'clock when I wakened. It was the first time for two years that I had not opened my eyes to the dull gray of my hospital room, and to the all-pervading odor of drugs and antiseptics. It was bewildering, for a moment, to find instead the polished wood of the sleeper, with glimpses outside of towering pine-capped ridges, and to breathe air that consisted of oxygen and nitrogen in proper proportions, instead of the sickly combination of smoke, unconsumed gases and foul exhalations which we of the cities dignify as the atmosphere.

We were to breakfast in the car before starting on our drive to Laurelcrest, and I stepped in to see my patient on my way to the dining-room. He was propped up in his berth, looking out at the black line of the hills thrusting their unwieldy masses against the gray-blue of the sky, and for a man who had passed a quiet night he was singularly worn and pale. As I entered, he motioned me to close the stateroom door, and I did so.

"Did Miss Martin tell you I slept?" he asked, when I had sat down beside him.

"She said you were quiet."

"I was," he said. "Do you see that road over there, doctor?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"The moon was late last night. At first the swish of the river beside the track made me sleepy, but about midnight a freight train puffed up the mountain with a fearful racket, and I found myself wide-awake. I watched the moon come up behind Old Baldy, that dome-shaped mountain over there, and then I saw a man come rapidly along the road toward the car. Had there been two of them I might have feared a hold-up, for Carson, the nearest town, is four miles away, but it seemed ridiculous under the circumstances. So I lay still and watched him for a while. He was smoking—I could see the spark as he came near—and after a bit he threw the cigar away and stopped. It was perfectly dark here in the car, so he could not see me."

"The porter, perhaps, taking a moonlight stroll," I suggested.

"It was a queer hour for a walk," said St. John dryly.

"Did you waken Miss Martin?"

"Not for a while. The man came up to the car and stood staring at it. Then he began to walk around it, looking up at the windows as he passed. Then he stopped coming and I thought I heard voices, but when I finally got Miss Martin awake enough to comprehend what I wanted, he had disappeared. She looked around and saw nothing, but as the moon was covered with clouds he might have been near without being seen."

"That is nothing," I said reassuringly. "Some tramp, probably, hunting for a place to sleep."

"It was not a tramp. Why should Mrs. St. John talk to a tramp at that hour of the night?"

"Are you sure she did?" I asked, startled.

"Not only that," he said grimly, "but I am convinced that he was concealed in some part of the car while Miss Martin was looking around. I could hear muffled voices, as if both Mrs. St. John and her cousin, Miss Ellis, were talking, with now and then a heavier voice, and it was fully half an hour before I saw him go back up the road again."

"It sounds strange enough, I admit," I said, as I got up, "but there is probably some natural explanation that will clear the thing up in a hurry. Things have a tendency to look mysterious on a moonlight night."

But although St. John smiled faintly I felt that he realized, as I did, that it must be a matter of some moment that would bring a visitor to our car in that remote place at such an unseasonable hour. And when I finally went to my breakfast it was with the conviction that St. John had been right, and that there had been some mysterious reason for his wife's repugnance to Laurelcrest. The two

ladies had almost finished when I went into the small dining-room. Mrs. St. John presented me to her cousin, Miss Ellis, who inspected me rather closely, I thought. For my part, perhaps I looked a little longer than necessary at the girl across the table, for there are some women at whom one glance seems to demand another. It was that way with Miss Ellis. Between wondering whether her eyes were blue or gray, and debating whether her hair was brown or red, and whether it was either, how she came to have such black, finely-drawn brows—well, I got on slowly with my breakfast.

I had more courage where women are concerned in those days than I have now. For one thing I knew less about them. Today I should hesitate before the step I took that morning at breakfast, but twenty-six takes only itself seriously, so I plunged into my grape-fruit and into trouble with equal calmness.

"Fairly," I said, in reply to a query of Mrs. St. John's. "I always sleep in the mountains."

"I slept unusually well myself," she said, pulling down the veil which had been turned up over her hat. "It is so still here."

For just an instant Miss Ellis glanced at me, then she looked quickly away. Mrs. St. John's face belied her words. Her heavy eyes looked as if she had kept vigil all night.

"It is odd," I went on, "but I had a queer kind of hallucination last night. It was shadowy on my side of the car, but once or twice I could have sworn that a man passed under my window, looking up at it as he went by."

I reached over for more sugar for my grape-fruit, glancing carelessly at Miss Ellis as I did so. To my utter amazement she started guiltily and flushed crimson. I was too late to see Mrs. St. John's face, for she rose abruptly and went to the window. But the action seemed significant, and in the strained silence that followed I wondered what it all meant. What man would seek our car, four miles from a village on a lonely side-track in the mountains, and hold stealthy conversation with one or both of the two ladies in the party? What was the motive for concealing his visit from Mrs. St. John and myself? And what share had Miss Ellis in what had seemed to be a family skeleton?

I did not allow my meditations to interfere with my meal. The mountain air had made me hungry, and the chef was an expert, like most railroad cooks. The ladies left me to finish alone, Miss Ellis going to attend to the handbags, Mrs. St. John going to her husband. After the meal was over I stepped down onto the cinder path beside the track and looked around me. At my feet the little river swirled and foamed, breaking into spray that the wind dashed in my face. I walked round the car, my eyes on the ground, looking for any possible clue to the midnight visitor. There were muddy footprints here and there on the ties, but I was too inexperienced to learn much from them. I did find and pick up, however, a half-smoked cigarette, which lay between the tracks at the end of the car, and whose paper cover looked fresh and new. I examined it closely. It was an Egyptian cigarette, of a fair grade, and I dropped it into my pocket; possibly it would give me something to work from.

I walked up the road a dozen yards or so and was rewarded by finding another similar piece.

It was too late to look farther. The carriage and baggage wagon from Laurelcrest were coming slowly down the mountain road, the latter with a creaking of brakes and rattling of chairs, so I turned back to the car.

I tipped the porter to the limit of my means. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here, George," I said, pulling out a box of cigarettes and proffering them, "I'll give you these if you smoke; I'm not smoking for a while."

George grinned and shook his head.

"Thank you, sah," he said civilly, pocketing my dollar, "but it's against the regulations to smoke on duty, sah, and besides, I cain't never smoke them cigarettes. Seems like they give me the headache."

So it had not been George who

dropped the half-burnt cigarettes around the car!

It was not difficult to move Mr. St. John to Laurelcrest. We had telegraphed to have the omnibus sent over, and Miss Martin and I contrived a comfortable bed on the floor between the seats. At Mr. St. John's request we sent the two ladies ahead in the carriage to have everything ready for our arrival. It was one of his many pitiful ruses to keep his wife in ignorance of his condition.

"It will kill her, doctor, if she sees that I have to be carried," he explained. "Tell her to go ahead and get things ready—hot-water bags—anything, but don't let her see how helpless I am."

Miss Martin sniffed. She had little sympathy with the finer sensibilities, and, personally, I think she took it as an affront that her patient's wife would not or could not see his real condition.

"That's the way with these wealthy women," she said to me that morning as the carriage drove off, Mrs. St. John waving her hand and smiling at the face in the car window, that watched her with an answering smile. "They are so self-centered, so selfish, that they can't see the things that are plain to everybody else."

In my heart I began to agree with her. None but a self-engrossed woman or a woman with some secret grief would have been so blind. Dr. Jamieson himself had said that had she ever questioned him closely he was afraid he would have told her the truth, but that she had limited her inquiries to the barest generalities. And yet it was difficult to reconcile her indifference—abstraction more nearly describes it—with her evident love for her husband.

The road was a bad one. We went slowly, driving around the rocks that cropped out every place and fording a couple of small streams that crossed the road. At one of the crossings I was astonished to see Miss Ellis standing on the plank which formed a bridge. As I glanced out, she called to me.

"We're almost there, doctor," she said, "and Mrs. St. John suggested that I should take you over the hill here to get the most imposing view of the place. Do you care to walk?"

"Yes, go," said St. John. "It's better walking than riding."

I got out gladly enough. I hadn't yet solved the question of Miss Ellis's eyes, and the hill looked steep enough to promise an opportunity to assist her at difficult places. Oddly enough, however, her manner was constrained and stiff. We climbed for a few, minutes—long enough for me to discover that my companion neither desired nor needed assistance, and that, however friendly my feelings for her, her attitude to me was distinctly hostile. The road below had disappeared behind a line of rocks before Miss Ellis stopped and faced me.

"I brought you here, Dr. Pierce, because I wanted to talk to you, or rather, because I have a message for you from Mrs. St. John."

She was flushed with the exercise and her hair was loosened just sufficiently to blow out around her face in soft little waves. But she looked at me with eyes that were openly defiant.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," she said, in tones that were anything but supplicating. "My cousin, Mrs. St. John, would like, for the present, at least, to conceal a certain thing from her husband, and she needs your coöperation. Will you help her?"

"I should like to know first what I am promising," I said.

She looked at me angrily,

"Will it do if I say that it is something that would do your patient harm to know? That it would worry and excite him needlessly?"

I thought for a moment, feeling very uncomfortable under her half-contemptuous glance. How was I going to help St. John if I promised at the very outset to conceal things from him? And yet, how could I refuse what seemed a natural if somewhat unusual request?

"Very well," I said, yielding as gracefully as I could. "I will promise, although as a rule, Miss Ellis, it's bad

policy to help a wife conceal things from her husband, or *vice versa*. If the secret gets out, both of them are apt to turn on the other fellow."

She looked relieved then and even deigned to smile a little.

"It's really not much of a conspiracy," she said. "It is simply this. Mr. St. John has always disliked—well, even more than disliked—my cousin, his wife's brother. It seemed to be a mutual antagonism and we gave up trying to mend things between them long ago. Shall we walk on? It is not steep now, and I can talk to you as we go."

We moved slowly on, side by side now, along a faint path through the woods which covered the hill. Insensibly, now that she had gained her point, Miss Ellis's reserve was melting, and something like cordiality was taking its place.

"Well, things have been happening lately which have necessitated that Frank—Frank Ellis is his name—that Frank should go into retirement for a while. We are Kentuckians, you know, and things are queer down there, politically. So, as Frank has no place else to go, his sister sent him here to Laurelcrest. He is here now and we do not wish Mr. St. John to know it. Do you understand now?"

"I understand," I said. It was very plausible, very true, no doubt. What more natural than that this young Ellis, involved in a political feud, had been hounded from his state and sought temporary refuge in this isolated place? And yet—I did not believe the girl had told me all the truth. "Things have been happening"—that was indefinite enough. "Queer, politically"—yes, but I had heard of no one named Ellis sufficiently in disgrace with his party to have to leave the state. Well, I had given my word, anyhow.

"That explains the visit to the car last night?" I said suddenly.

The girl drew herself up and looked at me steadily.

"What visit?" she asked. And I saw that I had reached the limit of her confidence. They had told me something, of necessity; if there was anything beyond this, I was not to know.

I did not repeat the remark. Miss Ellis led the way quickly, with a free, swinging gait that was wonderfully graceful and easy. She was tall, almost my own height indeed, but girlishly slim, with a breadth of shoulder that promised a magnificent maturity. Just now, however, she seemed very young, very troubled, in spite of her hauteur, and I had a crazy longing to pat her shoulder and tell her I was sorry they were in trouble—that I appreciated her loyalty to her cousin, and couldn't I help in some way? But I, too, owed loyalty and that to my patient, which reminded me of the omnibus and its pitiful freight.

"Are we nearly there?" I asked. "I should like to oversee the moving of Mr. St. John."

"We are almost there," she said. "Doctor, you may deceive his wife, but you cannot deceive me. Harry St. John is worse."

She stopped and looked at me, her eyes almost level with my own.

"Why do you think so?" I asked noncommittally.

"It is confidence for confidence, is it?" she said shrewdly. "I'm sorry, but the confidence is not mine to give."

"Nor mine," I answered gravely.

CHAPTER II

The house was all I had been led to expect, and more. Built of stone, in a country where such building material cropped out of every hillside, it spread irregularly over an immense area, its dull green shingles and soft grays melting harmoniously into the grays and greens of the landscape. There were wide verandas of stone, cool and shady, and level lawns with quaint, conventional flower beds and pergolas. Around three sides of the house the landscape gardener had done his best; a little river had been bridged with a massiveness of stone out of all proportion to its size, and was still abloom its entire length with flaming red and

gold nasturtiums. But the fourth side, at the west wing of the house, had been left untouched. Here, separated by a hedge from their cultivated sisters, the forest trees rustled against the eaves; here the pheasant drummed, unmolested, and gray squirrels chased each other under the very windows.

It was in this wing that St. John had his apartments, and it was here that we carried him, as carefully as we could, and laid him on a couch in his dressing-room, near a window. My apartments were at the other end of the house in the east, while Mrs. St. John and Miss Ellis occupied the rooms which faced the north and main exposure. At the angles where the wings joined the house were squat towers, rounded, with small, high windows. Inside, the architects had used these towers to advantage. On the lower floor they formed cushioned and seated recesses off the immense square hall, with hanging lamps of wrought iron, and teakwood tabourets. In Mr. St. John's apartments, and in my own, they were lined with bookshelves under the high windows, with a heavy, square writing-table, and were separated from the dressing-rooms only by portières. As to the floor above, I could only suppose a similar use.

I found my clothes unpacked and put away, and surmised that Jones, Mr. St. John's man, was looking after me. My half-dozen medical books—an anatomy, a pathology, two materia-medicas, a little quiz book and a "Brain Surgery"—were ranged in lonely grandeur on the shelves in the tower room.

It was time for luncheon, and I straightened myself up a little, luxuriating, after my eighteen-inch stationary washstand in the hospital, in the big, tiled bathroom which adjoined my bedroom. Then I looked out of the window.

There were two people on the stone bridge, a man and a woman. I could not see her features, but I recognized the height and erect poise of Miss Ellis. The man had his back toward me, and was leaning over the railing, listening, evidently, for the girl was in animated conversation. Once I thought she stamped her foot, but I could not be certain. Of one thing, however, there could be no doubt, I was wildly, unreasonably jealous of this indolent stranger, this cousin and brother whom two good women were shielding at such cost to themselves.

The people on the bridge turned and came toward me, and I had a good opportunity to study the man's face. He was dark—Franklin, at the hospital, used to say that no villain is ever fair—and very tall. Taller than I, I fancied, but more slender, with shoulders that stooped a trifle, and a skin of an unhealthy yellow; and yet, in spite of it all, he was a handsome fellow, with a clean-cut, prominent nose and dark eyes.

He seemed uneasy under the girl's harangue. He put his hands in his pockets and took them out again; took off the motor cap he wore and put it on, all the time looking every way but at her. When she ceased, however, and by that time they were close beneath my window, he raised his eyes—heavy-lidded eyes they were, and sleepy—and looked at her. There was no mistaking the glance. It was love that she saw there, love so evident that I, who had been a skeptic as to the tender passion—we are all skeptics until we get hit—I knew it at once, and burned with wrath and jealousy.

We were introduced at the luncheon table, and I received his indolent handshake with one equally unenthusiastic. We were not an animated party at the table. Mrs. St. John was silent and *distraite*, eating little and crumbling her bread with nervous fingers. Mr. Ellis sat opposite his cousin and devoured her with his eyes, while I carried on a labored monologue about the scenery and the air.

"I'm glad you think it is bracing, doctor," Miss Ellis said once, a little spitefully. "You're just like the natives. They talk air instead of politics, and spell it with a capital at each end and one in the middle."

I subsided after that, and luncheon ended gloomily enough. Ellis slouched

out of the room and disappeared for the afternoon. Mrs. St. John went to her husband's room, to allow the nurse a little freedom, and I went to the big library and prepared to spend an hour or so with my old friends on the shelves. It was there that Miss Martin found me, her cap over her ear with excitement, her portly figure swelling with indignation.

CHAPTER III

"I AM sorry to disturb you, doctor," she said, her voice shaking with suppressed anger, "but I want to ask you to define my duties in this house. I realize fully—I am a woman of sense, doctor—I realize my obligations to you and to my patient. But when my patient's wife comes to me and asks me to help her deceive her husband, as fine a man as ever I met—well, I think there's something wrong!"

"You are not very clear, Miss Martin," I said. "What is it she wants you to do?"

"Well, it isn't much, doctor, after all, and it isn't only one thing. But something queer happened in the train last night and I've been puzzling over it all day. You see, Mr. St. John slept the early part of the night and I dozed, too. About midnight he wakened and I gave him some water. I didn't go to sleep again, but I kept very quiet and I suppose he thought me sleeping. I could see that he was awake. He raised himself on his elbow once or twice and looked out at the moon, but didn't call me for anything. After a while I heard the knob of the stateroom door turn and someone came in. At first I thought it was Mrs. St. John, but it wasn't. It was her cousin, Miss Ellis. She stood inside the door for a minute and looked at us. I closed my eyes and pretended to be sleeping, and Mr. St. John may have been dozing—I don't know."

I got up and softly closed the library door; I thought I heard footsteps outside. "Now go on," I said, "but softly."

"Well, you know the way I've been preparing things at night, in the hospital. I always put the medicines on a stand, with a night light, and fix a little tray with my hypodermic ready to use, and the alcohol and soluble tablets ready. I fixed it that way last night in the stateroom, and Miss Ellis went right to that tray. I watched her move the light and examine one after the other of the hypodermic vials, but when she turned to go my eyes were shut and she slipped out quietly again. My corner was dark, but I could see Mr. St. John plainly and he was wide awake. Probably he had feigned sleep, as I had done. But I'm all upset today, doctor. There's something wrong here—there's murder in the very air! Why, every one of those vials was loaded with poison!"

I had a decided foreboding of evil myself. I got up and paced the room slowly, trying to find some easy, natural solution for Miss Ellis's action. There seemed to be no explanation. Had she or Mrs. St. John been ill, they could easily have aroused Miss Martin or myself. There would have been no necessity for concealment.

"Have you any idea what drug she took?" I asked, stopping in front of Miss Martin.

"I cannot be certain. I did not dare to get up at once, for fear Mr. St. John might suspect that I had seen what had occurred. He called me, toward morning, and I examined the tray then. The strychnia lay apart from the others, but I cannot be certain that any had been taken."

"What did the other vials contain?"

"Just the contents of my hypodermic case, doctor. There are four vials in all, strychnia, apomorphia, nitroglycerine and morphia."

"It's utterly inexplicable," I admitted, "but we can be certain of one thing, Miss Martin—neither Miss Ellis nor Mrs. St. John would harm anyone. I am sure of it."

"I'm not," she said firmly. "Pardon me for contradicting you, doctor, but I do not understand Mrs. St. John at all, and I don't believe you do.

She's not frank and open, as a good woman ought to be, and that's just what brought me here. She came up to relieve me a few minutes ago, and called me into the little conservatory on the second floor. 'Miss Martin,' she said—and she was nervous, too, you could see that—'Miss Martin, I am going to ask you to do me a great favor. My brother, Mr. Ellis, is here. He has been unfortunate—politics, which you and I don't understand, Miss Martin—and I have offered him a home here for a time. But my husband and my brother have had an unfortunate difference of opinion and I hope you will see the inadvisability of letting Mr. St. John know that Mr. Ellis is here. May I ask your promise?'"

"Did you promise?"

"I did, like a fool. When a woman with big baby-blue eyes and a tear in each corner of them asks you to do something, you do it. But it goes against my grain to see people living on the hospitality of a dying man and deceiving him. And coming on top of what happened in the train, I don't like it, doctor."

"We must be careful to remember one thing, Miss Martin," I said as she went toward the door. "We are here to look after Mr. St. John's welfare, physical and mental. We are not responsible for his family in any way, and if it pleases them to keep from him the knowledge of a fact that it would annoy him to be told, our only course is to assist in saving him from any such annoyance. As for Miss Ellis, that little incident in the car could probably be easily explained."

Miss Martin was much older than I, and in my cub days at the hospital had even patronized me somewhat. There was something painfully reminiscent of those days of my inexperience in her next remark.

"Give a girl a straight nose and hair that waves without curlers," she said, "and she can commit murder and arson, and *explain* it!"

She slammed the door behind her, and left me alone and a little angry. She was right—that was the worst of it. It was only about seven hours since I first saw Georgia Ellis and she had been openly unfriendly during most of that period. Yet already I could not conceive of her in an unworthy situation. I found myself hunting excuses, explanations, and I knew that I preferred veiled hostility from her to open friendliness from any other woman. Franklin used to say that such things happened only in the twenties, and I was just enough below thirty to come under his rule.

It was no use settling down to read again. I thought over the whole thing, point by point, and evolved nothing. One thing impressed me, however; Mr. St. John had not told me of the midnight visitor on the car. That he had a reason was evident, but I could not fathom it and at last I gave it up and went to my rooms. There, until time to dress for dinner, I pored over my books, for I had a theory of my own about my patient's condition and was working it out carefully. I read a while, wrote a letter to Dr. Jamieson and dressed.

On my way downstairs I dropped the letter in the post-bag, which hung in a rear hallway. Then, seeing no one about, I sauntered into the library and nosed around among the books. Dinner was announced to me there and I found Georgia Ellis waiting in the dining-room.

"We are to dine together," she said almost cordially. "Mrs. St. John has a headache, and her brother is away from home."

"I am sorry for the headache," I said, "but glad we are to dine together. I haven't dined for ages."

"You must be famishing." She smiled in the friendliest way in the world.

"Well, not that," I said; "what I meant to say was that at the hospital we didn't dine—we supped in the evening; you know," indefinitely—"canned salmon, prunes, crackers and fried potatoes!"

"How awful!" she said sympathetically, "and you don't appear ill-nourished, either."

"Oh there was a dinner, of a sort," I amended. "We had it at noon, you see; lots of stewed chicken—out of the broth for patients, you know—and watery custards for dessert."

I was entirely in earnest, although I believe she thought it at least in part a jest. But the meal was cozy beyond belief, my *vis-à-vis* was what her appearance had told me she could be if she wished, a very charming and cultured girl, clever and animated, with a pretty wit of her own. I did not afterward remember what I ate, but I did remember every flash of her eyes, every gesture of her splendidly poised head.

After dinner, however, I was doomed to disappointment. She went at once to Mrs. St. John and I made an evening visit to my patient. Afterward I went to the library and gathered an armful of books to take to my den, stopping at the mail-bag to get my letter to Dr. Jamieson. I had decided to wait a day or so, and clear up a few minor symptoms before writing. The mail-bag was where I found it before, but my letter was gone!

I could not grasp it for a moment. I felt around the inside of the bag, but met only emptiness. Then I called the butler.

"Saunders," I said, "when was the mail taken down to the village?"

"It doesn't go until morning, sir. One of the grooms takes the mail-bag down at eight o'clock."

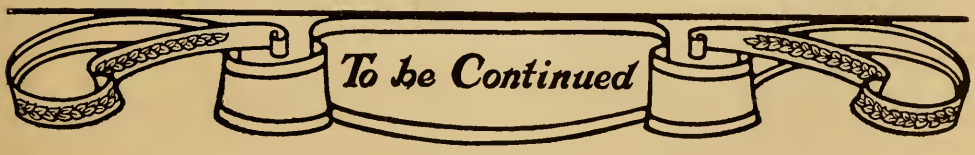
I did not consider it advisable to mention the missing letter, but I found myself face to face with another puzzling incident and, as before, it involved Georgia Ellis. With Mrs. St. John ill and her brother away, who else in the house could have the faintest interest in my correspondence? What interest, in fact, had she?

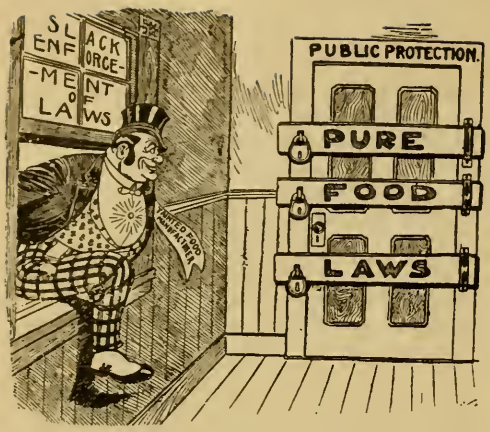
I gave up all idea of reading then, and went thoughtfully out into the cool and quiet of the veranda. Somehow the mystery that seemed ripe in that big house seemed to stifle me. I wanted darkness and solitude to think things over.

It was cool, but not frosty. The air was full of the chirping and singing of crickets and tree-frogs, and bats were circling and darting through the trees. I wandered idly over to the stone bridge and stood there, looking at the starlight reflected from the water below. I leaned over the parapet, fragrant with nasturtiums, and tried to marshal into order the events of the last twenty-four hours—the midnight visitor to the car; the strange actions of Georgia Ellis in the stateroom; the conspiracy to keep Mr. St. John in ignorance of his brother-in-law's presence, and, last, my missing letter.

Then, without any warning whatever, the stillness of the night was broken by a wild cry, a shriek which seemed the essence of terror, and which trailed off into an inarticulate groan. For one awful minute I stood still, while a chill of pure nervous fright shook me. Then I started to run toward the house.

The lower room was brilliantly lighted and, far over, in Mr. St. John's wing, there was a dim illumination. The rest of the building was almost dark, but suddenly a light flashed up in the tower room over mine and for an instant I had a glimpse of a woman's face.





What's the Use of Barring the Door and Leaving the Window Open?
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle.

His Hands Are Tied
Westerman, in Ohio State Journal.

The Modern Sun Worshipper
Scamedtgen, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Caught Cheating
Morris, in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

One Example of Public Ownership

BY HOOPER ALEXANDER

THERE is a bill pending before the Georgia Legislature for the construction and operation by the state of a line of railway from Atlanta to the seacoast, a distance of 250 or 300 miles according to the terminus finally selected. The bill has received a favorable report, practically unanimous, from one of the largest and most important committees of the House, and will come up for passage at the summer session of 1906. The indications are that it will pass the House by a considerable majority. It has not yet been considered by the Senate.

The pendency of the bill invites attention to the causes which led up to its introduction, and a consideration of them develops some interesting facts relative to the general subject of government ownership.

Georgia is now, and has been for many years, sole owner, in the direct name of the state, of a line of railway extending from Atlanta to Chattanooga, Tenn., known officially as "The Western & Atlantic Railroad of the State of Georgia." It lies 17 miles in Tennessee and 121 miles in Georgia. Prior to 1870 it was operated directly by the state under the executive department. It was then leased for twenty years at a monthly rental of $25,000, and since 1890 has been under lease to the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway Company, one of the constituent lines of the Louisville & Nashville system, at $35,001 per month, plus an annual tax on its net income, all betterments inuring to the state. This lease expires about 1920.

The state's net revenue from the property is more than double the expense of the legislative department and the entire civil establishment. As a means of protecting shippers or aiding in the development of the state, its present status is not different from that of any privately owned railroad. The lease does not reserve to the state any other or better control than is exercised over private lines, and the lessees discriminate against Georgia shippers in startling measure in favor of extra-state points.

As a property the Western & Atlantic is probably the most valuable railroad, mile for mile, in the South. For the year ending in October, 1904, the gross earnings were $19,306 per mile. The next most valuable line in the state is the Georgia Railroad, with a gross earning capacity of $7,967 per mile. Its stock brings 270 in the market. The road showing gross earnings per mile next largest after the W. & A. is the Atlanta & West Point, 86 miles in length, earning gross $9,903 per mile. The Western & Atlantic hauls more freight into Atlanta than all the other lines together which converge there, eight or ten in number. The net earnings of the Western & Atlantic to the lessees are probably more than their reports admit, as they charge up to operating expenses over $13,000 per mile. This is nearly double the gross earnings of the Georgia Railroad and there is strong reason for doubting its truth. As it is, however, they admit net earnings of nearly one million of dollars a year. This warrants an estimate of value of from twenty to twenty-five millions of dollars.

For some years there has been a

vague uneasiness as to the future of the road. When the present lease was effected, the L. & N. people were obliged to have the road as a link in their system. There was no competition in bidding for the lease, and they got it at the minimum figure named in the lease act. Since that time they have practically completed a line parallel to it, and can actually complete their own connections at any time. The process of consolidation has left practically only three systems in Georgia, the Seaboard, the Southern and the L. & N. In the event, therefore, of a lease or a sale, now or hereafter, the state would be largely at the mercy of the bidders. It is true that even with their parallel lines complete, the L. & N. would pay for the road much more than they now do before they would see the state operate even the present short line. But they are expert at "bluffing" and legislators are sometimes easily "bluffed," and the probabilities are that if the road be left isolated as at present, it would become the easy prey of the L. & N. Hence the growth of a sentiment in favor of protecting the road by extending it to tidewater.

Another strong reason for this extension lay in the outrageous discriminations in freight rates practiced by all the railroads against the people of Georgia. These extend to almost every department of commerce and constitute an inexcusable tax on industry. Worse than that, they cripple the growth and prosperity of the state in ruinous measure.

As an instance in point, the first-class rate by water and rail from New York to Atlanta was, in 1904, when the present agitation began, $1.14, but the same vessels and cars would carry freight profitably over the same route 300 miles further to Nashville for 91 cents, an excess charge of $92 per 20-ton car for the shorter haul. In the opposite direction conditions were equally bad. Thus the first-class rate from Chicago, all rail, to Atlanta was $1.47, against $1.35 to Jacksonville, Fla., 400 miles further, an excess of $48 per car for the shorter distance.

So in shipments out. Nashville has a rate on cotton by way of Savannah, 95 cents per bale cheaper to New York, than North Georgia points through which the cars pass from the Tennessee city.

Similar conditions in all lines of trade and manufacture impoverish the state and destroy its industry. The legitimate boot and shoe jobbing trade of Macon has been, by means of discriminating freight rates, transferred to Lynchburg. Imported fertilizer material goes through Georgia so much cheaper than it can stop there that the fertilizer business in private hands has been almost entirely destroyed. It has become almost impossible to develop new communities in the state. The line of the Southern from Atlanta to Macon has been almost blighted. For, be it known, grave as are the wrongs done to competing points like Macon and Atlanta, the small markets are treated even worse. The rates on coal and iron from Alabama points to Atlanta are so much higher than those charged Chattanooga for a longer haul that the excess amounts to 6 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the iron manufacturing industries of the Georgia city.

Of course these things are justified and excused by that old customary fallacy about water competition. In its last analysis this plea on its face amounts only to this: "We give low rates to other points because we have to. We extort from Georgia shippers because we can." As a matter of fact, however, the alleged water competition, in nine cases out of ten, is factitious and imaginary. Whatever else may be true about it, the obvious answer for Georgia to make was to say: "Very well, if water is our only protection, we will move our coast line in and take a little water ourselves." The truth is, Georgia points have far more facilities for water transportation than Tennessee and Alabama.

These instances are typical and give some indication of the persuasiveness of freight discrimination as an added argument to the necessity for an exten-

sion of the state road. By virtue of these two causes the question began in 1904 to be a political issue. Dekalb County took the lead by instructing her representatives to advocate an extension, and her example is being rapidly followed. Of six candidates for the governorship in 1906, three are publicly committed to the policy, including that one who is easily the winner, Hon. Hoke Smith.

A bill was accordingly offered at the short summer session of 1905 for the building of the extension, and, although not reaching a vote at that time, was, as already stated, successfully pressed through the committee stage and will soon come to a vote in the House. The arguments urged against it, both on the hustings and in committee, were many, and covered a large range, some foolish, many contradictory, all of them of the stock variety that are usually urged against new proposals.

It was said that such an enterprise was outside the true functions of government—in fact, that it was socialistic; and yet the advocates of this view have generally professed opposition to any sale of the present road. Some thought it would cost too much to build, and some that it would entail a loss to operate; others that state officials could not be trusted to manage it honestly, and others still that the state's agents would be so fair as to be at a disadvantage in competition with private roads. And these same persons have constantly insisted that it would be grossly unfair for the state to enter into competition with her own citizens, while, in the same breath, urging that the Wall Street owners of the competing lines would crush the state if she offended them. Some approved government ownership if restricted to cities, and others if attempted by the United States, but bitterly opposed it in the case of the state.

In addition to these academic objections, or *a priori* arguments, as one might say, there was a large group of assertions of alleged fact, arguments *a posteriori* we might call them, relating to the state's experience in operating the road prior to 1870. Thus it was boldly asserted that the state always lost money when operating the road, that her agents and officials were invariably dishonest and corrupt, that the cost of its original construction has never yet been paid, that bonds were repeatedly issued in the old days to pay the expenses of operation, that the privately owned railroads were always managed with successful economy, and that at the same time the road was a blighting curse to the state, piling up debt mountain high, etc., etc., etc.

A brief history of the evolution and development of the Western & Atlantic Railroad so completely refutes both sets of arguments that a recital of it will need no comment. The facts of that history alone, when thoughtfully considered, not only furnish complete refutation to all these alleged demonstrations, but proof complete against the imaginary dangers.

Prior to 1830 Georgia had adopted a distinct policy of developing her bridges, ferries and roads, through a system of farming out the more important work to private capital. The rapid development of the state and the successive acquisitions of territory from the Indians, had made recourse to such a policy almost unavoidable. In many cases the state, in one form or another, aided the holders of these franchises by liberal contributions of money, and in all of them allowed such enormous tolls to be charged as to startle the modern mind. In respect, however, to the duration of the privileges, the state was more prudent, and a reasonable limit of time was usually set.

The building of the Stockton & Darlington Railroad in 1825, and the successful application of steam traction, followed by the still more perfected work of the Liverpool & Manchester in 1830, was followed in turn by more marked and immediate consequences in Georgia and South Carolina, than elsewhere in the United States. The rapid increase in cotton growing and still more rapid growth of

the demand for cotton during the first three decades of the nineteenth century had outstripped the capacity of the roadways for its transportation to the seacoast. The great bulk of the cotton was at that time grown in what was called "Upper South Carolina" and "Middle Georgia." Charleston and Savannah were the chief competitors for this commerce, and, as the major part both of the Georgia and Carolina crop passed through Augusta, on its way to the coast, Savannah obtained some advantage through her river route from the latter city.

Charleston quickly seized upon the new invention of railways as a possible offset to the Savannah River, and promptly began and vigorously prosecuted, as early as 1830, the construction of the South Carolina Railroad to Augusta, this being the first instance of a railroad built for steam traction in America. By 1833 Savannah began preparing to meet this move by a road that should pass directly into the Middle Georgia cotton belt, and so flank Charleston's advance. As this, however, would cut off trade from Augusta, her capitalists began simultaneously the construction of the Georgia Railroad westward from that city and directly through the cotton country.

The land where Atlanta now sits was at that time the extreme western frontier, a wilderness which had but a few years before been purchased from the Creek Nation. Both the Georgia and Central railroads were inevitably destined to build to that point. Topographical considerations so compelled, though it was not then exactly foreseen where the rival lines would meet.

Westward of Atlanta and occupying the choicest territory in Georgia, the Cherokees still retained their lands in face of aggressive pressure from the state, whose people were chafing under the long delay of the Federal Government in extinguishing the Indian title, as it had agreed to do in the compact of 1802 under which Georgia had ceded her western territory.

The state's anxiety to obtain these lands was accentuated by some distrust of the Federal Government's good faith in the matter. Because of this jealousy the state was quite anxious to build a railroad across the Cherokee territory as a binding tie. In 1835 the Cherokees signed a treaty surrendering the lands, but stipulated for continued residence there till 1838.

Earnest efforts were immediately made to secure the construction of such a line by some private company, and it was confidently hoped that the Knoxville conference in 1836, in reference to the proposed line between Cincinnati and Charleston, would lay out a route through Georgia. Disappointment at the failure of this hope was aggravated by serious outbreaks that summer on the part of the Creeks and Seminoles, and the threatening attitude of the Cherokees.

When the legislature convened in the fall, the popular pressure for a road through the new lands was greatly aided by the fact that the Augusta and Savannah capitalists, owning the Georgia and Central roads, had been quick to see how such a line would add to the volume of their business. It was then recalled that Mr. Calhoun had urged Georgia and South Carolina to use their shares of the deposit of the Federal surplus in railroad construction. Charles J. Jenkins, of Augusta, leader of the State Rights Party, and William W. Gordon, of Savannah, leader of the Democrats, joined forces in the effort to pass a bill for the construction of such a road. Their most efficient lieutenant among the younger members was Alexander H. Stephens, then serving his first term. Mr. Toombs was not then in the Assembly, but he was both then and at all times an earnest friend of the measure.

There was vigorous opposition, but no question in that day was raised by anybody as to the wisdom or propriety of such a work being done by the state. In fact, railroads had not come to be regarded at that time as differing in principle in any way from other highways, and all the earlier legislation on the subject gives ample evidence of the fact that the accepted theory of con-

struction contemplated their use like turnpikes—every man employing his own vehicle and paying toll for using the road. So far from its being considered a departure from principle for the state to build these new highways, it required the most astute glozings of the judiciary for many years afterward to excuse the adoption of any other plan.

The objections urged related mostly to the newness of the country, the sparseness of its population, the immense probable cost of the work, and the uncertainty as to its paying. The fact that the whole business of railway building was a new and unknown problem gravely complicated the situation. At that time there were hardly a thousand miles of railway in the world, and most of it was through level countries, while the proposed road had to cross the Blue Ridge, or, as one vigorous opponent urged, had to pierce through "an unknown wilderness of mountains so steep that a spider couldn't climb them."

In fact, it did require considerable courage to face the problem. The deposit of the Federal surplus was counted on when the bill passed the House as the building fund, but the Senate yielded to the desire that those funds should be lent to the people through the agency of the state's bank, and amended the bill by requiring the work to be done "with funds of the state." The House was not deterred by this harsh condition, but rather than see the measure defeated, agreed to the amendment. As the total revenue of the state in 1836 was only $310,000, and the first year's appropriation to the road was fixed for $350,000, the audacity of the undertaking is surprising—the more so when we remember that the cost of the Indian War was to be provided for, a war in which Georgia had put a force of 4,000 men in the field.

In fact, however, there were even more serious difficulties. It was known that the iron would have to pay heavy duty, and yet that inevitable improvements would make it necessary to discard it. The road was expected to cost four millions. The panic of 1857 was already foreseen, and, in fact, the work on the road was begun simultaneously with the oncoming of the panic, and was prosecuted during the entire five years of its continuance. In addition to this, the suspension of the deposits so crippled the state's bank, which had promised to make loans out of them, that the state had to borrow money for the bank. All the private banks suspended payment of their bills, and the state's bank fairly staggered under the load thus thrown on it.

It is doubtful if any great public work was ever undertaken under as heavy discouragements.

The execution of the work was a long and painful struggle, an epic of fortitude and faith that has seldom been equaled. The limits of this article hardly warrant its being taken up, but some idea of its perplexities may be grasped when comparison is made with the difficulties that have deterred in other similar great works. The United States, for instance, debated the interoceanic canal for a century, and essayed it only when the experience of thirty years at Suez had taught all the data of the problem, and population and revenue had so grown that the entire work needed less than two dollars per capita of the population, or less than one-fifth of the annual revenue of the richest nation on earth, equipped with all the armament of science and experience and in a time of marvelous prosperity.

Measure by the courage needed to face this great undertaking the dauntless faith that was required to hold to their set purpose through fourteen years of self-denial that great generation of Georgians who shrank not in time of panic and disaster from an unknown problem, which it was yet foreseen would take eight dollars per capita out of their poverty, or thirteen times their annual revenue. At the outset the task might have appalled the splendid hosts who builded the Appian Way.

In the long years of their persistent labor it proved them a brave and faithful race.

The fact that the track did not reach Chattanooga till 1851 would leave the impression that the work was carried on in an incompetent manner. In fact, however, the other roads, with far more capital, and building through level and populous sections, were equally slow. In truth, when due regard is paid to the fact that in 1840 the population was only 700,000, the revenues of the state a pitiful sum, and that during most of the time a panic was on the country, so that often the state could not borrow a penny, and that during much of the period in question private interests were hostile, the accomplishment of the work at all must be regarded as little short of marvelous.

During all the accumulated discouragements of the venture, neither the Government nor the people ever lost courage or relaxed their purpose but once. In 1843 the governor was directed to sell out all the assets of the undertaking for a million dollars if he could get a bidder, although double that sum had already been expended. Reviving courage, however, soon repealed the order, and in 1851 the track reached Chattanooga.

Although not completed or equipped until 1857 or 1858, the road had begun to earn very respectable sums of money as early as 1848, several years before the track reached Chattanooga. At first all the net earnings went toward finishing the work and paying off interest and indebtedness, much of the cost of construction having been borne on the credit of the road itself. Not until 1853 did any of the net earnings find their way into the state treasury. Beginning in that year and continuing four years, some of the surplus was annually paid over to the state for general purposes, the amount so paid over during the period named averaging a little over six thousand dollars a month. At the same time, however, a much larger sum out of earnings was devoted to the direct payment of interest charges and the like, and more than a million dollars was devoted to completing depots, laying new track and buying equipment. The total net earnings for the four years in question were $1,722,000.

After 1857 the net earnings of the road furnished more money than the state could use on her then limited scale of expenditures. Some of it went to pay the debt and interest charged to the road only, and, after that, there was paid in during 1858 at the treasury $25,000 a month. In 1859 the payments at the treasury were $402,000; in 1860, $450,000; in 1861, $438,000; and in 1862, $440,000. During 1859 and 1860 a large part of this redundant cash was used in buying up and retiring state bonds before their maturity, but this policy at once sent the bonds to a premium and the question began to be considered of establishing a state foundry for rolling railroad iron, but the war coming on furnished other ways for the absorption of the surplus revenue.

Statistical comparison during the ante-bellum period showed that the Western & Atlantic road, with a smaller volume of business than the others and running through a mountainous country, while not yet fully equipped, and hiring rolling stock, was operated more economically than any of the other lines, the expense ratio of the state road being 43, while the others were respectively 45, 47¼ and 50⅓. Today, with a volume of business three times as large, the lessees claim to have a ratio of 67.34.

The road rendered all the time a great deal of free service to the state. From 1861 to 1864 the value of these services could hardly have amounted to less than a million dollars. Aside from this the net earnings of the road during the period from 1854 to 1864 inclusive were approximately seven and a half million dollars, though more than three millions of this was in depreciated paper in 1863 and 1864. During 1864, however, part of the road, and, after September, all of it, was in possession of the Federal army, and, of course, under those conditions, paid nothing.

At the conclusion of the Civil War the state and all her people were bankrupt. The road was turned back to the state September 25, 1865, but in very bad condition, and the six miles next to Chattanooga entirely destroyed. From that date until July 1, 1868, when the "carpet-baggers" got hold of the state under the reconstruction acts, the net earnings of the road were $1,267,319.08, an average of $38,000 a month.

Georgia was the only Southern state that promptly recovered her credit and financial strength after the war. The explanation was in the railroad. In 1866 she was terribly in debt and unable to meet the expenses of government. In fact, there was hardly any money in the state. No taxes had been collected for 1865, and those of 1866 could not be collected till the harvest. In addition to governmental expenses, her bonds were in arrears, and the Federal Government was demanding $600,000, direct tax of 1864, which the state was obliged to pay or see her citizens all sold out of house and home for a song. Besides this, the widows and children of the dead soldiers had to be fed, and a total of over three and a half millions was indispensable. The money was raised by a mortgage on the state road. Aside from that security the state could not issue bonds at all. The other Southern states were not so fortunate.

In 1868 the native white government of the state was overthrown by military order and the so-called "scalawags" and "carpet-baggers" put in charge with a support of negroes. Up to that time no scandal had attached to public affairs since 1795. An era of great corruption followed, in which all branches of the state Government were affected, the state road among the others. Net receipts at the treasury fell off in marked degree, and the people experienced a sense of relief when the lease of 1870 took their road out of the hands of the banditti.

The agreed price of $25,000 a month was in reality a great sacrifice, but, because of the deliverance of the road from the merciless plunderers who had been fastened on the state, it was regarded as a profit. Six millions of dollars were realized in cash during the twenty years of the lease, besides the tax on income. A somewhat larger amount has thus far been collected under the present lease, which still has some fourteen years to run. The present annual rental of $420,000 is generally considered a very satisfactory return on the investment of $4,441,000, which the road cost. And so it is, but as a matter of fact the state earned more money under her own operation, with hardly more than one-third the present population, fifty years ago.

The sentiment in favor of an extension of the road to tidewater is growing with great rapidity. The ultimate accomplishment of this end is a certainty, the only immediate question being whether it shall be done now when it will be easiest of accomplishment. That it can be done, and without a cent of taxation on its own credit, is of the elementary principles of finance, but the railroad interests will oppose it with great force, and many good men will be misled into uniting with them.

The consequences of the work will be an economic revolution. As a mere single instance of changes to result, we may consider the present course of the West Indian and South American commerce, the most important single fact today in economics. If this trade passed through Georgia ports, incoming and outgoing, the average saving of distance would be nearly a thousand miles, and would enrich the state and her ports. This is the natural course, but the railroads in Georgia are dominated by interests which also own and control the lines north of the Potomac. Rates are so adjusted by these interests as to force this traffic over the longer haul.

It is demonstrable that at half the present rates profits enough can be earned by the railroads to pay handsome dividends on actual cost. As the state would not water her investment, it is obvious that there would be no

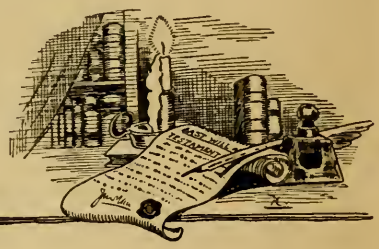
reason why a railroad in her hands should be used for the destruction of her commerce.

When the state, therefore, builds to tidewater the work is bound to become, not only to her own people, but to other states as well, such an object-lesson as cannot be overlooked For this reason and because of the opportunity it holds out, the Western & Atlantic Railroad is today the most important hope in this world for a free commerce and the overthrow of our economic feudalism.

A HOUSE DIVIDED

BY

CLARA ELIZABETH WARD



"WHAT! Live together, you and Mirandy? If that don't beat the Dutch!" Mrs. Barlow exclaimed in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Land o' Goshen! We've got to, or neither of us gets a cent. Mean old vixen!" Mrs. Jenks's voice was high-pitched and excited.

The other led the way into the sitting-room, the floor creaking under her stout figure.

"It is a queer will, Cal," she assented breathily, fanning herself with a newspaper. "Whew! It's Ike Fitcher to a T tacking on them odd provisos. So everything goes to the Old Folks' Home in case you don't fulfil conditions? Well, if that ain't a good one on you!" Her full eyes sparkled and her double chin quivered with an amiable chuckle.

"What say?" snapped Mrs. Jenks, leaning forward with a jerk.

Mrs. Barlow coughed spasmodically behind her pudgy hand.

"You can't deny it's an awful good joke having to live together when you won't hardly speak." Her breast heaved with suppressed laughter.

The caller jumped to her feet, her wrinkled face in a shaking palsy of anger.

"Now, Cal Jenks, you set down again," Mrs. Barlow urged with hearty good-humor. "Don't go bolting off just because I happened to see the funny side. That's me, you know." She sobered. "It's mean—mean as dirt! An' I'm sorry as can be for both of you, but my land! 'Tain't as if you'd got to comply. Catch me, after living alone as long as you two have—not for no money!" She shook her head decisively. "Mirandy won't—you see!"

Mrs. Jenks gave a sort of squeal. "Mirandy's got to!" she cried. "Let that money go to the Old Folks' Home? Mebbe Ike thought we'd go there ourselves, too," she whined.

"Well, I tell you this, Cal," was the quick reply. "If you and Mirandy do fulfil conditions, there's got to be more love lost between you than there is now. Of course, Mirandy's queer—odd as Dick's hatband, dodgin' around evenings so folks won't see her, and all. But good gracious! There's lots of queer folks."

Mrs. Jenks looked up sharply. "Humph!" she grunted with an aggrieved air. "Mirandy runs a heap, don't she?" she asked after a pause.

"Yes, consid'able—evenings," Mrs. Barlow admitted, opening the door on

the side porch. "I got het up ironin'; I want to cool off."

Cal's face puckered into an anxious scowl. "Mirandy can't back out after all, can she?" she gasped irrelevantly.

Mrs. Barlow was about to sink back into her chair, but she sat up suddenly. "If Mirandy Fitcher has given her word she'll stick to it, if it kills her. But I hope to goodness she wa'n't such a fool."

"She's give her word, she's give her word," Cal repeated to reassure herself.

"Well, if she has," the other blurted, "it ain't because she's crazy for the money. She's not a mite grasping nor stingy, Mirandy ain't!" The emphasis was unmistakable.

"I—I didn't know you was all for her and agin me," whimpered Mrs. Jenks.

"Now, see here, Cal," her friend said frankly, "I ain't against either one of you. But the truth is, you both ought to 'a' been more friendly long Yes, you had, Cal."

"Folks can mind their own business," spluttered the offended neighbor, shuffling to the door.

The house that Isaac Fitcher had left provisionally to his nieces was not large, but the plot of ground on which it stood was considered "fust-rate" land. The place was worth inheriting on any conditions, Mrs. Jenks still believed after six weeks of rather difficult possession. But she would have passed through fire to attain it. Indeed, had her thoughts ever fused into metaphor she would have declared that she had passed through fire during this most trying ordeal her blameless life had ever sustained.

"Old codger!" she muttered like a threat, as she stood one morning in the back door of her new home, surveying the joint domain. Was she addressing the ghost of her departed uncle or someone still in the flesh? She put up her hand to shade her eyes and scowled across the wide grass plot and vegetable garden that stretched between the kitchen and the orchard. The intermediate landscape had an air of youthful levity to which she was quite impervious. Potatoes and onions hobnobbed with corn and cabbages, regardless of the playful orchard that hovered just beyond in the bewitching act of pelting them with red and yellow apples.

Also heedless of this back-yard comedy—such is the unconscious or preoccupied air mortals often assume toward Nature—stood Miranda Fitcher, under the queen tree of the orchard, her apron loaded with future victims of the bake-oven. She looked a half-wild, hunted creature that has found a moment's respite and is bent on enjoying it to the full. But her alert attitude bespoke more than mere timidity. It verged on rebellion.

"Mirandy! What you doin' out there so long?" Mrs. Jenks cried shrilly from the doorstep. "You ha'n't shook off them best apples, I hope."

Miranda gave a guilty start; then approached the house with a show of boldness, but the veneer was too thin to disguise the shyness so habitual with her.

"You look's if you'd been stealin'!"

Miranda's thin figure straightened and her brown eyes blazed.

"Oh, I don't say't you have—lemme see 'em!" Cal demanded, wrenching at the apron.

Miranda spread out her apron with the gesture of a martyr. "There!" she challenged. "They're the best I could find, an' I'm going to have 'em for dinner."

Cal unruffled. "Baked apples'll taste real good; but take the poorest, Mirandy. Don't take them beauties," she pleaded covetously.

"I shall take these! If you want poor ones, bake 'em yourself!" Miranda answered, skirting past her cousin, hugging her apron close.

"O-h! I won't stand it!" Cal screamed, wringing her hands and following Miranda into the kitchen. "Half them apples are mine! You're a thief if you don't divide 'em—I'll have you arrested!" she shrieked, frantically grasping the culprit's arm.

"You leave me be!" Miranda com-

manded, shaking her off. "I shall bake everyone of these apples—if you put me in jail for it!" She hastily drew out the dripping-pan, poured in a little water, dumped the apples in like a flash, and clapped them into the oven before her antagonist realized what was passing. Snatching up the stove-lifter, she stationed herself before the oven door with the determination of the three hundred at Thermopylæ, and said, with calm defiance: "You take them apples out—if you dare!"

"I'll go straight for the sheriff! I'll go straight for the sheriff!" Cal yelled in a frenzy of excitement, looking everywhere for the hat that was already on her head. "You're the sneakiest, measliest, snoopin'est thief—an' I won't stand it—I sha'n't——"

"Call me a thief again, Cal Jenks, and I go back to Elmsborough—an' this property goes to the Old Folks' Home, apples and all!" Miranda's dark-ringed eyes were tragic.

Her accuser, arrested midway in a headlong rush for the door, was so stunned by this desperate threat that she was quite unaware of a figure standing on the threshold, until she heard a familiar chuckle.

"Well, well!" began a cheery voice, punctuated by puffy sighs. "I declare! It's a lucky thing I happened around instead of the sheriff. The two of you might have been bundled off in the Black Maria quicker'n a wink!"

A whiff of pleasantry sometimes dispels a whirlwind of wrath. In half an hour the cousins, thoroughly humiliated, were showing off their new possessions with an air of family pride—even the hen-house and the pig-pen.

"Yes, sir, you could do it like a book," proposed their guest genially when they had come back to the parlor; "an' it would be enough sight better for both of you. This trying to make over a body's habits at our age ain't no easy job. 'Tain't sense, neither. Nobody expects cheese to turn into butter. You've got to begin with milk." She laughed till her friends joined in half-heartedly.

"Of course, accordin' to the will you've got to occupy the house together; but as the lawyer I see said, that don't have to mean cookin' on one stove nor eatin' at the same table. Now, if I was you, I'd string a curtain through the middle of this big, front room. Then I'd put up a board pa'tition in the kitchen and woodshed—them bedrooms are just right. Divide the yard, same way. Land! The joke's on Fitcher! His place divides as easy as a walnut." She laughed exactly as she would were Isaac there to overhear.

"There, now! I wanted to divide them apples!" Cal exclaimed, with a renewed sense of injury. "Say, Mirandy, let's do it! Let's divide everything!" she urged with eagerness.

"You—you were very kind to see the lawyer. I—I'm glad you thought of it, Mis' Barlow," Miranda said gratefully, but without any of her cousin's enthusiasm. "I—I—we wa'n't made to live together—none of our family"—her voice trembled and her strong chin quivered.

While their adviser was speaking, she sat bolt upright in one of the straight-backed chairs which had been the pride, not the comfort, of her Uncle Isaac's heart. Now, suddenly, she turned, and, clutching the chair, buried her head in her arms and broke into uncontrollable sobs.

Cal and Mrs. Barlow looked at each other in dumb astonishment. The visitor was the first to recover herself. She went over and laid her hand kindly on the black, shiny braids that scarcely showed a gray hair, though Miranda was turned fifty. "You poor, homesick woman!" she whispered huskily, throwing a motherly arm around the convulsed shoulders.

"Why, Mirandy!" Cal gasped, standing awestruck at the other side, her face twitching pitifully in her unwonted emotion. "M—Mirandy—don't! Be you sick, Mirandy? Don't!"

But Miranda only sobbed the harder. After a while, with a mighty effort—

for when these iron people give way there is apparently no recovery—she sat up, and, wiping her eyes, managed to stammer, "I—I—don't let's make a fuss."

And then under Mrs. Barlow's genial direction they planned the halving of the house in detail, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Thus it came about that one bright day in October Cal Jenks found herself in her own little parlor, standing beside a red partition curtain—guardian of the sacred rights of the individual—and calling through it as if by habit:

"Mirandy! Be you in your front room?"

"What you want, Cal?" The response came from the inner bedroom and sounded muffled, as if directed from behind a barrier—possibly the cover of a trunk.

"Comin' in tonight, ain't you? You know I was over there this mornin'." Cal's tone oozed sociability.

"Ye-es, in a minute." Soon Miranda came out into her parlor. "Say, I'm goin' to do it!" she said, with a quick laugh. "What's the use goin' 'round—this curtain ain't a wall! I'm goin' to unfasten it at the bottom an' come under!" Still she hesitated. It seemed almost sacrilege—like trampling in blood-bought privileges: for it was an unwritten law that the curtain should be impenetrable and stationary.

"Yes, let's untie it," assented Cal, with a reckless cackle. "Let's draw it clear back. We can pull it to again when we go to bed. Why, what you got'n your arm?"

"Some merino I bought once to the city," Miranda explained apologetically. "'Twas real cheap—but nice goods, the man said; an' it's a big pattern."

"Why, Mirandy, it's a splendid piece!" her cousin said, fingering the cloth in a tremble of admiration.

"Here's some ribbon to trim your hat over with," the other added, throwing the things down lavishly.

"What! For me? Say, can you spare—?" Cal did not finish, so fiercely desire warred with new-sprung gratitude. She took her gifts instinctively to the window. Even in the dusk of twilight the rich bright tints blended into a veritable Scotch plaid. A strange expression stole into Cal's wrinkled face, a mysterious look in which mingled satisfaction, vanity, reminiscence. She turned, about to speak, but started with surprise. "You ain't goin', Mirandy!"

"Forgot my knittin'," the latter answered almost sharply as she darted past the dividing line.

When her cousin came back Cal had a lamp lighted, and sat bunching up the ribbon in her fidgety fingers and trying the effect against the crown of her black felt hat.

"Land o' Goshen! I 'most forgot!" she exclained, dropping her spectacles. "Mis' Barlow sent word for you to come out there tomorrow sure. Says she misses your runnin' in evenings—should think she would." The strident voice softened significantly.

Miranda drew her chair closer to the lamp. "I can't gad about much nights—here," she said, with a gentle flash of her brown eyes.

Her cousin glanced at her quizzically. "You—you don't care?" The question had an intimate sound.

Miranda gave a low mellow laugh. "I used to get so lonesome—I had to run to the neighbors," she said evasively.

"My! Wa'n't it lonesome!" Cal responded with warmth.

"It's next-door neighbors I run to—now," Miranda owned shyly, examining her knitting.

"We ain't neighbors!" Cal demurred in a breath.

"Funny!" the other agreed, with a quick, frank smile. "We do seem like one family—since we divided. It's livin' alone and together at the same time."

The double cretonne curtain that had supposed itself a wall, but which now hung in disconsolate folds at the back of the room, could not deny it.

Miranda's hands dropped into her lap in an absent way, though her fingers

still kept their knitting posture. "I can't help thinkin' about what Uncle Ike said the last time I see him," she began, as if she could not keep it to herself any longer. "Seems so kind of—odd," she confided, with a bright look.

"Says he, 'Why don't you and Cal live together, Mirandy? It's hard lines bein' alone.' 'It suits me well enough,' says I. 'Oh, maybe you think you can do as you like by yourself,' he answers; 'but, law sakes, you can't!' says he, an' then he adds, 'You're young enough to break in—if you be cranky old women.' I can recall every word an' just the way his eyes twinkled through his bushy eyebrows. But he wa'n't a bit spiteful."

Uncle Ike without a stinger somewhere under his pleasantry was inconceivable to Cal.

"Soon's I heard the will it all came back to me," Miranda added, with a far-away smile. "I—I don't believe he meant to be mean—the way he put the will," she confided, her voice tremulous with feeling.

"You don't, Mirandy?" Cal asked, still bewildered.

"No." Miranda's lips puckered at the corners. "We wa'n't quite young enough, but"—her eyes grew large and brilliant—"I hope he understands we ain't really sep'rate."

The Next Constitutional Convention

BY HON. WALTER CLARK

Chief-Justice Supreme Court, North Carolina

(*Conclusion*)

AND now we come to the most important of the changes necessary to place the Government of the Union in the hands of the people. By far the most serious defect and danger in the Constitution is the appointment of judges for life, subject to confirmation by the senate. It is a far more serious matter than it was when the Convention of 1787 framed the Constitution.

A proposition was made in the Convention—as we now know from Mr. Madison's Journal—that the judges should pass upon the constitutionality of acts of Congress. This was defeated five times, receiving the vote of only two states. It was renewed no less than four times; and though it had the powerful support of Mr. Madison and Mr. James Wilson, at no time did it receive the votes of more than three states. On August 15 Mr. Mercer thus summed up the thought of the Convention: He disapproved of the doctrine that the judges, as expositors of the Constitution, should have authority to declare a law void. He thought laws ought to be well and cautiously made, and then to be incontrovertible.

Prior to the Convention the courts of four states, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia and North Carolina, had expressed an opinion that they could hold acts of the legislature unconstitutional. This was a new doctrine never held before (nor in any other country since) and met with strong disapproval. In Rhode Island the movement to remove the offending

judges was stopped only on a suggestion that they could be "dropped" by the legislature at the annual election. This was done. The decisions of these four state courts were recent and well known to the Convention. Mr. Madison and Mr. Wilson favored the new doctrine of the paramount judiciary, doubtless deeming it a safe check upon legislation since it would be operated by lawyers only. They attempted to get it into the Federal Constitution in its least objectionable shape—the judicial veto before final passage of an act, which would save time and besides would enable the legislature to avoid the objections raised. But even in this diluted form, and though four times presented by these two very able and influential members, the suggestion of a judicial veto at no time received the votes of more than one-fourth of the states.

The subsequent action of the Supreme Court in assuming the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional was without a line in the Constitution to authorize it, either expressly or by implication. The Constitution recited carefully and fully the matters over which the courts should have jurisdiction, and there is nothing, and after the above vote four times refusing jurisdiction there could be nothing, indicating any power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional and void.

Had the Convention given such power to the courts it certainly would not have left its exercise final and unreviewable. It gave the Congress power to override the veto of the President, though that veto was expressly given, thus showing that in the last analysis the will of the people, speaking through the legislative power, should govern. Had the Convention supposed the courts would assume such power it would certainly have given Congress some review over judicial action, and certainly would not have made the judges irretrievably beyond "the consent of the governed" and regardless of the popular will by making them appointive, and further clothing them with the undemocratic prerogative of tenure for life.

Such power does not exist in any other country and never has. It is therefore not essential to our security. It is not conferred by the Constitution, but, on the contrary, the Convention, as we have seen, after the fullest debate, four times, on four several days, refused by a decisive vote to confer such power. The judges not only have never exercised such power in England, where there is no written Constitution, but they do not exercise it in France, Germany, Austria, Denmark, or in any other country which, like them, has a written Constitution.

A more complete denial of popular control of this Government could not have been conceived than the placing such unreviewable power in the hands of men, not elected by the people and holding office for life. The legal tender act, the financial policy of the Government, was invalidated by one court and then validated by another, after a change in its *personnel*. Then the income tax, which had been held constitutional by the court for a hundred years, was again so held, and then by a sudden change of vote by one judge it was held unconstitutional, nullified and set at naught, though it had passed by a nearly unanimous vote both Houses of Congress, containing many lawyers who were the equals if not the superiors of the vacillating judge, and had been approved by the President and voiced the will of the people. This was all negatived (without any warrant in the Constitution for the court to set aside an act of Congress) by the vote of one judge: and thus one hundred million dollars, and more, of annual taxation was transferred from those most able to bear it and placed upon the backs of those who already carried more than their fair share of the burdens of Government. Under an untrue assumption of authority given by thirty-nine dead men, one man nullified the action of Congress and the President and the will of seventy-five millions of living people, and in

the thirteen years since has taxed the property and labor of the country, by his sole vote, $1,300,000,000, which Congress, in compliance with the public will and relying on previous decisions of the court, had decreed should be paid out of the excessive incomes of the rich.

In England one-third of the revenue is derived from the superfluities of the very wealthy by the levy of a graduated income tax and a graduated inheritance tax, increasing the per cent. with the size of the income. The same system is in force in all other civilized countries. In not one of them would the hereditary monarch venture to veto or declare null such a tax. In this country alone the people, speaking through their Congress, and with the approval of their Executive, cannot put in force a single measure of any nature whatever with assurance that it shall meet with the approval of the courts; and its failure to receive such approval is fatal, for, unlike the veto of the Executive, the unanimous vote of Congress (and the income tax came near receiving such vote) cannot avail against it. Of what avail shall it be if Congress shall conform to the popular demand and enact a "Rate Regulation" bill and the President shall approve it, if five lawyers, holding office for life and not elected by the people, shall see fit to destroy it, as they did the income tax law? Is such a government a reasonable one, and can it be longer tolerated after 120 years of experience have demonstrated the capacity of the people for self-government? If five lawyers can negative the will of 100,000,000 of men, then the art of government is reduced to the selection of those five lawyers.

A power without limit, except in the shifting views of the court, lies in the construction placed upon the Fourteenth Amendment, which passed, as everyone knows, solely to prevent discrimination against the colored race, has been construed by the court to confer upon it jurisdiction to hold any provision of any statute whatever "not due process of law." This draws the whole body of the reserved rights of the states into the maelstrom of the Federal courts, subject only to such forbearance as the Federal Supreme Court of the day, or in any particular case, may see fit to exercise. The limits between state and Federal jurisdiction depend upon the views of five men at any given time; and we have a government of men, and not a government of laws, prescribed beforehand.

At first the court generously exempted from its veto the police power of the several states. But since then it has proceeded to set aside an act of the Legislature of New York restricting excessive hours of labor, which act had been sustained by the highest court in that great state. Thus labor can obtain no benefit from the growing humanity of the age, expressed by the popular will in any state, if such statute does not meet the views of five elderly lawyers, selected by influences naturally antagonistic to the laboring classes and whose training and daily associations certainly cannot incline them in favor of restrictions upon the power of the employer.

The preservation of the autonomy of the several states and of local self-government is essential to the maintenance of our liberties, which would expire in the grasp of a consolidated despotism. Nothing can save us from this centripetal force but the speedy repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment, or a recasting of its language in terms that no future court can misinterpret.

The vast political power now asserted and exercised by the court to set aside public policies, after their full determination by Congress, cannot safely be left in the hands of any body of men without supervision or control by any other authority whatever. If the President errs, his mandate expires in four years, and his party as well as himself is accountable to the people at the ballot-box for his stewardship. If members of Congress err, they, too, must account to their constituents. But the Federal judiciary hold for life, and though popular sentiment should

change the entire *personnel* of the other two great departments of the Government a whole generation must pass away before the people could get control of the judiciary, which possesses an irresponsible and unrestricted veto upon the action of the other departments—irresponsible because impeachment has become impossible, and if it were possible it could not be invoked as to erroneous decisions, unless corruption were shown.

The control of the policy of government is thus not in the hands of the people, but in the power of a small body of men not chosen by the people, and holding for life. In many cases which might be mentioned, had the court been elective, men not biased in favor of colossal wealth would have filled more seats upon the Bench, and if there had been such decision as the income tax case, long ere this, under the tenure of a term of years, new incumbents would have been chosen, who, returning to the former line of decisions, would have upheld the right of Congress to control the financial policy of the Government in accordance with the will of the people of this day and age, and not according to the shifting views which the court has imputed to language used by the majority of the fifty-five men who met in Philadelphia in 1787. Such methods of controlling the policy of a government are no whit more tolerable than the conduct of the augurs of old, who gave the permission for peace or war, for battle or other public movements, by declaring from the flight of birds, the inspection of the entrails of fowls, or other equally wise devices, that the omens were lucky or unlucky—the rules of such divination being in their own breasts and hence their decisions beyond remedy.

It may be that this power in the courts, however illegally grasped originally, has been too long acquiesced in to be now questioned. If so, the only remedy which can be applied is to make the judges elective, and for a term of years, for no people can permit its will to be denied and its destinies shaped by men it did not choose, and over whose conduct it has no control, by reason of its having no power to change them and select other agents at the close of a fixed term.

Every Federal judgeship below the Supreme Court can be abolished by an act of Congress, since the power which creates a Federal district or circuit can abolish it at will. If Congress can abolish one, it can abolish all. Several districts have from time to time been abolished, notably two in 1801; and we know that the sixteen circuit judges created by the Judiciary Act of 1801 were abolished eighteen months later.

It is true that under the stress of a great public sentiment every United States district and circuit judge can be legislated out of office by a simple act of Congress, and a new system recreated with new judges. It is also true, as has been pointed out by distinguished lawyers, that while the Supreme Court cannot be thus abolished, it exercises its appellate functions "with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress shall make" (Const., Art. III, sec. 2), and as Congress enacted the Judiciary Act of 1789, it has often amended it, and can repeal it. Judge Marshall recognized this in Marbury *vs.* Madison, in which case in an *obiter* opinion he had asserted the power to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional, for he wound up by refusing the logical result, the issuing of the mandamus sought, because Congress had not conferred jurisdiction upon the Supreme Court to issue it.

In 1831 the attempt was made to repeal section 25 of the Judiciary Act of 1789, by virtue of which writs of error lay to the State Supreme Courts in certain cases. Though the section was not repealed, the repeal was supported and voted for by both Henry Clay, James K. Polk and other leaders of both of the great parties of that day. But what is needed is not the exercise of these powers which Congress undoubtedly possesses and in an emergency will exercise, but a constitutional revision by which the Federal judges, like other public servants, shall be

chosen by the people for a term of years.

It may be said that the Federal judges are now in office for life and it would be unjust to dispossess them. So it was with the state judges in each state when it changed from life judges to judges elected by the people; but that did not stay the hand of a much-needed reform.

It must be remembered that when our Federal Constitution was adopted in 1787, in only one state was the governor elected by the people, and the judges in none, and that in most, if not all, the states, the legislature, especially the senate branch, was chosen by a restricted suffrage. The schoolmaster was not abroad in the land, the masses were illiterate and government by the people was a new experience and property-holders were afraid of it. The danger to property rights did not come then, as now, from the other direction—from the corporations and others holding vast accumulations of capital and by its power threatening to crush those owning modest estates.

In the state governments the conditions existing in 1787 have long since been changed. In all the states the governor and the members of both branches of the legislature have long since been made elective by manhood suffrage. In all the forty-five states save four (Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island) the judges now hold for a term of years, and in three of these they are removable (as in England) upon a majority vote of the legislature, thus preserving a supervision of their conduct which is utterly lacking as to the Federal judiciary. In Rhode Island the judges were thus dropped summarily, once, when they had held an act of the legislature invalid. In thirty-three states the judges are elected by the people, in five states by the legislature and in seven states they are appointed by the governor with the consent of the senate. Even in England the judges hold office subject to removal upon the vote of a bare majority in Parliament—though there the judges have never asserted any power to set aside an act of Parliament. There the will of the people, when expressed through their representatives in Parliament, is final. The King cannot veto it, and no judge has ever dreamed he had power to set it aside.

There are those who believe and have asserted that corporate wealth can exert such influence that even if judges are not actually selected by the great corporations, no judge can take his seat upon the Federal bench if his nomination and confirmation are opposed by the allied plutocracy. It has never been charged that such judges are corruptly influenced. But the passage of a judge from the bar to the bench does not necessarily destroy his prejudices nor his predilections. If they go upon the bench knowing that this potent influence, if not used for them, at least withheld its opposition to their appointment, or their confirmation, and usually with a natural and perhaps unconscious bias from having spent their lives at the bar in advocacy of corporate claims, this will unconsciously but effectively be reflected in the decisions they make. Having attempted as lawyers to persuade courts to view debated questions from the standpoint of aggregated wealth, they often end by believing sincerely in the correctness of such views, and not unnaturally put them in force when, in turn, they themselves ascend the bench. This trend in Federal decisions has been pronounced. Then, too, incumbents of seats upon the Federal circuit and district bench cannot be oblivious to the influence which procures promotion; and how fatal to confirmation by the plutocratic majority in the senate will be the expression of any judicial views not in accordance with the "safe, sane and sound" predominance of wealth.

As far back as 1820, Mr. Jefferson had discovered the "sapping and mining," as he termed it, of the life-tenure, appointive Federal judiciary, owing no gratitude to the people for their appointment and fearing no inconvenience from their conduct, however

arbitrary, in the discharge of such office. In short, they possess the autocratic power of absolute irresponsibility. "Step by step, one goes very far," says the French proverb. This is true of the Federal judiciary. Compare their jurisdiction in 1801, when Marshall ascended the bench, and their jurisdiction in 1906. The Constitution has been remade and rewritten by the judicial glosses put upon it. Had it been understood in 1787 to mean what it is construed to mean today it is safe to say that not a single state would have ratified it.

An elective judiciary is less partisan, for in many states half the judges are habitually taken from each party, and very often in other states the same men are nominated by both parties, as notably the recent selection by a Republican convention of a Democratic successor to Judge Parker. The organs of plutocracy have asserted that in one state the elective judges are selected by the party boss. But they forget that if that is true, he must in such a condition of affairs name the governor too, and through the governor he would select the appointive judges. If the people are to be trusted to select the Executive and the legislature, they are fit to select the judges. The people are wiser than the appointing power which, viewing judgeships as patronage, has with scarcely an exception filled the Federal bench with appointees of its own party. Public opinion, which is the cornerstone of free government, has no place in the selection of the judicial augurs who assume power to set aside the will of the people when declared by Congress and the Executive. Whatever their method of divination, equally with the augurs of old they are a law to themselves and control events.

As was said by a great lawyer, lately deceased, Judge Seymour D. Thompson, in 1891 (25 Am. Law Review, 288): "If the proposition to make the Federal judiciary elective instead of appointive is once seriously discussed before the people, *nothing can stay the growth of that sentiment*, and it is almost certain that every session of the Federal Supreme Court will furnish material to stimulate that growth."

Great aggregations of wealth know their own interests, and it is very certain that there is no reform and no constitutional amendment that they will oppose more bitterly than this. What, then, is the interest of all others in regard to it?

Another undemocratic feature of the Constitution is that which requires all Federal officials to be appointed by the President or heads of departments. This is a great evil. Overwhelming necessity has compelled the enactment of the civil service law, which has protected many thousands of minor officials. But there has been no relief as to the 75,000 postmasters. When the Constitution was adopted there were only 75 postmasters, and it was contemplated that the President or postmaster-general would really appoint. But this constitutional provision is a dead letter. The selection of this army of 75,000 postmasters, in a large majority of cases, is made by neither, but in the unconstitutional mode of selection by senator, member of the House or a political boss. There is no reason why Congress should not be empowered by amendment to authorize the department to lay off the territory patronizing each postoffice as a district, in which an election shall be held once in four years, at the time a member of Congress is chosen, and by the same machinery, the officer giving bond and being subject to the same supervision as now. Thus the people of each locality will get the postmaster they prefer, irrespective of the general result in the Union, relieving the department at Washington of much call upon its time, which can be used for the public interest in some better way; and, besides, it will remove from the election of President and members of Congress considerations of public patronage. Elections will then more largely turn upon the great issues as to matters of public policy.

Another obstruction to the effective operation of the popular will is the fact

that, though congressmen are elected in November, they do not take their seats (unless there is a called session) for thirteen months, and in the meantime the old Congress, whose policy may have been repudiated at the polls, sits and legislates, in any event, till March 4, following. This surely needs amendment, which fortunately can be done by statute. In England, France and other countries the old Parliament ceases before the election, and the new Assembly meets at once and puts the popular will into law.

In thus discussing the defects of the Federal Constitution I have but exercised the right of the humblest citizen. Few will deny that defects exist. I have indicated what, in my opinion, are the remedies. As to this, many will differ. If better can be found, let us adopt them.

For my part I believe in popular government. The remedy for the halting, halfway popular government which we have is more democracy. When someone observed to Mr. Gladstone that the "people are not always right," he replied, "No, but they are rarely wrong." When they are wrong, their intelligence and their interests combine to make them correct the wrong. But when rulers, whether kings, or life judges, or great corporations, commit an error against the interests of the masses, there is no such certainty of correction.

The growth of this country in population and material wealth has made it the marvel of the ages.

> But what avail the plow or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?

The government and the destinies of a great people should always be kept in their own hands.

An Official Blockhead

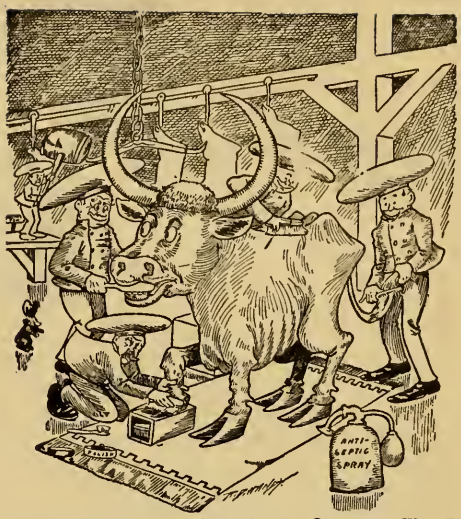
"IT is customary here, the same as 'tis in most rural communities," pessimistically said the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern, "to elect the biggest lunkhead in the region constable; but I estimate that we broke all records when we elevated Bill Slackputter to that position. Why, day before yesterday, when a life insurance agent and a picture-enlarger got into a fight, down in front of the post-office, and bid fair to pretty nearly kill each other, what did that dod-blittered booby do but wade right in and part 'em!"

Empty Longevity

"PA, Methuselah lived to be very old, didn't he?"

"Yes, my son, about 969 years, I believe; but then, as far as I can learn, there was just about as much doing per year in those days as there is in five minutes now."

And Still Congress Is Trying to Kill the Pure Food Bill
Westerman, in Ohio State Journal.



What Members of the Investigation Committee Will Find When They Visit the Packing Houses
R. D. Handy, in Duluth News Tribune.

THE ROOST.

Taylor, in Jacksonville, Fla., Sun.

STUFF O' CRIME

BY VINCENT HARPER

"MAGDA is late. What keepeth her so long upon the streets, tonight?" asked the old man in Polish, yet lifting not his watery and aching eyes from the seam which his clanking machine was stitching.

"How the hell should I know?" retorted the young man in English, gluing his hungry, animal eyes on the seam which his clanking machine was stitching.

"Pray, do not speak so vilely to thy father, Jan," murmured the old woman in Polish, but, lifting her patient eyes from the seam which her clanking machine was stitching, to gaze in a groping, childish way at the crucifix on the wall.

"Rats!" grumbled Jan, stopping to blow on his thick, blue fingers, and to pull his shallow derby hat with its greasy band down lower upon his protruding ears.

"What have I always said?" asked the middle-aged woman, running a shrewd, sad eye down the seam which her clanking machine was stitching, and urging on with a kick the girl of seven who sat half asleep on the floor, helping to work with her talons of hands the tread of her mother's machine, for the mother expected confinement hourly. "What have I always said? Magda is pretty and vain *and* poor, yet ye send her abroad among men—in Chicago! My sister was fair and a fool and poor—I, who know, know. Keep Magda at home, I tell ye."

The child sobbed quietly after her mother's kick had roused her, but she gripped the tread of the machine more tightly, and, thinking to avoid another kick, crouched on her knees, in which position she could lend the weight of her small body to her tired arms. The clanking semicircle of machines pursued the endless task of stitching up an endless succession of endless seams. If any thoughts passed through the mind of the old man and woman by reason of what the middle-aged and worldly-wise woman had said, they kept them to themselves. Jan's belly cursed Magda for keeping supper, but he stuck to his work, as did they all in silence. Only the girl of perhaps twenty, who was not working, kept asking, "But where can Magda be?" Nobody answered her. Nobody ever answered her questions.

Her own machine was idle, for the girl stood by the rusty stove stirring some mess or other, whose smell had this, at all events, to recommend it—it forcibly suggested something hot to eat. With her shawl pinned round her face she had been giving the steaming pot all her attention, when the wife of her big brother Ignace—hero and saint and knight in the girl's eyes—spoke as he did of Magda. She stopped stirring the pot, and looked across appealingly at her old mother. But the old woman held to her seam and saw not, so the girl fell to stirring the pot once more, to stirring the pot and dreaming. Suddenly she stopped again. Something there was to do for Magda. Cutting the wilted tops from

some decaying carrots, she tied the posey with a basting thread, and, stuck into an empty machine-oil bottle, she placed it on the shelf before the dusty plaster-of-paris image of the Virgin. This done, she stirred the pot with a light heart: Magda, wherever she might be, was not forgotten. And the clanking machines worked on.

The reeking, wooden rookery, on whose top floor the family of Joachim Podboski, a Polish sweater, huddled in the two rooms that they called home, stands in a narrow court just off of Twelfth Street. The more pretentious tenements along that thoroughfare are filled, for the most part, with strenuous Hebrews, fittest, it seems, to survive in the unceasing struggle for bare existence which sends their weaker Christian brothers to the rear, the weakest, like Joachim Podboski, back to the foul courtyards where comes not light nor air. Yet is the church of the Jesuit Fathers close at hand—a thing to be considered when one picks out a home—and even now from the high belfry the Angelus rang out just as the Virgin caught sight of Margaret Podboski's offering of dead carrot-tops.

At the first tap of the bell all the sewing machines stopped reverently. The old man and his wife knelt side by side on the bare floor, muttering the prayer alternately; she who expected motherhood at any moment took it for granted that God would understand—remembering Bethlehem—and knelt not; and little Baba, already on her knees, worked at the tread mechanically, fearful of further kicks, or possibly it is revealed to babes that work is prayer. Even ox Jan doffed his cap awkwardly and prayed—that supper might be served directly, Magda or no Magda.

"There! Come now, grub, Maggie, for there's no telling when Sis may come," said Jan when the bell stopped tolling and the old man and woman had got up with grunt and groan from their rheumatic knees.

Margaret turned up the hanging side-piece of her machine and set the pot upon it. After old Joachim had piously thanked God for all his mercies, they helped themselves directly from the pot, Jan with his fingers, while Baba gnawed eagerly the chunks thrown down to her. When even Jan confessed that nothing was to be got more, by scooping or licking, from the empty pot, his father lighted the one ill-smelling hanging lamp, whose cracked and smoky chimney obscured the feeble light; adjusted the bent sheet of tin which served as a reflector, and each of the machines, including Margaret's now, was pushed as close as possible under the lamp. Baba received the customary signal to start her mother's tread, and presently the family resumed—in cold and silence—the stitching of the shrouds of hope, which was to last till midnight. In cold, because, now that the stew was done, fire was a a luxury; and in silence, because the sweating system tends, somehow, to discourage conversation in the family circle. Beyond a guttural oath when Jan's thread broke, therefore, or Margaret's occasional unanswered questions about her sister, no sound disturbed the thoughts of the Podboskis, except the ceaseless clanking of the five machines—oh, yes, there was the constant sobbing of Baba as she knelt and worked.

An hour passed, and then upon the stairs there was the sound of someone coming up—someone who staggered under a heavy load, for the step was heavy. Presently, too, the door of Joachim Podboski was pushed wide open by someone's boot, and Ignace entered.

Ignace bore the burdens for the whole family, yet now he entered without bestowing or getting a word or other salutation from any of them. He bore upon his piteously unable shoulder a monstrous bundle of basted garment parts fresh from the cutting-shops, so that he was the bearer of good news, for now the five machines might go on stitching a few more days, and not, like the machines of the Zelinskis across the hall, be starved so long of seams that the Zelinskis themselves had starved while waiting. Ig-

nace had done well, therefore, to walk from cutting-shop to cutting-shop all day, to gather such a goodly store of opportunity for all of them to stitch body and soul together for at least three days.

He dropped his burden on one of the two beds whose foul bedclothes lay tumbled upon the mildewed ticking just as their occupants had left them in the morning. With a grunt of relief he pushed back his faded, greasy hat and wiped the sickly sweat drops from his high, shiny forehead; stroked his thin fringe of beard, gentle and oddly like the Christ's; kissed his wife's cheek and his old mother's eyes; and then sat down upon the other bed to get his breath. He spied Baba kneeling and toiling at the tread and sobbing. With a wild gesture of regret or heartbreak Ignace sprang to his feet and seemed about to cry aloud against this thing; but Ignace had a way of feeling much and saying little, so he said nothing, except to little Baba, and that most gently.

"Not gone to bed yet, Baba? Come here to daddy, child," he said, holding out long thin arms to catch the little girl who, at his first low word, had scrambled, blind with tears, up to his knee. "Trot away now, thou poor, poor sleepy birdling. Daddy will do thy task at mother's wheel. Kiss me, sweet—so! Now get to bed and dream that thou dost play in a sweet garden filled with flowers and sunshine and birds and happy—" but Baba was already sound asleep, so Ignace carried her into the inner room and laid her down.

"Well, father, it hath come at last," said Ignace after a long, long time. "The conference failed. Makkol and Mr. Prout came to no understanding, and so, unless Almighty God doth intervene, the strike will be declared—within a week, they say—and then, my God, what are we all to do?"

All the machines stopped instantly. Each of the lightless eyes stared at Ignace, whose eyes, lightless so long and vacant, had nothing in them now to show the way.

"Glad of it, yes, glad of it!" spat out Jan fiercely, "for this, of course, means fight. Better be shot at once by the police, like mere mad dogs, than to be slowly ground to death as we are ground. So, glad of it, says Jan Podboski, glad of the chance to fight and rob and burn! We are half a million strong here in Chicago, we who do sweat and starve and rot; would that the strike, say I, began tomorrow!"

"Peace, peace, my son," commanded Joachim. "How often must I tell thee that few and evil are the days of man, and that, so one doth bear with patience what God shall send, eternal rest and blessedness among the saints await us presently? But surely, Ignace, we who are willing to endure and work will be allowed to labor, murmuring not, even as heretofore? They will not take the last crumb, will they, from such as do already starve?"

"Nay, father, I read naught and hear but little, still Peter Orkaloff doth say that, once that the strike is on, no man may work—and Peter Orkaloff knoweth what I know not," replied Ignace sadly, slipping his arm about the shoulders of his wife, who had dropped her head upon her machine and was moaning softly.

"Can God forget the poor?" asked the old mother, not so much raising an impious question as making proclamation of a glorious truth.

"Nay, nay, that can He not!" cried Margaret, rising and folding a heavier shawl about her head before going out. "This very night will I begin a new novena to good St. Anthony—'twas he that got the money for Jan's machine, he who did cause that Baba died not of scarlet fever—and ye shall see now how St. Anthony——"

"St. Fiddlesticks!" laughed out a hearty voice at the room door, and waiting neither to knock nor be asked in, a man entered. On his great brush of tumbled curly hair he wore a curious astrachan cap, and carried a fiddle-case in his hand. A hulking, burly, offhand, happy-go-lucky fellow, he, strong as a bull and gentle as a girl.

"Speak of the angels! Thou'rt wel-

come, Peter Orkaloff," said Joachim, on whom tradition on all points laid a heavy hand, especially in the essential matter of hospitality; yet now his manner was constrained, for Orkaloff was said to be mixed up with sundry secret and seditious bodies; a socialist or anarchist or something worse, this Peter Orkaloff.

But the old man's suspicions weighed not with Orkaloff. He ran round the room grasping the hand of each of them in turn, slapped Jan's back soundly, pinched Margaret's cheek, kissed the old lady's wrinkled hand gallantly, and finally stood there a rock of resolution and a spring of hope, there in that desert of despair and death. For half an hour he talked to them of the impending strike, old Joachim forever eyeing him suspiciously, shaking his sad white head whenever Orkaloff led back to the futility of strikes and to the point that there could be one only way in which to set forever right the age-long wrongs of men. Jan drank in eagerly the dangerous talk, but Ignace listened dumb and unmoved by it.

"Peace, peace! I've heard enough, Peter Orkaloff, enough of thee and thy rebellious lies against the majesty and sacredness of law," thundered old Joachim at last.

Nor did the old man's wrath offend the rebel; rather it heartened him to bolder moves. He threw his mask aside and talked to them, one desperate and terribly determined man to men as desperate as he, but groping, unlike him, hopeless and helpless through the night of life.

"Out on ye!" cried Peter Orkaloff, rising and pacing back and forth, running his nervous fingers through his wild, waving hair. "Said I not well that ye are of the tribe of Issachar, of whom we read that he was a strong ass crouching between two burdens—content to be an ass under a double burden, though he was strong enough to free himself? Shame on ye, cousins mine! But now, lest ye suppose that I speak only of the general wrong, and that yourselves have naught that should make men of you, ye crouching asses—I ask ye, where is Magda? Come, tell me, where is Magda? She was to be my wife one of these days, ye said—where is she, then?"

They all stopped working and looked up at him. And Joachim, with trembling lips, begged him to tell them plainly why he did speak of Magda.

"That will I do," replied he hoarsely. "Magda is due at home at six o'clock; it is past seven. Where is she? I will tell you. She's gone to dine—to hell itself, no doubt—with John Prout's son. That's where she is—yes, hear me out, ye crouching sons of Issachar the ass! Are ye not John Prout's slaves? Has not his son a right to anything ye have, therefore? I saw this coming, while ye saw—nothing! Well, then, our Magda dines out at young Prout's favorite road-house tonight—Jan knows the place—run by Dutch Blucher, on the Des Plaines road—and—and——"

He stopped. He had observed the horror rising in their faces, but even so he was not quite prepared for the effect his words produced upon old Joachim. The old man staggered to his feet, passed his hands gropingly before his ashy face, then threw them high above his head, and with a wild cry of anguish fell face downward across the bed.

Jan rose and grabbing up his hat slouched out of the room, leaving the rest to do what might be necessary for the old man. Margaret at the door tried to prevent his going—the look in his dull eyes filled her with terror—but with an oath he shook her off and scurried down the stairs and out into the night. As soon as Joachim was found to have but swooned Peter made off to try to overtake the quickly curdling purpose which he knew well had sent Jan Podboski out into the night, for it was not yet time to turn loose on their prey these hunger-maddened wolves of the sweat-shops. He promised to come back the first thing in the morning, bringing the latest news of the great strike. So the machines worked far into the night to make up for the time lost by the visit of Peter Orkaloff and by the absence of both Jan and Magda. Nor would the work have

ceased so early as it did had not the wife of Ignace, Anna Podboski, suddenly declared her hour was come. Peter Orkaloff came, goaded by news, before daybreak, and Joachim and Ignace plied him with eager questions. Would the strike come? Had he got word of Jan? And Magda—had Peter Orkaloff heard anything of her?

Before replying, Peter looked round the room. Anna lay chattering wild and witless words, collapsed upon the bed with the child which had been born during the night. The others worked steadily at their machines, which had been pulled into the corner as far as possible from Anna's bed, while Baba sat upon the floor pulling out basting threads from the completed garments. There was no fire, although the damp March morning was cruelly cold. Indeed, since the night's agony had taken the two dollars and eighty cents for drugs and other things, breakfast would not be thought of for many days. Even the One upon the crucifix high on the wall seemed to have lost heart during that night, for His right arm had become somehow detached from the body, and now hung limp and helpless from the spike struck through the hand. No, not to such as these must Peter Orkaloff, at such an hour, break his news rudely. The wan, drawn, haunting face which Ignace lifted from his work to cast those anxious looks over at the bed—that alone was enough to make him hesitate.

Yet bit by bit did Peter Orkaloff tell them the news. The strike was on. Someone must carry back to the cutting-shop all of the garments, not waiting to complete them, for all the boss cutters had given notice to the sweaters to that end. Magda was—well, Magda would go her own way after this, coming home never. And, as for Jan, he had killed John Prout's son where he had found him and Magda, and at this moment the police were hot upon his track. Such was the news that Peter Orkaloff had to tell Joachim Podboski and Ignace and the rest. Without a word Ignace ran down the stairs and out upon the street.

As day came on, Anna's delirium increased, and it was when Margaret had gone to see whether the police could tell her where help of some sort—a doctor, nurse, help of some kind—might be procured, that the worst befell. Just before daylight Jan stumbled up the stairs, hatless and flushed with drink, begging them to hide him, save him, swear that he was not home. While he was still talking thus, and Joachim and Peter and the boy's mother were trying to quiet him for Anna's sake, there was a great commotion upon the stairs, and presently some man broke in the door with his shoulder, and four or five policemen and many neighbors rushed into the room.

"That's him! That's him!" shouted a man who had a grudge, as many others had, against straight-talking and straight-hitting Jan Podboski.

Two of the policemen sprang forward to take Jan, but only one of them reached him where he stood glaring like a mad bull, for Jan had hurled the heavy wooden cover of his machine full at the officer's head and felled him. A third policeman came to the other's rescue and several men helped throw Jan upon the floor, where he fought savagely, biting and kicking and scratching and striking like a madman. Old Joachim and his wife stood paralyzed with grief and shame and horror in a far corner; Peter had caught up Baba in his arms and tried to quiet her; and no one thought of Anna and the baby on the bed. The madness of her delirium had come to a strange end the instant that she had seen the crowd of officers and neighbors burst into the room, and as the frightful struggle on the floor went on, she sat up in the bed and watched. The light in her big, sunken eyes was not the feverish light of mere delirium; it was the lurid, nameless light of madness. Under it all her mind had suddenly collapsed forever. She leaped from the bed and stood there shrieking.

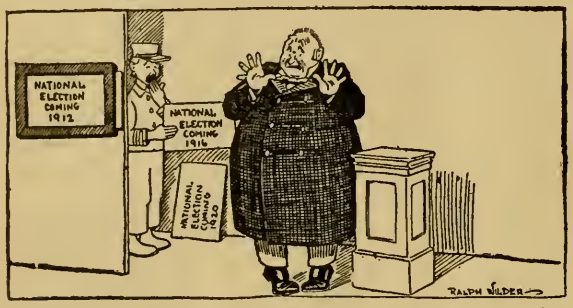
Even those fighting on the floor forgot their fury as they beheld the white, mad face and heard her ghoulish cries. So stunned were all by Anna's sudden

move that no one acted, and the lost creature grabbed up her baby from the bed and dashed its brains out with the blows she struck with the tiny weapon upon the helmets of the policemen who sought to take her brother. When she had done, and men at last sprang forward to seize her arms, the baby had been battered into a shapeless mass.

It was all over in a moment. Jan staggered to his feet and begged them to take him—anywhere out of this hell. They took him off, leaving one officer to guard the new pest-hole of crime and chaos, the home of the Podboski gang of dangerous foreigners, and the mother-murderess. The neighbors were also driven out, so that within the home where patient, Christian folk had tried so hard to live out their brief hour without complaint or sin, the terror-stricken family of Joachim Podboski enjoyed a few moments of privacy before whatever ruin was to fall had fallen upon them. The father and mother lifted Anna back upon the bed, while Margaret and Peter—vainly endeavoring not to let Baba know just what they did—gathered up the sickening fragments of the human life which had begun its fight, so mercifully short, only five hours before. Before the captain and his men arrived to carry Anna off she had considerately simplified the situation of her kindred by quietly dropping out of their future calculations. She was quite dead when the big captain shook her shoulder—quite the best thing that could have happened under the circumstances. From many points of view dying is strongly to be recommended to virtuous, hard-working people who, although they work all of the time, manage to earn less than will keep body and soul together in any decent partnership. Anna was dead: without so much as mentioning her intention to the rest, she had pulled up the rags over her face and immensely improved the outlook for her people by simply dying. An altogether sensible and practical way to make home happier.

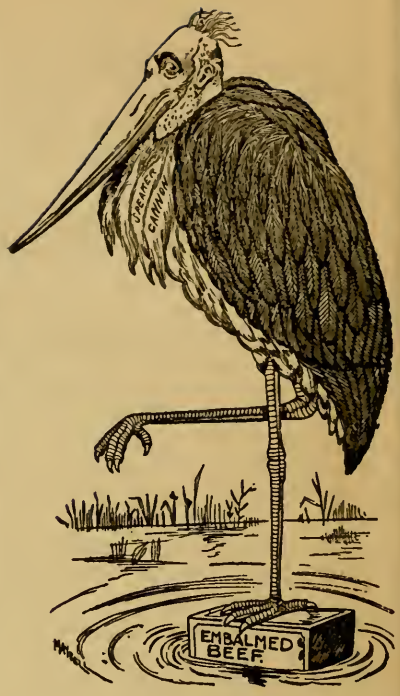
The police had gone. Old Joachim and his wife were kneeling by their dead. Margaret had lighted a candle and set it at the foot of the bed, and was trying to hush Baba, who was crying for her mother. Then the door opened, and Ignace stood looking in upon his home. Peter alone saw him; he saw that Issachar the ass had thrown off both the burdens and turned lion. It was the same Ignace Podboski; but the infinite, the awful look of patience was gone from his gentle eyes forever. The last turn in the screw had crushed his broken heart past all God's power to comfort.

Standpat Orator, 1906—"What! Revise the tariff now, with a national campaign coming in 1908?!! Why, it would ruin the party!"

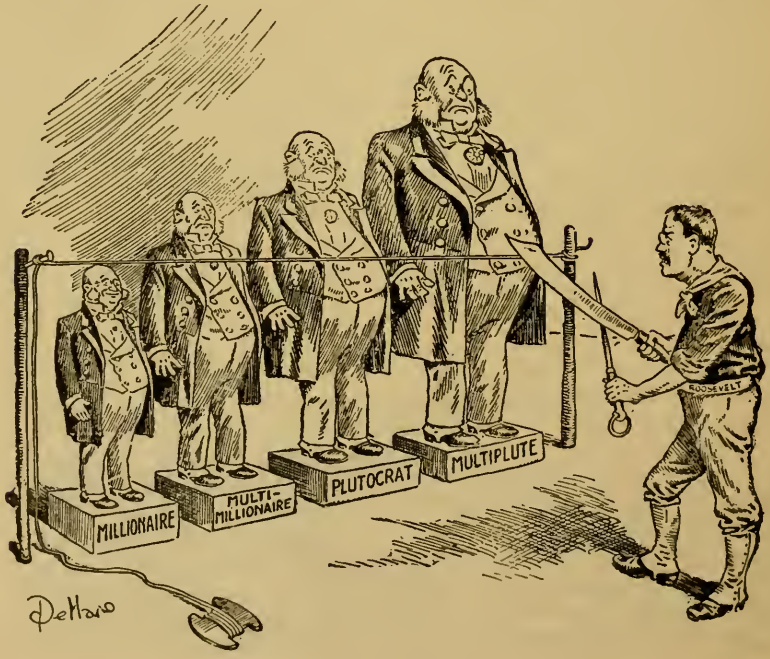


In 1908—"Oh, my friends! Do not touch the tariff! Remember! A national election occurs in 1912! Let us not be hasty!"

WHEN TO REVISE THE TARIFF
Ralph Wilder, in Chicago Record-Herald.



Standing Pat
Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle.



He's Going to Cut Them Down to the Millionaire Level
De Mar, in Philadelphia Record.

The Victories of Populism

BY JAMES H. FERRISS

(*Chairman People's Party National Committee*)

(Speech delivered by Mr. Ferriss at the opening of the St. Louis conference, June 27, 1906.—THE EDITORS.)

THESE are great days. In American politics the situation is keenly interesting. Explosions, earthquakes or fireworks of some kind hourly occur. There has been nothing like it in our time. Upon the firing line, at the very front, it is a pleasure to find a Populist, cool and self-contained, pleased with his party, at peace with all mankind and quite a general favorite. He is called upon to pitch the tune and lead the way. He is the political pilot.

Every Populist has become a political university more or less, and every word of his speech is now required to stand out true as a die, shorn of all garnishment or folly.

Occupying mid ground between the extreme Socialists and the extreme conservatives, the party has secured greater concessions for the people than any other party in our time. This midway position was not selected merely as a point of vantage. No, the position was the correct one, the demands were just, the measures reasonable. Thus, where we have not come in completely triumphant we are still a-coming.

Senator Elkins asks for the best in Socialism and individualism. We have it. He may go further to find it, for these days are full of surprises, but if he continues the seeking he will wind up, tie his steed at the door of Populism.

Our party was established to overcome the predatory classes; to inject more honesty into politics and into the administration of the Government. The grafters and pillagers had complete possession of the politicians, the press and all avenues of general information. To organize became the policy, far back as the early seventies. There was nothing else to do.

The pillagers had possession of the financial system and the transportation. History possibly gives no example of national dishonor and debauchery equal to this epoch that began in the sixties. From pills and matches, needles and pins, to pork, fuel and the highways, organized, legalized and uniformed Dick Turpins held the people at bay. For some years the life of the Republic hung in the balance.

One or two persons sometimes may turn the balance. A few courageous spirits attempted this. A few pamphlets were circulated. Alexander Campbell and Richard Trevelick gathered a following. The former rallied the farmers, went to Congress and framed our financial plank.

Trevelick rallied the laborers to nominate Judge David Davis at Cleveland for the Presidency, but Davis refused the honor. Following this disappointment the leaders became ostracized by society, discredited in business, impoverished, but the cause moved on, and the party has held many conventions as large and strenuous as any party has held.

Probably no cause has given greater exhibitions of moral courage. No party has shown more persistence, patience or faith in the Government. Many here today have given the best thirty years of their lives to the cause. Thousands who desire to be here, with

the zeal of fanatics and the patriotism of '76, have given all their property as well as their services and are not here.

From the very first the situation was plainly understood. Money, transportation and land, in order, lead their demands. To secure for business a fair deal was their purpose.

As to private corporations, in their opinion, permission to coöperate in a capital stock was sufficient. There should be no special privileges, no monopoly, no restraint of trade, no oppression or tyranny of any form; no oligarchy; no government within a government.

There has been no dominant issue for one campaign here, with defeat to be followed by another dominant issue in another campaign. Nor has the party been accused of bouncing back and forth from one extreme to the other—from hard to soft, and from soft to hard again. There has been no inconsistency.

We meet today, not to change the issues; not to change the platform; not to change at all, but to go forward in a cause that has made the name Populist a synonym for progress, honor, good sense, and has made the Populist proud that he is a Pop.

We met here to transact the routine business of our committees, to strengthen their hearts and to improve their campaigning.

This is the first meeting held by the national committee since the official healing of the differences between the mid-road and fusion factions of the party, and to these assembled the meeting is one of much pleasure and satisfaction.

The party is at peace within itself. The nation smiles with us, believes in our sincerity and rejoices in our success. Since peace came to the party—a coincidence, no doubt—the nation politically has turned about face. The people, not the money barons, now make progress in the ascendency.

The calamity howlers are now the boosters. That which was black, that which was called anarchy then or a discredit to the Government at home and abroad, is now white; also, fair and patriotic. Those who dislike the situation, by the way, are having the truth driven home to them with a big stick, a muck-rake, or some other useful implement, and are made to say it is good. Every succeeding day brings to the people more of their own. Hour by hour those who would pillage and despoil get what is coming to them.

Since commencing this report notice has been given in the press that the Federal Government proposes to enjoin, to prosecute criminally or otherwise punish Standard Oil, the Tobacco, Drug, Elevator, Beef, Sugar and the Northwestern Paper Trusts, some of the railroads and the St. Louis Terminal Association.

Since arrival upon this soil made holy by Folk in his attack upon the boodlers in his own or any other party the La Follette resolution to investigate the grain-buying trust has passed the senate; the circuit court here has decided that a trust cannot collect its bills by law; the local circuit attorney has opened war on the Ice Trust, and the awful report comes from Toledo that a millionaire and four other ice men have been fined thousands of dollars and sent to the penitentiary for kiting ice.

At the time this committee was selected conditions were unusual. It was then desired to select those peculiarly adapted for the duty of continuing the home rule features of the Denver agreement. Since the campaign of 1896 there have been various factions divided in their opinions as to the party policy, though remaining united upon the national platform. Those who were true to our national policy were united by the Denver agreement to remain federated upon the Federal platform—be their state issue what it may.

This agreement was carried out by the committee fairly well.

Today there are no disorganizing or discordant spirits upon the national committee or in the party.

The campaign, however, considering the advantages possessed in a gallant leader, the peer of any statesman, was

not such a campaign as the hopeful could reasonably expect. For this class of work your committee was not brilliantly qualified. They were not financiers and their campaign treasury is still $500 or more to the bad. They did not kindle the fires upon every hilltop.

At this point a word of caution or advice is timely. Look about for talent peculiarly adapted for this work. Seek those who are not only true, but have the knack and tact to arouse every member into action; to obtain the cöoperation of every person or organization standing upon the Springfield platform. Bring these campaigners into action and again place pickets at the forks of the road; rally the rurals at the little schoolhouses, and with torches and drums bring the dormant cities into life. Four-fifths of the people believe in our planks, it is stated here today, and the statement is true. Get those who are converted together—call our convention early. Set the prairies on fire.

As to the cause itself, there is great encouragement, and the Populist blood tingles with enthusiasm at every step of advancement. Following party dissensions, possibly it was not to be expected that the numbers answering the roll-call would be large. No walls bursted by our numbers have been reported—but our gathering is larger than expected, and the quality is fine. Scientific principles, desirable measures, eternal truth do not depend altogether upon overwhelming majorities. The earth is not made flat by bands of music or tribunes arrayed in splendor. Thus it is enough for us that the spirit of the nation is fine, that it is the American spirit, that politicians and statesmen are turning to the people.

It is not impossible that the philosopher should foresee the progress of the Republic. Following the cruel and barbaric experience of the sixties, our nation in politics and commerce was left with more or less of a majority in the hands of those possessing the views of the sutler, contractor, grafter and Shylock. To be a victor, to conquer, to tread upon and destroy, continued the aim and object of life and of money-getting. It was merely the natural course of events. Now a change has come. The conditions are reversed, and a philosopher may as clearly foresee from the commencement made what the end will be. The Populist demands will be carried to victory in every instance.

Those captains in warfare were no more cruel, no more tyrannical, than those satraps of industry and their allies in the civil offices. Not guerrillas all, but guerrillas some. The financial combine inflated and contracted the currency, uplifted and impoverished their fellow-men as it suited their selfish gain or advancement and reversed these conditions at comparatively regular intervals and with scientific accuracy.

Other trusts cheated or oppressed merely their own customers, but this king-pin of all trusts, by adding to the value of the dollar, disorganized and impoverished all occupations. The orphans, widows, non-combatants as well had the value of their property and labor taken by theft, and often for long periods opportunity to toil in any occupation was not to be found at any price.

The history of the enterprising manufacturer and business man was a series of false hopes and utter disaster. The agriculturist and the toilers were other names only for the impoverished. As late as the convention in this city in 1896, some of our delegates beat their way upon the trains and slept here in freight cars. Some walked. It is not so now. Clothing, politeness and the common civilities no longer indicate political or sectional lines. You are as well dressed as the kings of finance; your manners are as soft and you have more hair on your heads.

Money issued without the intervention of banks owned by the Government, the volume controlled by the Government, has been the dominant plank in every platform.

The victory, in this instance, is far from being complete, but the conces-

sions are large, perhaps as large and as rapidly received as our civilization would properly digest. The quantitative theory is now the accepted doctrine of the boards of trade and financial reports. We are no longer irritated with ponderous essays from ponderous people upon the immutable law of overproduction.

None have the courage to demonstrate with statistics that prices have an unnatural and abnormal value, or by undeniable scripture that poverty is a human blessing. And it is no longer claimed that arsenic is the proper food for a man out of a job.

For several months financial panics have not been defined as movements of the Deity by Jimmie Eckles. The terms "Honest Dollar," "repudiatorists," "anarchists," "Rag Baby," "discrediting the Government" would sound strange in these days. Yea, verily, a voice from the tomb.

For a little while the financiers have become our friends. Money in sufficient quantity is their theme. Elastic currency, though a pretense upon their part, is based upon and is a recognition of the quantitative theory.

When one of their number is in distress they rush to his rescue that the business world may not be interrupted in its legitimate occupation. Our great magazines and dailies strive to outdo each other in their zeal, and the most popular writers, authors and cartoonists are members of our own party. They have fire, spirit. They sniff freedom, do not cringe. The American idea is aroused and demands up-to-date material, fresh from the furnace.

Public sentiment and business methods are something. But this movement must go forward until the Government has every detail of the currency and the savings bank features in its possession and nailed down. Public sentiment and business usages are too unstable, too changeable for principles in which the life and death of our honorable occupations are involved. The law must reach out until all receive protection, are made secure. Tinkering the currency with "elastic" devices, or any other form of wildcat currency, cannot be permitted.

In my own city, half a block from my own den, is the den of the chief of the Republican machine of the congressional district, a leader in the machine of the state, a professional politician, who has introduced a bill into Congress for national postal savings banks, as well written as any Populist could write it.

Whether the Hon. Howard N. Snapp, the author, will push it as valiantly as he should is not known, but he believes in it and would be glad to have it succeed.

In our part of the country Populists do not perform all the progressive work that is performed. In the other parties are men who help. Some are earnest and honest. Some are fooling, but, as the rule goes, they mean well, and with their assistance, good or bad, the Populist cause prevails.

The right of labor to organize is generally conceded. It is their right to receive the same protection as others receive, in court or elsewhere. This is public opinion today, and their great leaders, Gompers and Mitchell, are enrolled among the few foremost men of the nation.

The initiative and referendum measure gains continually. Messrs. Pomeroy and Shibley, who make this issue a specialty in this camp today, in the Republican, Democratic or women's club camp tomorrow, are greatly encouraged and honored.

The rate bill does not meet Populist demands, but it is a step. It shows at least that the statesmen desire to do something. Populists will push on for Government ownership of those industries possessing Government functions. The lines of communication and transportation, railroads, telegraph and telephones, the currency and savings institutions, in the interest of individual prosperity, national security and good-will, are destined to become the property of your Uncle Sam.

The land and timber thieves are

securing their just due. The Government is rapidly turning the arid lands into cultivated fields, and the prospect that the coal, gas and oil lands will be retained is good.

In short, all these planks, and all these measures for which we have contended, have become the very centre of American activities. For our own purpose, it should be known that these are the identical measures for which we have contended, and that they are successful.

Others have done noble service. Theodore Roosevelt, Senator La Follette and Thomas Lawson. W. J. Bryan, Governor Folk and W. R. Hearst, nicknamed Populists by their Wall Street despisers, are the great men of their parties, and it is their Populist tendencies alone that have made them more highly esteemed than their ordinary fellow-partisans. It is so recognized by their party managers, for Bryan, Hearst and Folk will be taken to defeat a Republican for the Presidency. Likewise the Republicans understand they can defeat the Democrats with no other than Roosevelt.

The Populists are sincere in their professions of patriotism. To these every plank of the platform is a commandment of Holy Writ. Whoever carries one of these measures forward will be gladly accorded the honors of victory, and shall be so respected. The aged and battered Populist will not permit any to applaud with more joyfulness.

The general tendency for reform is revealed in the organization of new parties for labor and public ownership in various parts of the nation, practically along Populist lines. Attempts are being made to gather these under one banner for the campaign of 1908.

The People's Party club organization, under the leadership of President Bentley, is an organization of great merit, and should be most liberally supported and have our chief attention here.

The preliminaries to the national convention of 1908 should be considered at this time.

The committee are urged to take the opportunity with plenty of time and thoroughly discuss these and such other measures as may be of benefit to the party.

Disciplined by experience, the Populists can be depended upon to keep their course true. There will be no confusion, no side-stepping, in their ranks. Those disputing the wisdom of party management to the extent of returning to the old parties retained their ideas of right and wrong, carried their convictions with them. To be a Populist at all is to be a Populist always, and with assistance from many sources in these flood-times of activity great popularity is in store for the book of Populism in the near future.

In a Government the best possible there should be opportunities for the people themselves, and believing this the Populist will continue pointing the way, stronger year by year, doing his part with the joyfulness of a Cavalier, the integrity of a Puritan.

A Desideratum

"I TAKES pleasure in denouncin' de festival and eyster supper, to be perpetrated by de ladies on next Friday night, in de chapel, yuh, for de benefit of de organ fund," said good old Parson Bagster, at the conclusion of a recent sermon. "An entertainin' program will be dispensed wid, and a perspirin' and enervatin' time will be had. Come early, muh friends, but come sober, and don't bring yo' razzers. De choir will now please vociferate."

Along the Firing Line

BY CHARLES Q. DeFRANCE

Secretary People's Party National Committee

THE St. Louis meetings, June 27-28, exceeded the fondest expectations of those concerned in them, in point of attendance, in the interest manifested, and in results attained. The address "to the American People" by the People's Party National Committee will give new heart to those thousands of Populists who had become discouraged and were beginning to feel that the party organization is dead. It has already caused the plutocratic press to "sit up and take notice." All the New York papers gave space to the news from St. Louis—even the *Sun* quoting from that part of the address referring to the money question. And the St. Louis papers gave very full reports.

The revival of the Reform Press Association is one of the good things accomplished, and I hope to see every reform publication become a member. Write today to the president, Col. J. M. Mallett, editor of *The Watchman*, Cleburne, Tex., and make application for membership. This association can be a power for good if the "boys" will take hold with a will.

The People's Party Clubs organization, headed by Col. H. L. Bentley, of Abilene, Tex., can now be pushed to the utmost. Some funds will be needed to carry on the work, but these ought to be forthcoming, now that Populists know what action was taken at St. Louis. The Conference Provisional Committee work will go on rapidly under Mr. Forrest's direction.

But best of all, for immediate use, as I view it, is the Shibley resolution, as it indicates a course of procedure for every portion of the country. It contemplates the organization of a People's Party Club in each county not already organized; and that each local organization—whether regular committee or club—at once question the old party (or *all*) candidates, and publish their replies. If these replies are satisfactory—and the People's Party is too weak to win or make a good showing in a three-cornered fight—no Populist nomination will be made. But "wherever necessary to the success of the cause a (People's Party) candidate shall be nominated." The questions, of course, will relate to measures involving Populist principles. Forms may be had by writing Geo. H. Shibley, Bliss Building, Washington, D. C., together with valuable instructions as to the most effective methods of questioning the candidates.

. . . . .

"The best laid plans o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." I had confidently expected to give in this department this month a full report of the St. Louis meetings from information gained at first hand by being present thereat. But at the last moment important business here prevented, and the report must be made up from facts gleaned at second hand.

It is well known to Populists that one must be chary about forming permanent impressions through reading reports given in the daily press. These are usually fairly accurate as to matters of fact, but when the reporter attempts to inject his impressions and conclusions into the report, it is necessary for the reader to be careful.

From a reading of the St. Louis papers one is impressed that the St. Louis meetings were of historic importance. The *Globe-Democrat* of June 29 contained two long editorials regarding the meetings. I quote from one of these:

This St. Louis Populist gathering will undoubtedly make some history. The union of all the Radical ingredients of the electorate for which it prepares the way means a far more formidable demonstration by the Third Party men than has been made in recent years, but it will be under a new name and different affiliations and leadership.

According to newspaper reports, the meetings were unusually stormy. This, if true, goes to show that those present were terribly in earnest. Except for a misunderstanding between Samuel W. Williams, of Indiana, and Jay W. Forrest, of New York, there seems to have been no exhibition of ill feeling. Mr. Williams apparently labored under the impression that Mr. Forrest's organization contemplates the destruction of the People's Party. This is not the case, but I can readily understand how a Populist from the Middle West might gain such an impression. In the East, where the People's Party has never been very strong, the members of it are not so firmly wedded to the party name. In the West, where the party has been strong enough to carry elections, it has resulted in a sort of party pride in the name, similar to that pride which keeps many a radical in the Republican or Democratic Party, regardless of the platform. During the earlier stages of our party existence we all jeered more or less at what we were pleased to call "partisan insanity"; but as the years went by we began to be affected somewhat like members of the old parties. Of course, we had the satisfaction of knowing that our fundamental principles as enunciated in the successive platforms had remained unchanged; but, nevertheless, we became imbued with a love for the party name, just as members of other organizations are affected. This is wholly natural, and at bottom is the prime cohesive force in society.

I take it that no member of the People's Party, who has been in the ranks since 1892, has any desire to drop the party name unless he could be convinced that by so doing the party principles could be enacted into law. From a number of conversations with Mr. Forrest, I happen to know that he is a thorough Populist, but he cares much less for names than for principles. And if the trend of radical opinion demands the organization of a new party, he is willing to aid, although personally he might prefer to retain the old name and organization. This seems to be the attitude of a large number of Populists; but the St. Louis meeting showed that there is no reason for dropping the name, so the work of organizing People's Party Clubs can go on without interruption.

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Failing to be present, I wired Chairman Ferriss and Mr. Forrest for a report of the meetings. Mr. Forrest reports as follows:

At St. Louis June 27 and 28, at a national conference of the People's Party National Committee, the Federated People's Party Clubs, the National Reform Press Association and the Conference Provisional Committee, was held the largest meeting of the reform forces held in recent years. Delegates were present from California on the west, New York on the east, Florida on the south and Maine on the north. Every state in the Union was represented.

From every section of the United States the call of Radicalism was heard. As in times of a great local crisis the first thought was a Committee of Public Safety, so at St. Louis the cry was: A union of all the Radical reform forces under the head of a great National Provisional Committee. Each of the various reform forces in the United States becoming an integral part of the great central organization of Radicalism—without in any way losing their present identity. The following are the resolutions adopted by the People's Party National Committee, the Federated People's Party Clubs, the National Reform Press Association and the Conference Provisional Committee:

"RESOLVED, That this conference of the People's Party heartily agrees in the work being performed by the Conference Provisional Committee, and that the Executive Committee of the National Provisional Committee be made up of the chairman of the People's Party National Committee, the chairman of the Federated People's

Party Clubs, the president of the National Reform Press Association, and the president of any state or national reform organizations in the United States who are in accord with the principles of the Springfield platform, and who are ready and willing to act independently of the two old parties."

The Executive Committee of the National Provisional Committee, as now constituted, is as follows: Chairman, Jay W. Forrest, Albany, N. Y.; James H. Ferriss, Joliet, Ill.; H. L. Bentley, Abilene, Tex., and J. M. Mallett, Cleburne, Tex.

The chairman of any state or national reform organization may become a member of the Executive Committee. National Headquarters will be opened at Albany, N. Y., at once.

The National Provisional Committee will work to the end that there will be a complete union of all the reform forces in the United States into one great Radical convention in 1908.

To that end all Radicals are to be enrolled into the National Guards, which shall consist of all those who sign the following pledge, and to whom will be sent a button, background red, white and blue, with the words "National Guards."

THE PLEDGE

THE NATIONAL PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE

I, as an American citizen, irrespective of former party affiliations, do hereby pledge myself not to vote for any candidate for office who does not stand squarely on the following platform:

The issuing of money is a function of Government, and should never be delegated to corporations or individuals. The Constitution gives to Congress alone power to coin money and regulate its value.

We demand, therefore, that all money shall be issued by the Government in such quantity as shall maintain stability in prices, every dollar to be a full legal tender none of which shall be a debt redeemable in other money.

The Initiative and Referendum and Recall.

Direct nominations.

Government Ownership.

Municipal Ownership.

And I hereby request that my name be enrolled as a member of the National Guard.

Name.....

Address.....

Street and Number or R. F. D.....

In politics I am a.....

.....

.....

It is the purpose between now and the convention in 1908 to secure 2,000,000 pledges, or, in other words, the name, address and pledge of two million men to vote for a return of the old ship of state to its original moorings where no class was favored at the expense of another; no class enriched at the expense of another; no class given a privilege or a power which was not shared by all.

The meeting at St. Louis has paved the way. By the formation and support of the National Provisional Committee, irrespective of their former party affiliations, the voters of the United States can help to clear the way for future progress, and make easier the pathway which leads to human freedom.

"Come, clear the way then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day,
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this event the ages ran;
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for man."

Send your name and address at once and literature will be sent to you.

JAY W. FORREST,
859 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.
Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Provisional Committee.

. . . . .

A committee composed of Thos. E. Watson, Thos. H. Tibbles and Paul J. Dixon was named to raise about $5,000 to defray the expenses of Col. H. L. Bentley, of Abilene, Tex., in organizing People's Party Clubs in each county of the United States. Col. J. M. Mallett, of Cleburne, Tex., was elected treasurer and will be custodian of the organization's funds.

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George H. Shibley, president of the People's Sovereignty League of America, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

WHEREAS, In this year's campaign and election, a National House of Representatives is to be elected, forty legislatures are to be chosen, and these legislative bodies will elect one-third of the United States Senate; and,

WHEREAS, The American Federation of Labor, 2,000,000 strong, the People's Sovereignty League of America and affiliated referendum leagues, also the National Direct Legislation League and affiliated organizations, are centering their efforts on a program for the immediate termination of machine rule, by establishing a national direct vote system for proposing amendments concerning trusts, government by injunction, hours and conditions of labor, immigration, postal savings banks, civil service, including the election of fourth-class postmasters, direct election of United States senators, direct nomination of President and Vice-President, senators and congressmen, direct initiative and optional

referendum, and proportional representation in the National House of Representatives: and,

WHEREAS, The plan of campaign is the universal questioning of candidates by organizations and individuals, through the mails and the press, in private and on the stump; therefore be it

Resolved. That the People's Party National Committee and the National Conference, assembled in St. Louis, June 27 and 28, welcome these reinforcements for the people's cause, and urgently request the People's Party organization throughout the land to make this program for the immediate reëstablishment of freedom the dominant issue of this year's campaign, and to that end the following line of action is recommended:

1. That each local organization of the People's Party—committees and clubs—shall immediately question the candidates in their respective districts, and publish the replies, thereby preventing an evasion of the issue by the old-line politicians.

2. That wherever necessary to the success of the cause, a candidate shall be nominated.

3. That at a date hereafter to be selected and named, a People's Party Club be formed in each county that is not organized.

4. That each citizen who desires to keep posted concerning the progress of the campaign shall subscribe for a Populist newspaper.

. . . . .

The following address was prepared by the Committee on Platform, and unanimously adopted. The committee consisted of Jas. H. Ferriss, Illinois, chairman; Thos. H. Tibbles, of Nebraska; Flavius J. Van Voorhis, of Indiana; I. A. Wesson, of Kentucky; George Wicksin, of Illinois; I. D. Burdick, of Indian Territory; A. H. Livingston, of Missouri; James W. Biard, of Texas; R. H. Cleveland, of Tennessee; Joseph A. Wright, of Kansas; J. H. Burnett, of Georgia; D. L. McKinnon, of Florida; George H. Shibley, of Delaware, and J. S. Allen, of Oklahoma. The address follows:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The National Conference of the People's Party, assembled at St. Louis, June 27-28, 1906, looks back upon the contests that have been made by the party with satisfaction.

It is joyful over the general acceptance of the doctrines which the party has advocated. Every political party has adopted part of them, and there is every reason to believe that the principles we have advocated will, in the near future, be the foundation of the policies of the American people.

During the last few years there has been a continual demonstration of the correctness of the economic principles declared by our party conventions. The so-called "fifty-cent" dollar has saved the nation from business disaster. When the decreasing power of the dollar began to be felt in commerce, the hard times began to disappear, and as the decrease continued, prosperity became more general. Duties on imports have remained unchanged; transportation has remained in the same hands; no new land laws have been enacted; and the change from bankruptcy and ruin to business activity can be credited to nothing except the increase in the volume of money, and the tremendous and alarming inflation of bank credits that have been used in business as money equivalents. Our contention has never been for any God-ordained money metal, but for an increase in the volume of money sufficient to restore and maintain stability in the price level. It has been completely demonstrated that the party was right in its advocacy of the quantitative theory of money, and this economic theory will probably never again be denied. There is no exception to the law of supply and demand. The quantitative theory is the application of this law to money. Although this question is now well settled, the money question remains as important as it ever has been.

Money is the creature of law. Nothing can be legal tender (standard of payment) money except as the law makes it so. Such a statement is no longer called anarchistic. It is an axiom so plain that no intelligent and well-informed man can seriously deny it. That the Government ought not to delegate to a private corporation its prerogative to issue money is an axiom just as sound. There would be no objection to this axiom were it not that such a privilege granted to banks is a source of great profit to them. The present policy of delegating the Governmental prerogative to issue money, and the proposed issuance of asset currency, are questions of grave and pressing importance.

There are other principles of the party that are not accepted in full, and the party's mission will not be fulfilled until the questions concerning monopoly, transportation, machine rule, control of the avenues of information, the censorship of the post-office department, and other questions have been settled.

Experience has taught that unlimited power in private hands is dangerous to the public welfare. Every private monopoly is the exercise of such power within its field of action. All monopolies should be owned and operated by the whole people. This doctrine has been widely adopted except in the United States, and in some degree here. Wherever adopted, the people will

not listen to any argument in favor of a return to government control of monopolies in private hands.

The demand that United States senators should be elected by the people instead of by legislatures was first declared in the platform of the People's Party, and is now advocated by practically the entire nation.

The demand for a parcels post and postal note system is being insisted upon everywhere. These demands were first made by the People's Party.

We are opposed to any tariff that in its administration operates for the benefit of American Trust combinations, which sell to foreigners cheaper than to American consumers.

Wherever any of the principles of the party have been enacted into law there has been a unanimous indorsement of them. This is particularly so in regard to the rural free delivery, secured by the Hon. Thomas E. Watson while a member of Congress.

The growing evils, such as government by injunction, militarism, autocracy in the post-office, and in all of the other departments of the government, graft and favoritism everywhere, are merely the expression of an increasing degeneracy in the machine rule system, which will be terminated as rapidly as the people's sovereignty is reëstablished. Oregon, Los Angeles and other direct legislation cities in America, also Switzerland, are shining examples of the results which follow the reëstablishment of a direct vote system in legislation.

The direction toward which our political system is to develop is beyond question; the only problem is: How best can we promote the cause?

A calm review of what has been accomplished is inspiring: the people's sovereignty has been established in Oregon and South Dakota; the referendum exists in Nevada; the advisory initiative is installed within the parties in Texas; a public opinion system is in use in Illinois, and by its use public ownership of street railways in Chicago is being accomplished; this autumn the people of Montana and Delaware are to vote upon the establishment of their own sovereignty—in Montana the question is the adoption of a constitutional amendment for the initiative and referendum; in Delaware the vote will be upon the enactment of an advisory initiative and advisory referendum system; in Ohio a two-thirds vote in both houses is pledged to the submission of a constitutional amendment for the initiative and referendum; in Maine the people are sure of a constitutional amendment; while in other states and nationally the program for the reëstablishment of the people's sovereignty is making rapid progress.

The moving power has not been the old party machines. It has been the seed sown and the work done by the People's Party supplemented by the work of Populist Clubs and the efforts of non-partisan organizations —the Labor Unions, Granges, Farmers' Unions, Woman Suffrage Associations, and other organizations.

During the past year the growth of People's Party Clubs has been phenomenal; as also is the expressed desire by individuals that efforts for reform be centered on the initiative and referendum, direct nominations and public ownership of monopoly.

To expand the club organization till it shall reach every county in the land is the political need of the hour.

We recognize with pleasure the growing tendency toward coöperation at the polls and the purpose to vote together of all the reform organizations that have for their object the welfare of the people and the upliftmg of humanity. This conference recommends any and all reasonable and proper effort to promote such coöperation.

. . . . .

The following committee was named to draft a constitution and by-laws for the People's Party Clubs: H. L. Bentley, of Texas, chairman; A. W. Files, of Arkansas; M. V. Rork, of California; J. J. Hollaway, of Georgia; A. C. Van Tine, of Illinois; Fred. J. S. Robinson, of Indiana; J. R. Norman, of Iowa; J. A. Parker, of Kentucky; R. Brewer, of Mississippi; J. M. London, of Missouri; S. W. Williams, of Indiana; Jay W. Forrest, of New York; R. H. Reemelin, of Ohio; H. J. Mullins, of Tennessee, and J. M. Mallett, of Texas.

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The spirit of political unrest and breaking down of party lines is becoming widespread. Up in Vermont there is a revolt against the Proctor machine, and the independent Republicans and Democrats have fused on a state ticket, headed by Percival W. Clement, of Rutland.

Over in Pennsylvania some time ago the Lincoln Republicans nominated for governor Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford—famous for his strong fight against the Standard Oil Trust. Later the Democrats met and indorsed Emery and completed the ticket. It is expected that the Lincoln Republicans will meet again and indorse the Democratic nominees, thus completing the fusion. No fusion, however, will be attempted on congressional candidates.

The Massachusetts Prohibitionists nominated for governor John B.

Moran, who last year proved the value of advertising by running independently for district attorney, and winning hands down, by paying for space in the papers to tell what he would do if elected. This is only another phase of the Shibley program for questioning candidates. Moran did not wait for a body of men to interrogate him—he took the initiative and spoke first; and it won. He stands a good show of securing the Democratic indorsement, if the rank and file can dominate the machine.

. . . . .

Honorable Alexander Del Mar, formerly of New York, has removed to St. Louis. He has been made member of the People's Party National Committee, *vice* A. E. Nelson, and elected president of the Federation of People's Party Clubs of Missouri. Mr. Del Mar is well known as a writer on political economy, the precious metals, and kindred subjects. Probably no other writer has so thorough a knowledge of the history of money, coins, coinage, etc.

. . . . .

Carl Browne, "the man who dared to walk on Rothschild's sacred grass," is publishing a unique paper at Calistoga, Cal. "The only perambulating paper printed in the world," Carl avers. It's a real "hand-painted" affair, the entire work being done on a mimeograph, the lettering and illustrations carefully worked up in Carl's most pleasing style. *Carl's Cactus* (the name of this interesting sheet) has already reached Volume II, No. 23, and hasn't skiddooed yet. That he is the same Carl Browne who marched with Coxey's "petition in boots" to Washington in the early '90s—only more mature—may be inferred from this editorial in the *Cactus* of May 27:

I have just read the latest *Appeal to Reason* and WATSON'S MAGAZINE for April, and am in a quandary—or was. Like other admirers of the great and good "Tom" Watson, for whom I voted in 1904, Socialism had almost captivated me, the picture is so pretty. But here comes "Tom" with his incisive knife and lays bare the terrible tantalizing *truth*, that man is not made, today, perfect enough for Socialism—*full Socialism*, any more than the negro was fit for citizenship at the end of the Civil War. And that land is not the whole trouble—but that *usury is*, And I find myself back again at Omaha in 1892. I see the grand galaxy gathered in the Coliseum on July 4! Hear the burning words that blistered the Money Power, and remember the greeting at Alliance meetings through Nebraska and Colorado, as I campaigned back home to vote with *two million others* for Freedom from Fraud and Rothschild Rule! Alas, to be sidetracked! I forget all about the chagrin of Fusion-*failure!* Of Bryan bitterness, and bad business, trying to lead us to Parker pusillanimity, and remember the old schoolboy adage, "*try again*," and so say: "I will! and if all the rest of the two million—living—would do the same—like Jonah's gourd—we would be an invincible army in a night!" Like Minerva, full panoplied for the fight!

As in 1860 the Republican Party came in between the two extremes, so the People's Party may now come in between the two extremes of rabid capitalism and rabid Socialism—*and win with Watson and wisdom*—for they are synonymous to all who read his writings—the ablest being penned by mortal man today.

State Chairman, D. P. Rice has been urging me to circulate petitions for a state convention, and to wheel the *Cactus* into line for a state ticket this fall, and so here goes! For I have made up my mind that all that is *good in Socialism* will come through the natural transition of the People's Party—the *first party to declare for public ownership*, and for *direct legislation*, to *cure* congressional *stockholders* in *all corporations and trusts*.

. . . . .

Frank H. Bode, Springfield, Ill., wants a copy of Norton's "Ten Men of Money Island." Who knows where the book may be had?

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The Populists of Kansas, early in June (but too late for our July number) issued a call for a state convention to be held in Topeka July 4. The call was not, however, for a partisan convention—but being signed by members of the People's Party National Committee, I used the term "Populist." The movement is really in line with the Shibley resolution passed at St. Louis.

"It is intended," said Judge Edwin S. Waterbury, of Emporia, in an interview for the Topeka *Capital* of June 12, "that the plan shall be nearly the same as was proposed to be put in operation by the Wichita rate convention. All candidates are to be thoroughly interrogated and their written

pledges taken by appropriate local and state committees; the names of all who pledge themselves will be certified to the members pledged to each other to support only those candidates satisfactorily pledged to the purposes of the league. Some candidates, Republican and Democrat, cannot take these pledges, because they were nominated to the other thing. Such candidates will get no league votes. As to all other candidates, league members will be left free to vote for the party candidates."

I quote the call because of the arguments it contains for progressive organization to check machine rule. The convention will be over before this appears in print:

The undersigned citizens of Kansas agree to unite in a call for a state convention with the object of promoting the formation of permanent, non-partisan political leagues or organized associations by townships and cities throughout the state, of voters who realize that the highest duties of citizenship cannot be discharged by indiscriminate loyalty to political parties, and that a more effective, free and independent form of organization has become essential to the public welfare.

We think that such convention need not contemplate the elimination of party loyalty nor the creation of any new political party. Political parties have become a worse substitute for the earlier and better form by which the people were organized. The original free, independent and sovereign town and township governments incorporated themselves into states and a union in which the only sovereignty was that of the people, the township remained as the unit of power, and the people, by their local organizations, continued to be a master to be obeyed to the utmost limit of possibility.

But these local governments were not prepared to assimilate the new powers of steam and electricity to the government functions of intercommunication and transportation, or to meet the resulting sudden enlargement of economic, financial and social relations. Hence the modern perpetual party has come into being as a political power which needs to be itself amended and controlled through the sovereign power of the people in a more independent, patriotic and effective form of political organization.

With this end in view, we hereby call a convention at the City Auditorium in Topeka, commencing at seven o'clock in the evening on next 4th of July, 1906, at which time and place we invite representatives from the different localities favorable to the object sought by this call to meet for the purpose of hearing, considering and recommending a uniform system for the organization of such leagues, and their union into a state organization, and to adopt methods to promote the work of their organization.

George W. Hanna,
Clay Centre.
Perry B. Maxon,
Morris County.
Joseph A. Wright,
Smith Centre.
Stephen B. Allen,
Topeka.
Edwin S. Waterbury,
Emporia.

. . . . .

I said something last month about the situation in Nebraska. Shortly after the matter was in type the Populist state chairman, Otto W. Meier (who succeeded B. R. B. Weber), issued a call for a meeting of the State Central Committee. Following, from the New York *Post*, on June 14, is all the report I have had of the meeting:

NEBRASKA POPULISTS FOR BRYAN

Lincoln, Neb., June 13.—Otto W. Meier, state chairman of the Populist Central Committee for Nebraska, said yesterday at the conclusion of a committee meeting that, judging from reports, the party will favor Bryan for President. The state convention will be held here August 15.

. . . . .

Of course, if Chairman Meier has correctly judged the reports, that means a fusion of the state ticket again this year—and as I view it, another walloping at the polls. It is true that Mr. Berge, the Populist-Fusion candidate for governor, made a great race two years ago and polled many more votes than Parker and Watson combined—but Mickey, the Republican candidate, was unpopular, and while the Presidential campaign helped pull him along, the Presidential grandstand plays the past year will help the Republican nominee this year.

A look at the vote shows hardly a peg to hang your hat on:

PRESIDENT		GOVERNOR	
Roosevelt	138,558	Mickey	111,711
Parker	51,876		
Watson	20,518	Berge	102,568
	210,952		214,279

Here it will be seen that the three Presidential candidates received 3,327 fewer votes than the two candidates for governor. Probably 8,000 who voted on

the state ticket deliberately refused to vote for President, because the usual rule is for the national ticket to run ahead two to five thousand votes, owing to careless marking of ballots. It is certain that 26,847 men voted for Roosevelt who did not vote for Mickey; and it is equally true that 30,174 men voted for Berge who did not vote for either Parker or Watson—but the fact remains that Mickey, the unpopular, ran 9,143 votes ahead of Berge, the popular, and that does not look encouraging for this year's struggle; because the Republicans are sure to talk loudly of reform in their platform and to put up a secret friend of the railroads who has made a record for anti-monopoly—with his mouth.

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Have you ever read "Cæsar's Column," by Ignatius Donnelly? I expect to have the book to give as a combination with WATSON'S MAGAZINE (in paper, both $1.55) in a few days.

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As I close this department I find the following in the morning papers:

GEORGIA POPS DECIDE AGAINST NAMING A STATE TICKET

ATLANTA, July 4.—The Populist State Convention assembled here today and after a session of eighteen minutes adjourned to meet August 28, six days after the date set for the Democratic state primaries. The convention adopted a resolution declaring it unwise to nominate a state ticket in the present condition of the party in Georgia.

TWO STATE TICKETS

Kansas and Missouri are already in the field with a clean-cut People's Party ticket. At the Kansas convention, July 4, fusion was voted down and independent action indorsed. The ticket follows:

Governor—Horace Andrew Keefer, Leavenworth County.

Lieutenant-Governor—J. A. Wright, Smith County.

Secretary of State—R. Heizerman, Riley County.

State Treasurer—D. C. Kay, Graham County.

Attorney-General—George H. Bailey, Jewell County.

Superintendent of Schools—S. O. Hemphill, Norton County.

Auditor of State—E. C. Fowler, Shawnee County.

Superintendent of Insurance—C. H. Mingenbacher, McPherson County.

Justices of the Supreme Court (long term) J. C. Root, Shawnee County, and W. A. Eyster, Shawnee County. The candidate for the short term will be named by the state committee.

Railroad Commissioner—G. A. Sallyards, Greenwood County. The other two candidates for Railroad Commissioner to be named by the state committee.

State Printer—Charles A. Southwick, Clay County.

The Missouri ticket was nominated June 28. I quote from a St. Louis paper:

Members of the People's Party of Missouri met yesterday afternoon in the parlors of the New St. James Hotel, and nominated a state ticket for the coming campaign. The meeting followed the adjournment of the conference of the representatives of the People's Party organizations, which was in session at the Olympic Theatre for two days. A. H. Livingston, of West Plains, Mo., was elected chairman.

John M. London, of Macon, was nominated for the long term supreme judgeship; Charles P. Wells, of Marlin, for railroad and warehouse commissioner, and J. B. Comer, of Cape Girardeau, for state superintendent of public instruction.

Alexander Del Mar, the student of political economy, who recently moved to this city from New York, and has entered the political field for the success of Populism, was elected national committeeman to succeed A. E. Nelson, of St. Louis, whose business requires his absence from the city almost continuously.

J. P. Wilson, of Wellsville, was elected alternate national committeeman. W. A. Dillon, known familiarly in People's Party circles as the "Second Mark Twain," was chairman of the state committee, *vice* H. Hillis, who recently removed from the state.

C. G. DeFrance

Secretary People's Party National Committee.

MALDEN, MASS.

DEAR SIR: I inclose you a clipping from our local paper containing the same thoughts sent you recently. I would like to see a statement of the difference between Populism and Socialism, and whether they cannot be reconciled by a little tact. I believe in public ownership of public utilities, if it should evolute in embracing private utilities I shall not kick. Your ideas of rent and interest in the May number are all right; but if our railroads were operated at cost, there would be no profit, or, if any, shared by the whole people and not by the few. I have one supreme desire, and that is for a union of all reformers upon the same platform, with only public ownership and direct legislation on the banner.

I want to call your attention to a treatise by Prof Frank Parsons, of Boston, on "Rational Money," wherein he advocates, in order to steady values, the collecting from time to time the price of a large number of the principal commodities, and expand or contract the issue accordingly—published by C F. Taylor, 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Yours, etc.,

——— ———.

ANSWER

Populism is simply the rule of the people, by the people and for the people, with public ownership of such utilities as are public in their nature and private ownership of everything else. The railroad is merely the modern highway, and we Populists contend that public roads should belong to the public—just as a navigable river does.

Socialism is the attempt to confiscate all private properties, large and small; to form one vast collective estate in which everybody will have the same interest in common as everybody now has in a street or public road or a river.

Confiscation and division are the two leading principles of Socialism, though the apostles of the propaganda kick like mules when you apply bald-headed words of that kind to their theories of "Collectivism," and of "Socializing property."

Between Individualism as advocated by the Populists and Collectivism as advocated by the Socialists, there is irreconcilable difference.

ILIFF, COL.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Can't you give your readers an article on what history will do with Theodore Roosevelt?

He will some day be a private citizen again. Will our national idol then turn to common clay or does he deserve immortality?

Yours very sincerely,

——— ———.

ANSWER

In the realms of prophecy one should tread warily. For instance, the great Daniel Webster warned the projectors of the first railroads that even though they should succeed in getting a train of cars to run on iron rails, they would never be able to stop it.

And then, too, there were the statesmen who declared that our Northwestern domain wasn't worth more than estates in the moon—a theory upon which Great Britain was allowed to grab more than her share.

Count no man happy till you see how he dies, was the substance of the ancient adage, and we may paraphrase it by saying: Do not measure a President until you see what he is after leaving the office.

If he quietly accepts as a duty a lowly but useful office which may have been flung at him as an insult, and faithfully performs his duty in that lowly office, he lifts himself in the estimation of all sensible people. Thus, Roman dictators in olden times were called from the plow-handle to the helm of state, and from the dictatorship quietly went back to the plow.

So James Monroe, having been one of the very best of our Presidents—Roosevelt to the contrary notwithstanding—descended from that high office, and afterward acted as road commissioner in Virginia.

So John Quincy Adams, having been President, subsequently served in Congress, and his admirers say that this period of his public service was the most glorious work of his life.

Thomas Jefferson, after the close of his second term as President, devoted the afternoon of his career to the establishment of the University of Virginia, the first really modern school in America.

Grover Cleveland, having served out his first term as President, entered into the employment of such Wall Street millionaires as J. P. Morgan & Co.

At the end of his second term he entered upon a dignified retirement, keeping his faculties fresh and buoyant by writing an occasional article on fishing, hunting, strike-breaking and midnight bond issues.

More recently he has sold his name for

$12,000 per year to a lot of Wall Street rascals who shear the rural lambs with a device known as life insurance.

Consequently it is too early to measure Roosevelt.

If, like General Robert E. Lee, he loftily spurns fifty thousand dollars per year "for the use of his name"; if, like John Quincy Adams, he enters upon a distinguished congressional career; if, like Jefferson, he founds some institution of learning for the benefit of coming generations; if, like pure-minded, noble-hearted, clear-headed, firm-hearted James Monroe, he accepts as a duty and wears with credit a humble but useful office flung at him as an insult, he will prove that he is A MAN, great in his natural proportions, sound in all his timbers.

But if, like Cleveland, he sells his name to a gang of Wall Street swindlers, he will sink into the contempt which invariably follows the discovery by the world that one of its puffed-up "great men" is a hollow pretense, a self-seeking fraud, whose greatness was manufactured by the designing financiers who meant to use him as a tool to accomplish their own purposes.

June 2, 1906.

Thomas E. Watson, Editor WATSON'S MAGAZINE.
New York, N. Y.

MY DEAR SIR: Having given considerable thought and study to the subject of currency, including, of course, our so-called national-bank-currency, I have read with interest your editorial in the June number of the Magazine entitled "National Banks, and the 'Educated Clientage.'" While equally with you opposed to our national bank currency system, and stoutly maintaining that the issuing of currency is a valuable prerogative of the Government, to be used efficiently and prudently for the benefit of the whole people, and should never be delegated to any person, corporation or class, and being satisfied with your sincerity in the desire for public welfare, I take the liberty to call your attention to some statements in that article, which I think you might on second thought amend.

"If the Government were to issue its own notes, in place of national bank-notes now outstanding, such Government notes would have back of them, to insure their value and their redemption, the following guarantees:

"(1) The Legal Tender quality, which would make the notes payable for all public dues and taxes; and the annual expenses of the Government could now annually absorb the entire issue.

"(2) The Legal Tender quality which, being applied to private debts and purchases, would annually absorb the entire issue. In fact, it would hardly be a drop in the bucket.

"(3) The power of the Government to tax the entire wealth of the country to support the notes."

Not denying these statements, would yet observe that all these guarantees were made by various Governments before, yet, as history illustrates, failure usually resulted in keeping the currency at par. The essential requisite in addition to those mentioned is "the ability and willingness of the Government to successfully provide for the redemption of the currency in standard coin on demand, as may be required

"If the currency based upon the bond is good, the currency based upon the whole credit, wealth, power and resources of the Government which issued the bond would be better. The bonds issued by the Government can only be as good as the Government. They are the stream issuing from the Government; and the stream cannot rise higher than its source. Currency based upon these bonds cannot be better than the bonds. And the bonds are only a part of the Government wealth, credit, resources. If a currency based upon a part of the national strength is good, a currency based upon the whole of that strength would be better."

Our bonds can be reasonably compared with, and are, in fact, accepted as, the best bonded security in existence, bearing a certain rate of interest payable at stated periods, having full, and more than full value to the capitalists of the whole civilized world. The currency can be reasonably compared to due bills and notes of a first-class party, redeemable when funds exist, with normally full face local value, but the foreign value, which may influence and reduce the local, not so certain or extensive, depending in a large measure on the essential requisite, the willingness and ability of the party to redeem these bills promptly on demand. One would naturally suppose that the Government would be equally responsible for both; the difference, if any, would be in favor of the bonded indebtedness, as it is a more defined engagement, bearing interest, which the Government offered for sale, and received value.

The borrowers of the country would save the interest which they now pay for the use of the national bankers' notes.

It is not clear how the borrowers can save the interest. Is it proposed for the Government to furnish them with funds? Free? Or at a reduced rate? In regard to the balance of the statements, I wish to make the following remarks and observations: Experience in this and other countries teaches that a proportionally even large bonded indebtedness embarrasses a Government, Corporation or Individual less in proportion than a floating unsecured indebtedness, be it currency, due bills or notes payable on demand. I not only willingly admit, but am positive, that a large portion of our bonded indebtedness, gradually increasing, could with propriety and great benefit to the people and no injury to our credit, be converted into currency, and with prudent administration and favorable economic condition the currency could be maintained at par; yet this should be done gradually and with due regard to our obligations. Our bonds run a certain period before they mature, and while I consider such arrangement clearly wrong, being in the interest of the money-lending class, and not in that of the people, yet I believe in the fulfilment of the existing obligations, even if we have to suffer a loss thereby; but in future, I suggest the following for enactment into law by statute, or, still better, a constitutional amendment, to wit: "*It is an inalienable right and privilege of a debtor to pay the debt at any time, the interest to cease when payment is made.*" Such a provision would in my opinion do incalculable good to humanity, coming near in importance to that which abolished slavery. True, it would to some extent make the money-lending business less profitable and desirable, but it would be of immense advantage in promoting the direct ownership of homes and industries, and conduce to general prosperity and happiness.

I send you inclosed a paper proposing a system of national currency in connection with postal

savings system, and I would be glad if you would have it published in WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Yours very truly,

——— ———.

A proposition for "National Currency" and "Postal Savings System" in connection therewith, and the gradual retirement of the existing paper currency.

Read by Dr. Marcel Pietrzycki, January 2, 1906, Before Section I (Social and Political Economy) of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at New Orleans, La.

In looking over the field for various propositions for the improvement of our currency system, which has been stated to be not satisfactory by many men eminent in finance and political economy, including the heads of our Treasury Department, none can be found that would establish all the requisite essentials in order to make the currency a permanent success, which are, uniformity, and stability, perfect safety, ample volume and elasticity for all the legitimate needs of the business of the country, and freedom from class favoritism.

Nearly all emanate from or are influenced by financiers and are shaped in accordance with the belief, and the method hitherto pursued, that the association of the "Banks" with the issue of the currency is advisable, and that these institutions do or ought to possess some rights in regard to it. They would have the issue of currency in some form and manner delegated to these institutions, or they would make them copartners in the business, under the pretense, that they would relieve the Government in some way, and to some extent of the responsibility of redeeming, and keeping the currency at par. That they could, or would do so is a delusion pure and simple, as history abundantly illustrates. No matter what arrangements would be made with these financial institutions to appear otherwise, the Government cannot escape the responsibility, and would in reality be the sole responsible party. The Government gains absolutely nothing from the association, but loses part of the assets, to which it is justly entitled from the issue of currency, and suffers a diminution of power to manage the currency for the benefit of the people. From the standpoint of justice, and for the welfare of the whole people, this claim of the financial institutions cannot be admitted, nor should the practice be continued.

I submit a plan, which I believe to be practical, and a law, made and executed in accordance with it would not only give us a "National Currency" possessing in full measure the above specified and desirable qualities, but would in addition increase the revenue of the Government and powerfully assist in the development of the country.

The "Postal Savings System" proposed in connection with the currency system would, besides being a most important factor in efficiently controlling the volume of the currency, be of immense benefit to the people, especially the poorer and the wage-earning portion, influencing them to frugality and saving, thereby sooner enabling them to establish homes.

For the proper execution of the plan, the creation of a special department of the Government, under the title "The Bank of the United States," is recommended, with powers and duties as follows:

(a) To issue all national currency to be full legal tender without restrictions.

(b) To redeem, cancel or destroy all currency.

(c) To organize and operate a postal savings system in connection.

A

The Issuing of the National Currency is to be Made Only on Bond Security, and Under Uniform and Strict Rules.

FIRST. On national bonds; the full face of the same, to any owner of a national bond, presenting and surrendering it to the "Bank" for that purpose. The party should, in addition, receive a certificate, entitling the holder to have the bond, or bonds returned to him upon the repayment to the "Bank" of the full face value of the bonds, together with the amount which may have accrued as interest on, the bonds during the time, that they were on deposit or, in other words, that the interest accruing on the bonds while on deposit should revert to the Government for the issuing of the currency on the bond, or to be credited to the postal savings system, if the currency was furnished from the deposits of the system.

SECOND. On the bonds of states, cities, counties and districts, on a five to fifty year instalment plan, the bonds bearing a 3 per cent. interest per annum until paid. They all should be instalment bonds; that is, the whole loan would be divided into five to fifty bonds, as may be decided, and one of these to mature annually. For illustration: Suppose that a $100,000 loan is desired on a fifty year plan, the party would execute fifty bonds, of the face value of $2,000 each, numbered consecutively and one of them payable and maturing on (or before, optional to the debtor) a certain date annually. Accordingly the party would pay at the end of the first year $2,000 as final payment of one of the bonds, which has matured, and $3,000 in addition as interest of 3 per cent. per annum on the whole loan of $100,000. In succeeding years the amount of interest due would be gradually less in proportion to the bonds that have been paid off and canceled.

THIRD. On bonds of the irrigation and reclamation districts, properly safeguarded and on the same plan and like interest as the former.

FOURTH. On the first mortgage bonds of the railroad companies, on the same plan, and rate of interest, but, inasmuch as the income of the railroad is continuous, it would be better to have their instalment bonds more divided, so that one of the bonds should mature quarterly, and the interest also to be made payable quarterly instead of annually.

The "Bank" should adopt strict, and uniform rules for applicants of these loans to conform to, requiring conditions to insure safety, and should have discretionary powers in deciding.

A suitable fee should be charged by the "Bank" to cover the expense connected with the transactions.

The existing laws creating the present "national bank-note currency system" should be repealed, with provision for gradual reduction and disappearance of said currency.

B

Redeeming, Canceling or Destroying of the Currency.

FIRST. The "Bank" should redeem, in coin, any lawful currency presented to it for that purpose, on demand, and efficient provision must be made for the "Bank" to have always on hand sufficient gold to enable it to meet the demand for export, or otherwise. This is a condition without which a parity of currency, with gold now the almost universally accepted standard measure of value, cannot be permanently maintained. But if the economical condition of the country is good, as it should be, the Government will find no difficulty in satisfying the demand, and an amount of gold, equal to the present holding of our national treasury, would be ample.

SECOND. In the proportion of the amount received by the "Bank" as interest on the bonds, on the security of which new currency has been issued by the "Bank," the "Bank" should retire and destroy as much of the present other than national bank currency.

THIRD. In proportion to the amount received from the payment of bonds that have matured or otherwise the "Bank" should retire, cancel and destroy as much of the "National Currency."

C

Postal Savings System

The "Bank" of the United States should organize and conduct an efficient "Postal Savings System," receiving under sufficient rules deposits of money from the people, and paying interest on these deposits at the rate of 2½ per cent. or less, as may be, by the "Bank" from time to time determined, and on sums that have been on deposit 60 days or longer.

The "Bank" should employ these deposits, as much as practicable, in place of issuing new currency, when making the loans on national or other bonds here specified, and place such bonds to the credit of the "Postal Savings System," and the sums collected as interest on such bonds to be made a fund, out of which the interest on the deposits of the postal saving system would be paid.

That the amount of the available securities for the purpose of issuing the national currency on them would be ample will doubtless be conceded.

That the volume of the currency could be readily controlled through the connection with the postal savings system, giving it the necessary flexibility, can be reasonably expected. Without this connection the demand for these loans, while gradual, yet steadily for a long period increasing, might become so large as to cause superabundance of the currency, which state of affairs can be easily prevented or remedied by the employment of the deposits from the postal savings system, in making

loans on these securities, instead of issuing new currency on them. And, again, the volume of the currency can be readily increased by the removal of the securities that may be in the possession of the postal savings system, and replacing them with currency to be issued on them. A judicious reduction of the rate of interest allowed on the deposits of the postal savings system as may be required would result in fewer deposits, and would also cause a portion of them to be withdrawn for other employment—the Government suffering no inconvenience thereby—even increasing its revenue. All this would be accomplished without straining the resources of our financial institutions or disturbing the business of the country.

While the Government would, by the creation and conduct of the "Postal Savings System," as outlined, confer enormous benefits on the people, it would not suffer any loss, as the amount of interest accruing from the difference between the interest payable on the bonds in possession of the "Postal Savings System" and that which would be paid as interest on the deposits, would be, or could be made ample to equalize the expense of conducting the department.

That the municipalities and other public and semi-public organizations specified in this plan would be vastly benefited, and the cities be enabled to make all the necessary improvements for the health and comfort of inhabitants, also gradually acquire all the public utilities and to do all this at the minimum burden on the people, and gradually free themselves from indebtedness, seems to me so evident that I will not dilate upon it.

Under the foregoing plan, currency being issued only on the security of our national bonds, and the bonds of public and semi-public organizations here specified, which are recognized the world over as the best securities, and being in addition on the within described instalment plan which would make them still more secure, as the indebtedness would gradually and steadily diminish, they should, with reason, be considered the best security for the issuing of our national currency. We would thereby obtain the best currency in existence, and being a gradual amelioration of the condition, the business of the country would not be subject to disturbances, but, instead, all legitimate interests of the country would be much advanced, tending to increase the prosperity and happiness of the people.

Some enabling state legislation would be likely required, but, as the benefits to be derived under this plan are so apparent, this legislation would be promptly forthcoming.

ANSWER

(1) But are you sure of your facts? *Does* history show that any issue of full legal tender paper currency failed to keep at par when issued by a stable Government whose credit was sufficiently established *to float its bonds at par?*

Please cite to me those places where "history illustrates."

I dearly love to learn facts, and being only forty-nine years old, going on fifty, I consider myself still a pupil of the wise.

(2) Here comes "Europe" again. Of course, if nothing will satisfy you excepting "a currency good in Europe," the line of reasoning must be changed.

But upon the assumption that our debts in Europe and our debts *to* Europe can always be arranged with letters of credit, bills of exchange, and so forth, I had my mind on a *national currency*, for really, there is no such thing as international currency. Nor was I speaking of an *investment*. The bonds are more desirable *as an investment*, just as a twenty-dollar bill is more desirable than twenty silver dollars. But the twenty silver dollars are *just as good* as the twenty-dollar bill. So, a million dollars represented by one-dollar bills by the Government is *just as good* as a million-dollar debt represented by one-thousand dollar bonds.

As an investment the bonds are more desirable, for obvious reasons.

But I was not speaking of investments. I was discussing whether a million dollars in small notes issued by the Government would *be as good* as a similar amount issued in bonds; and I maintain that it is.

(3) There are $346,000,000 in greenbacks now in daily use among the people, and costing nobody any interest. They were issued directly to the people by the Government.

Suppose those notes were destroyed, as the bankers demand—don't you see that the national bankers would put their notes in the place of the greenbacks, and that the people would have to pay the banker for the use of $346,000,000 of his notes?

Now, what we Populists contend for is that the Government should not only refuse to destroy the greenbacks, but should increase the amount.

Another $346,000,000 could be issued directly to the people in paying Government expenses. A billion dollars could be thus put in circulation among the people in a very short time.

Like the greenbacks, this currency would carry no tribute to any class but would benefit all.

As to our bonded indebtedness, we will, of course, have to stand by the contracts already made, but there is less excuse for this country being kept in debt than for any other country on earth.

Our bonds are issued because the money sharks demand them—and for no other reason under the sun.

NASHVILLE, ARK., May 8, 1906.

Tom Watson's Magazine:

Have been a constant reader of your Magazine since the initial number, find it "rich and racy;" the biting wit and blue-blazing adjectives in your editorial department make it a thing of beauty and joy forever. May your pathway be perpetually showered with sweet scented roses, honeysuckles and Cape jessamines.

(1) The standard silver dollar contains 412½ grains of standard silver; it is worth about 50 cents on the market. What is it that adds the 50 cents' worth of value when it is coined? Is it because the silver dollar is based on gold, or the credit of the Government? Is there such a law in our Federal statutes authorizing silver dollars to be redeemed in gold dollars?

(2) If money has an intrinsic value, why is it that our dollars are worth two dollars in Mexican silver dollars, their ratio being 16½ to 1, ours 16 to 1? Is it because the Mexicans are forced to trade with gold standard nations, or is it because our credit is stronger than theirs?

(3) How many grains of silver did the trade dollar contain? What was its monetary value? What was its mission?

(4) Would a paper dollar clothed with all the powers, purposes and intents of a gold dollar be as good as the gold dollar, with the right arm and patriotism of 80,000,000 of people behind it?

(5) What is meant by as pecie basis for money? Is it not a fact the specie basis theory was the

direct cause of the bond issue under Cleveland's administration and under the ruling of Mr. Carlisle? If the specie basis system was overthrown could the banks do business?

(6) If we were to have free coinage of silver, and preserve the banks as they stand and the redemption clause, would free silver avail anything materially?

(7) Is it not a fact that Mr. Bryan holds to the specie basis or redemption theory in money?

(8) Indeed, and in truth, is it not a fact that a specie basis, or a redeemable money, is a fraud and a subterfuge?

(9) Mr. Watson, would it not be a good idea that in every county in the United States where there are 100 or more Populists, to nominate a good, wide-awake, aggressive Populist for representative? Do you not think that it would be better for the cause and for the education of the masses? If you were to recommend such a course, upon what lines would you advise these several candidates to educate the average voter? Want a full and free expression on this question, also upon the self-sacrificing importance of the reformers to make this fight.

ANSWER

(1) The silver dollar, irrespective of the price of crude silver, has always been worth a dollar, for the simple reason that the law makes it a good dollar in the payment of all debts, public and private. *In law*, a silver dollar does all that a gold dollar will do; hence they are legal equals. There is no law for the redemption of silver dollars with gold dollars.

(2) The Mexican silver dollar is worth less than ours for the reason that (our mints being closed to free silver coinage) they are not capable of being turned into American dollars, nor are they, in their present shape, legal tender in payment of our debts; hence not equal to gold dollars, as our silver dollars are.

The English law of 1844 absolutely fixes the value of gold by regulating the amount of money which can be coined out of an ounce of it. Therefore, wherever a silver dollar is made the equal of a gold dollar *by law*, it will have a monetary value which is separate and distinct from its commodity value. The Mexican silver dollar, therefore, is measured as a commodity by our gold dollar, and its rating is fixed as a commodity and not as money.

(3) 420 grains. Not being full legal tender, its value was less than the standard silver dollar of 412 1-2 grains. It was used in the Eastern trade. Its monetary value here was about 80 cents.

(4) Yes.

(5) That all the currency afloat is capable of being redeemed in silver and gold.

Yes.

Yes.

(6) Yes; free silver would increase the volume of the currency.

(7) Apparently.

(8) It is unscientific and unjust, giving the capitalists an enormous advantage over the wealth producers.

(9) This is politics and I must apply the principle of "Home Rule." Write to Chairman Ferriss, or National Organizer Bentley, both of whom are good men and true.

ELGIN, TEX.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR. Will you please answer the following questions in your next issue or as early as convenient?

(1) To what extent was W. J. Bryan responsible for the nomination of Sewall as a running mate in 1896?

(2) What would now be our condition as a political party had our leaders or representatives always and at all times refused to consider fusion in any wise?

(3) Were W. J. Bryan's actions during the last national campaign in your opinion those of a patriot or politician?

P S.—I am a regular reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE, and think its editorials are as fine as split silk. Trusting that the battles you are fighting are not in vain and hoping that we may live to see these efforts crowned with success,

Respectfully yours to count on,

ANSWER

(1) If he was at all responsible, I am not aware of it. He, like many others, wee dazed by what had occurred, and Sewall was sprung upon the convention in a manner which no one seemed to understand.

I have always thought that the nomination of Sewall was the counter-move of the Eastern Democrats who were naturally eager to have the capitalistic element represented. To them Bryan was poison and Sewall was antidote.

Bryan being the snake bite, Sewall was permanganate of potassium. The Eastern Democrats were wise in their generation.

Sewall saved the day for them in 1896, and *now* Bryan himself is just as good a Sewall as any Eastern Democrat could want.

When such men as Vilas of Wisconsin, Jones of Arkansaw, Francis of Missouri, and Richard Croker of Tammany Hall rush to the support of Bryan as they are now doing it proves that Bryan has now become "safe and sane" and can now take soup through the same quill with Grover Cleveland.

(2) We would be in control of the Government and true democracy would be supreme.

(3) That of a politician. Any man who could denounce Parker as Bryan did immediately before the nomination, and then advocate him as he did immediately after the nomination is a politician. Parker had not changed. Parker was just as good and just as bad as before. The nomination did not change Parker.

It changed Bryan. Slapped in the face with that gold telegram, the diplomatic Bryan made his calculations, recanted his professions, and proclaimed Parker "the Moses of Democracy."

CALHOUN, GA., June 8, 1906.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: Many people are under the impres-

sion that depositors in national banks are absolutely protected against loss in case of failure of such institutions because, as they allege, "the Government is behind them" securing depositors. Is this true?

Yours very truly,

—— ——.

ANSWER

Such an impression is erroneous.

The Government is behind the circulating notes of the banks and, upon the failure of any bank, redeems these notes.

To save itself from loss in doing this, the Government first has recourse to the bonds deposited to secure the circulating notes, and *then* avails itself of its first *lien* upon the assets of the bank.

Therefore, the Government concerns itself for the circulating notes, not for the deposits.

In national banks, however, the shareholders are individually liable to creditors of the bank to the extent of the amount of their stock at par value, in addition to the amount invested in such shares, but this provision by no means prevents depositors from losing money.

TOWNS, GA., May 30, 1906.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: While we are readers of your Magazine, yet we don't understand, and would be pleased to have you explain in your next issue. How is a national bank established, and what advantage has it over other banks? Also, in what way did the Southern Railway Company appropriate $10,000 to help elect J. W Terrell governor of Georgia.

—— ——.

ANSWER

(1) A national bank is established by a certain number of persons, say, five, who sign articles of association certifying certain things required by the National Bank Act, and file such certificate with the Comptroller of Currency in Washington, D. C.

The requirements are simple. The certificate must set forth the *name* which the bank proposes for itself; the *place* where it will do business; the *amount of capital stock* and the number of shares; the names and residences of the shareholders; a declaration that the signers of the certificate wish to avail themselves of the advantages of the Act.

Under a recent law a national bank of $25,000 capital is allowed.

(2) The advantages which a national bank enjoys over an ordinary bank is that it can issue its own notes as money and is *a part of a system* which can expand and contract the currency, use public money without payment of interest, and get emergency loans from the national treasury when they need them badly enough to insist upon having them.

By the official report I notice that the national banks now have in their business the sum of *eighty-four million dollars* (July, 1906) of the public funds. They pay no interest for the use of Government capital, and they keep it in their employ from year to year. The amount is never less than about sixty million dollars.

(3) The Southern Railroad, which belongs to Morgan, the Republican, put $10,000 in the campaign of Terrell, the Democrat, just as John A. McCall, the Democrat, put $48,000 of New York Life Insurance money into the campaign fund of Roosevelt, the Republican.

ANGUILLA, MISS., May 28, 1906.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga

DEAR SIR: In the Educational Department of the June number of your Magazine, in answer to a query in regard to the parcels post you refer to John Sharp Williams as a "Corporation Tool." Will you kindly give this, the medium of the same department, your reasons for this statement; your proofs if you have any?

Yours very truly.

—— ——.

ANSWER

The conviction that John Sharp Williams is a corporation tool has been forced upon me by his tortuous conduct while the Railroad Rate bill was under discussion in the House of Representatives during the early part of 1905. Mr. Williams used his best efforts to kill off the really effective measure which was then pending and to tie up the Democrats to the Davey bill, which was ineffective. The story of Williams's shiftings and turnings, his tricks and maneuvres to prevent the passage of a law which would actually control freight and passenger rates is too long to be repeated here, but if you will write to Hon. Francis E. Shober and Hon. Henry T. Rainey for copies of the speeches made by them in the House of Representatives, February, 1905, you will be put in possession of the facts as related by Williams's own colleagues.

BONNER SPRINGS, KAN.

In the Educational Department of your Magazine for March you give the following figures: Number of people engaged in gainful pursuits, 29,000; annually created wealth, $19,000,000. This is evidently incorrect. Please give correct statement in next issue.

I am especially interested in your "Editorial" and "Educational Departments" Your Magazine contains a great many facts and much information on political, economic and industrial subjects, and I often have occasion to refer to them. I, therefore, suggest that some sort of an index or reference, by which they could be readily found, would be an improvement that I would heartily appreciate.

—— ——

ANSWER

The printer simply left off some of the "noughts."

Annual creation of wealth estimated at $19,000,000,000.

Number of people engaged in gainful pursuits, 29,000,000.

Please, to settle a dispute publish in your Answers to Correspondents (1) When the peace commission went to get terms from Abraham Lincoln did he write "Union" and tell them to write anything else they pleased?

(2) Did he at one time offer to make peace on the basis that all slaves at that time should remain slaves, but all children born of slaves after that date should be free at the age of twenty-one? Please give us the truth of the matter and oblige several readers of your esteemed Magazine

——— ———

ANSWER

(1) He did not. On the contrary he demanded the unconditional laying down of arms and a return to the Union by the seceding states.

Consult Vol. I, page 542, of Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress."

(2) Mr. Lincoln's original plan seems to have been gradual emancipation, but I am not able to say whether he ever worked out the details.

He advocated payment to the masters for the slaves emancipated, and recommended an amendment to the Constitution whereby a certain sum should be paid by the United States Government to every state that would abolish slavery by 1900.

This amendment was also to authorize Congress to pay the expenses of colonizing the negroes, with their consent, at any place outside the United States.

By the terms of the Emancipation Proclamation the seceding states could have saved the institution of slavery by ceasing their armed resistance to the Federal authority and returning to their places in the Union.

Peace could have been made at any time prior to September, 1862, leaving slavery intact.

To realize that the abolition of slavery was a war measure only, and was meant as a punishment to secession, you have only to bear in mind that the Proclamation did *not* abolish slavery in Tennessee, nor in West Virginia, nor in certain loyal parishes in Louisiana.

———

MINDENMINES, MO.

Will you please be so kind as to answer the following questions, either on this paper to me personally; or if you will answer them more fully in your Magazine, I shall be as well pleased.

I ask it in order to be enlightened and to enlighten others with whom I have discussed them.

I am a Populist in principles and practice. Am not allied with any party.

Hoping that I don't ask too much, I am yours for better things.

(1) What is money?

(2) *a.* Were the first $63,000,000 of greenbacks demand notes?

b. Did they contain anything like "Promise to pay" in them?

c. Did they ever depreciate in value? If not, why not?

(3) *a.* Why was the exception clause inserted in subsequent issues of greenbacks?

b. When and why did these cease to be a depreciated currency?

ANSWER

(1) See article on that subject in this number.

(2) *a.* Yes.

b. Yes.

c. No. Because they were as *useful* as any other kind of money.

(3) *a.* Because the bondholders wanted "coin."

b. When the Resumption Act was passed and their *equality* with other money was restored.

———

OXFORD, FLA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR: I am a constant reader of WATSON'S MAGAZINE, especially the editorials. I have been a Pop ever since I began to read and think for myself.

I want you to answer through the Educational Department the following questions.

How and where can I get an official report of all articles on which there is a high tariff, also, the articles exported, and what articles there are, sold abroad cheaper than at home?

I want to inform myself so that I can be able to fight the high tariff questions that come up.

Thanking you in advance, I am yours for true Democracy,

——— ———.

ANSWER

(1) Write to your representative in Congress for a copy of the Customs law, known as the Dingley Act.

(2) Request said congressman to mail you copies of speeches recently made in Congress, in which this subject of foreign and domestic prices has been discussed.

(3) To get full information upon exports, and upon almost every other matter relating to governmental transactions, ask one of your senators to send you a copy of "The Statistical Abstract."

———

GRIFFIN, GA.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

DEAR SIR. Being a constant reader of your Magazine and especially of the "Educational Department," I write to ask you two questions.

(1) For what reason was the "Taft party" sent to Europe?

(2) By what right did the United States Government pay the expenses of this trip?

My information concerning these questions is very meagre, being gleaned altogether from the press—as you know, not a very valuable source of information. Hoping to see the answers as soon as there is room in your Magazine, I remain,

A WATSON DOCTRINE ADMIRING AMERICAN CITIZEN.

ANSWER

(1) The reason given out at the time was that the Philippine situation required personal inspection by some of our "most principalist" people. The fact that in this way a visit to the Far East could be made at public expense may have influenced some of the members of the party.

(2) Act of Congress; general welfare clause; implied powers; joint action of the two old parties. *Both* the twins wanted the Taft party to go. What better "right" could you ask?

HOME

BY

Mrs. Louise H. Miller.

THE Home Department welcomes contributions that will make woman's life brighter, broader and more useful. We, all of us—you as well as I—are the editors of "Home"; let us make it as good and helpful as we can. Suggest subjects for discussion.

Don't worry about "not knowing how to write." We aren't trying to be authors—we're just women trying to help one another.

Address everything carefully and in full to Mrs. Louise H. Miller WATSON'S MAGAZINE, *121 West Forty-second St. New York City.*

PRIZES

Every month there will be a prize of a year's free subscription to Watson's Magazine, sent to any address desired, for the best contributions under each of the following heads: the subject for the month, "Interest of Everyday Things," "Heroism at Home," "Recipes, Old and New," "Various Hints," and one for the best general contribution outside of these. No two of the six prizes will be awarded for the same contribution, but one person may receive more than one in a single issue by sending in more than one prize-winning contribution.

September Number.—Our fruits and fruit trees. Their origin and history. A word on our grains and nuts.

October Number.—Our fruits and fruit trees. How varieties and species are created and preserved. (A glance at cross-breeding, grafting, budding and selection.)

November Number.—The care of our bodies—exercise, breathing, ventilation and fresh air, bathing, massage and so on. Food, drink and clothing will be left till later.

To avoid trying to discuss, even generally, too large a topic in one issue, it seems best to change our program and devote two numbers to fruits and fruit trees. Let those who live in fruit or nursery districts furnish us some interesting material.

PRIZE NOTICE

Did you note in the new heading to our Department that six prizes, instead of three, are offered every month? Here is a chance for any one of you to earn several prizes in one month.

AN APPEAL

In our Department we can be only suggestive. *Individually we can do a great deal more!* I want each one of you—*you* who are reading this—to sit down and do some careful thinking. How can you help yourself and others to a broader life and outside interests? How much can you do by yourself? How much can you do by combining with others?

Go over in your mind, the needs of *your* community for better laws, better living, more beauty. (For beauty, when you stop to think, has a very real value). Think over the women who could join with you—not your friends necessarily, but the *capable* ones. Decide, with them, the exact purpose to strive for. Get pointers from other clubs. Then organize. Don't be fussy over who shall be the officers—think of those you are to help, not of yourselves. Concentrate your efforts; don't try to cover everything, as the high school graduate does in his essay; "don't bite off more than you can chew." If a man has one barrel of water and tries to water a ten-acre lot with it, he won't do much good anywhere. But with that one barrel of water he could make one little corner of that lot blossom like the rose. Don't try to cover literature, art, science, history, politics, civic improvement and all their branches. That's absurd. Don't write and read learned papers. Don't spend all the club's time listening to beautiful thoughts. Apply those thoughts! Don't fritter away time on glittering generalities. *Do work!* Don't spend time on the Taj Mahal in India, the lyrics of Tennyson, Rameses II, or the condition of women in the coal mines of England. Put your heads together to see how you can help Eliza Smith earn her own living, how you can put a stop to unsanitary conditions down on lower Water Street, how you can get a public library for your town, how you can do anything else that's definite and practical and within the scope of your club's purpose.

"Cut out" all the fuss and feathers and frills and *accomplish plain, definite results!*

It is possible that even more than this can be done. Let every energetic, warm-hearted and capable woman who reads this consider this question: "Wouldn't it be possible for me, *me*, not only to organize one club, but to start a chain of clubs and bind them into one big national organization? Why not? There are the Sunshine Societies, the Civic Improvement Leagues, the Federation of Women's Clubs. Why can't *I* start some far-reaching organization like these? Others have done it."

I wish you would. Be assured that I will second you in any way I can. Perhaps we could make the Department the organ of such an order. Now don't be alarmed. *I* won't try to hold any office in it whatever! But I'll work hard for it. *Provided* the League has for its plain, definite purpose the helping of other women, as well as the members, to better living and broader interests. It must be very different in spirit from the ordinary woman's club. There must be no "sassiety" in it. It mustn't be the object of members to "get to be officers," but to *do work*.

You have an unusually good chance. Here is our Department to serve as a means of communication. I can promise you *at least* part of it. That solves offhand the problem of the expense of starting and publishing a paper or magazine for such a chain or union of clubs.

If any of you will take this in hand and be the founder, write to me and let me help you with the Department or personally. I don't want any of the credit—just a chance to work. It can be done! All it needs is one woman with a warm heart, a strong will and an average amount of brains. And it could be made a national influence.

I have made only a general suggestion. It is for one of you to shape it into a tool that will accomplish results.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

It will certainly pay every one of you to secure or at least read a copy of *The Chautauquan* for June of this year. The entire number is devoted to civic improvement and in the last few pages there is a valuable list of civic improvement articles in former numbers. On the very last page is "Civic Progress Programs—Consisting of definite references for reading and research; outlines and programs for club meetings; together with reading lists, bibliographies, lists of publications and organizations, and suggestions for practical work. Prepared by E. G. Routzahn." This is a key to the very extensive treatment these subjects have been receiving in *The Chautauquan*, and full information can be secured by addressing Chautauqua Press, Chautauqua, N. Y.

In the June number are the following articles, all well worth your time: "A Year's Work for Civic Improvement," "Women as a Factor in Civic Improvement," "A System of Public Playgrounds," "Carnegie Libraries," "The Public Library and Civic Improvement," "Welfare Work from the Employee's Standpoint," "The Cleveland Home Gardening Association," "Social Settlements and Their Work Among Children," "Ideas for Civic Education from the Juvenile City League," and "Arts and Crafts in Civic Improvement."

I know of no better way to get an immediate and, at the same time, thorough understanding of civic improvement, and the part *you* can and should play in it, than to profit by the work *The Chautauquan* has done for you. If you know the Chautauqua ideals and methods, you need no recommendations from me; if you don't know them, you have been missing one of the best existing means of gaining "something outside to think about."

* * *

The following letters present the subject of civic improvement in a practical way, showing results accomplished, as well as ideals followed. To me there is an appeal in each one of them to "go and do likewise."

The prize this month for the best general contribution goes to the following letter from Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Village Improvement

The Home Department has asked us to tell what the women are doing to make their towns more beautiful. We, in our corner of the state, have a Village Improvement Society. It is not so ambitious as it sounds. Any woman with the coöperation of a friend or two can start a similar one in her own village. Try it and see how much pleasure you will take in it; how much it will give you to think about outside of your usual interests. You will be surprised at the amount of good that will result from a small beginning.

We enlist the children in the work of keeping the streets clean and free from bits of paper, fruit skins or unsightly objects. We arouse a generous rivalry for the best kept yard, and offer medals, sometimes prizes, for the most artistic grouping of shrubs and plants on a lawn. Last year a very poor woman, with only a small yard and little money to spend for materials, won the first prize of five dollars. Above all, we preserve the trees and encourage planting. Some old villages have an officer called the tree-warden, whose business it is to care for the trees along the highway, but an active Improvement Society will be able to create among the residents a sentiment which will be the best guardian of the shade trees.

First care for your own yard that you may daily look upon some beauty and set an example, then help your neighbors, then the village. Since we spend so much time in our homes, with our outlook limited to what we can see from the windows, why not make all these surroundings on which our eyes

must rest just as pleasing as possible? This will give you the "something outside to think about" which our Home Department has suggested. A woman may be so closely confined at home by housework, ill-health or duties that she cannot cultivate interests very far removed from her own doorstep. Why not begin at that doorstep? Border it with vines, have clean, evenly cut grass beyond, and as many flowers near as you can. Nothing is more dismal than a yard filled with rubbish, old twigs and leaves. They check the growth of the grass, too, as also the emptying of pails and pans of water, for too much water washes away the roots.

We have found that flowers and shrubs show to the best advantage when massed with their own kind and placed against some background, as a fence or the side of a porch or house. Circular flower-beds with concentric rows of plants graded in size from that tall one, which might well be termed "the centre-piece," to the border of low daisies or mignonette, are somewhat difficult to plan and regulate. They are not half as pretty as a mass of pinks in the sunny corner by the porch or a line of hydrangeas against one side of the house. If there are one or two decaying tree trunks in the yard, plant vines around them. You will find plenty of vines in the nearest woods, and to dig them and bring them home yourself will be a pleasure. Sow grass seed all over the bare spots.

On the tops of these same tree trunks build bird houses; they will be duly appreciated, we assure you. Ours were taken possession of before completion, when but one nail had been driven and we had gone for other materials. A wren chose the smaller, no objection being made to the unfinished state, so we left them to their own devices and had much pleasure in watching the nest-making, which went rapidly forward. The nest consisted of grass, thread and cotton, quickly gathered and deftly arranged. This and the bird music were a delight to our own family and received pleasing comment from passers-by.

Helen A. Smith, Tuckahoe, New York.

What One Couple Did

Here is a letter that ought to come home to a good many of us:

My Dear Mrs. Miller—

We have no organization for Civic Improvement, but I recall an incident which may be helpful. A young couple moved into their new home on a street where the lawns were fairly kept, but no one gave a thought to the street lawn. The bride was anxious that the new home surroundings should be as attractive as at the old home. The husband carefully raked the street lawn, had it rolled and then mowed. Great care was taken to keep all sticks and papers picked up. This was no easy task, as the street was the playground for the children of the neighborhood and the idea of a pretty lawn outside the sidewalk was a novel idea.

The young couple persisted in their work, and now, after a few years, with no suggestion but the clean beauty of the well-kept grass, the street lawns are well kept on both sides of the road for a distance of three blocks, and the influence has been felt throughout the town.

Merchants and billposters in small towns are great offenders. It seems so much easier to throw the waste paper out of doors than to burn it. A well-kept yard or lawn adds to the pleasure of all who see it. Again, it seems to be the reflection of the home.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Genevieve I. Allen, Dodge Center, Minn.

Energy and Results

Here is a vigorous letter that speaks of things really accomplished by wise methods and a sturdy spirit:

Mrs. Louise H. Miller—

Our club has helped at every opportunity to create sentiment for a more beautiful capital city. We brought Mr. Routzahn here for a lantern-slide entertainment, which cleared over $50. Had a miniature park on wheels in a flower parade. Went before City Council and had an unsightly waste place condemned for park purposes. Helped to bring Cash Register Company entertainment here. (It was free.) Cultivated chrysanthemums last year and had an exhibit of hundreds of fine plants last fall and made over two hundred dollars. Had an exhibit of plants and flowers at the State Fair and we carried away a lot of blue ribbons. But it is not the ribbons nor the money that represents the gain. With it all and through our meetings there has been developed a greater interest in beautiful surroundings and good sanitary conditions. And this is what we count.

Our City Federation of Women's Clubs has been very helpful in promoting civic interests.

This is a longer letter than I thought I should write, but if you can find anything to edit, you are welcome.

Yours sincerely,
Lucy B. Johnson, Topeka, Kan.

The following is a clipping from a Topeka paper commenting on one of the things accomplished by the West Side Forestry Club, of which Mrs. Johnston is a member:

Forestry Club's Work

Work on Willow Park, the new Park in Potwin suburb, will be commenced at once, and the West Side Forestry Club is about to see the fruits of their work and hopes in this direction. Willow Park is a triangular section of land between West Sixth, Willow and Woodlawn Avenues, which the city park commissioners will redeem for park purposes, mainly through the efforts of the Forestry Club, which had this park as its prime object in

organization. The club earned a considerable sum of money for the redemption of the land and improvement of the park, but the park commissioners have now taken the work off their hands, and they will devote themselves to a school gardening experiment in the Potwin school, and similar objects in line with civic improvement. Thursday the club will make a visit to the state agricultural college at Manhattan.

The New San Francisco

The following letter, dealing as it does with the magnificent way in which the new San Francisco is to rise from the ruins of fire and earthquake, makes intensely interesting and inspiring reading. The Department will be very glad indeed to have the second letter Mrs. White offers us. Mrs. White is chairman of the California Club of the Outdoor Art League, a club which worked in San Francisco before the great disaster, and will continue work there under the new conditions:

My Dear Mrs. Miller—

I herewith forward the material which I promised you some time ago. The matter has been prepared under rather unfavorable circumstances, and you need not hesitate to reject it, nor to cut and revamp to accommodate your page.

I have long been an active member of a Civic Club, and have really "done things." Some time later, should you desire it, I will prepare an article giving details of work accomplished.

With kind wishes for your continued success,

I am, very sincerely yours,
Mrs. Lovell White.

The great fire immediately following the earthquake on Wednesday, April 18, 1906, destroyed all the business portion of San Francisco, and a large part of the resident district. So much has been written about the present appearance of San Francisco, as she lies prone in the dust and ashes at the feet of the world, so many points of view have been presented that all that can be added is that it is all true. No supposed exaggeration has overtopped the real situation as it appeared to the sightseer in the early days after the fire had been extinguished. Some neighborhoods were dead and deserted by living things, save here and there a person seen digging about, searching for souvenirs of their former belongings in the debris of what was probably their home. This utter desolation, with its haunting, Pompeian-like suggestions, lasted only for a short period of time. Soon hope returned and the courage and determination characteristic of the Argonauts of '49 reawakened, and today—only a few short weeks since the dread disaster of April 18—San Francisco is busy planning and working toward the creation of a more beautiful city to arise in the near future over the ashes of the once proud and stately Queen of the Pacific. San Francisco, like many another great city, was built from necessity. She simply grew to meet the needs of the people. Her most picturesque features—the Latin Quarter, inhabited by persons of the French and Spanish races, where the English language was seldom heard; Chinatown, with its shops of Oriental splendor; Barbary Coast, strewn with human wrecks made by gambling in mine stocks in pioneer days—were all centres developed under conditions of necessity. These attractive points have all been obliterated. Can anything else be made to take their places? The future will decide the question. The Utilitarians and the Idealists are somewhat divided on the fashion of rebuilding the city.

The man of today wants the dollar today and wants it badly, and so decides to construct cheaply, and at once. The beauty-lover wishes to defer building till Art points the way so that what is once done may endure the test of future judgments. Then there are the reasonable souls who have been able to grasp the significance of beauty as a municipal asset, and who declare that utility and beauty are one and go hand in hand. Of such is the celebrated architect, D. H. Burnham, of Chicago, who long before the fatal effacement of San Francisco had drawn plans for the improvement and beautification of the city as she then existed. He had designated obvious centres for grouping the Federal, state and municipal buildings. He studied our hills and indicates a broad treatment which, if carried into effect, would enable us to preserve their original conformation, their beauty to be enhanced by terrace devices, rendering ascent easy, thus making it possible for the spectator to view the Bay, the Golden Gate and the glories of the surrounding country, for the superb display of Nature's handiwork from these elevations cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world. In fact, he forgot nothing which, if carried out, could fail to place San Francisco in rank with the famed cities of the nations. These plans were drawn by Mr. Burnham many months ago and presented to the city, and were officially accepted. Mr. Burnham has revisited the city within the last few weeks, and while adhering to many of his old ideas, he sees a great opportunity to demonstrate what can be accomplished in building a city to order. The mayor of San Francisco but lately appointed a committee to report on the Burnham plans. The committee was composed of men distinguished for civic virtue and civic pride, and their recommendations include the broadening of many streets, the creation of parks south of Market street, in what was formerly known as the congested district, the building of boulevards around and through the city, the purchase of spacious lots for playgrounds, a plea for space about schoolhouses. In other words, the committee indorsed the Burnham plans for creating a new city. However desirable,

these plans cannot be put into execution just at this time. The face of the city at this moment is debased by the appearance of a number of rude wooden shacks erected to serve the pressing needs of the occasion. Food and clothes must be furnished the people, and merchants must at once provide places from which to give out such commodities. These poor structures, rapidly increasing in number, appear cheap and mean in the midst of the mighty piles of stone and brick which cumber the streets, betokening that once on that spot flourished a city of noble dwellings, with palaces crowning her most conspicuous hill. San Francisco was young, and, like Youth, forgot the value of prudence and forethought. Prodigal of all her powers, she sang and danced and basked in the glorious sun of prosperity, nor dreamed that sun could ever set. Serious questions she did not consider, an inefficient supply of water wherewith to stay an always possible conflagration gave her no concern, and now San Francisco is eating the fruits of her folly, and bitter is the taste; but the wisdom which comes from mistakes will lead her into better building and into larger care of all that makes for her own safety. "San Francisco the Beautiful" is destined to appear, for Time's gracious hand always responds to the will and energy of the people.

Mrs. Lovell White, Mill Valley, Cal.

THE INTEREST OF EVERYDAY THINGS

We want all the interesting facts we can get about the origin, history and manufacture of our ordinary household utensils and furniture, the various articles of food and drink, the common things in our yards and neighborhoods. The object of this branch of our Department is to make interesting the very implements of our daily toil, and to teach the mind to free itself from the deadening monotony of mere routine and to learn to gather wholesome, enlivening food from the broader fields outside.

1. Send in any items you may think of yourself or learn from inquiry by consulting encyclopedias, dictionaries, books, magazines or the free reports of the United States Department of Agriculture and the United States Department of Commerce and Labor.

2. If you find a newspaper article or paragraph which gives interesting information about any of the ordinary articles or commodities of our everyday home life, send it to the Department or tell us where to find it. Always give the name of the publication from which you take it. Inform the Department, too, of any good books along this line.

Special Prize

Every month there will be a special prize of one year's free subscription to Watson's Magazine sent to any address desired, for the best contribution to "The Interest of Everyday Things."

CURRANTS

The little dusky berries coming to us from Greece are invaluable as food. And yet how greatly are they neglected or omitted from the daily dietary. A pound of currants contains over three times as much actual nourishment as the same weight of lean beef. In fact, the greatest scientific men of the day will prove the truth of the statement. There are people who think that they are indigestible, and that they are likely to cause disturbance in the intestines. This is a mistake. If any inconvenience has ever been caused, it is certain that the fault is not in the currants, but in the method of preparation. It is not likely that anyone in his or her senses would eat currants without chewing or chopping them. Treated in this way, currants are delicious and full of rich nourishment. They render an infinity of dishes more palatable than they otherwise would be. But the most important of all facts about them are, firstly, that they supply the body with muscle-building and nerve-sustaining material in a form ready for digestion and absorption—ready to go to work, so to speak. Again, the delicious balance of sugar and acid in the currant makes them palatable, and palatability in food means half, if not more, of its value. All the currants sent to this country are seedless and without stalks, so that they may be eaten raw or cooked with safety and advantage. Properly prepared, currants are of the greatest value as food for children and those who must live on a "diet," because the fruit gives the full nourishment required by the body without putting any tax on the organs of digestion. Currants should really be eaten every day. There is a maxim, "An apple a day, no doctor to pay." Currants contain all the beneficial elements of the apple, but in greater proportion. In Greece they appear on the table at every meal, and the men and women of Greece are noted for their health, hardihood and long life.—*Exchange.*

HEROISM AT HOME

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST TRUE STORY

EVERY month the Department will publish a little story of heroism *in the home*—not any one act of heroism but the tale of how someone *lived* heroically, *lived* self-sacrifice *in everyday life*. It must be *true* and must be about somebody you know or have known or know definitely about. *It must not have over 500 words.*

Please state whether the names and places mentioned in your story are real or fictitious. The Department does not print real names in these stories. The names in the story will be left blank or fictitious names will be supplied. Please do not send in stories about someone rescuing another from drowning, or anything like that—we don't want stories of single acts of heroism, but of lives bravely and unselfishly lived out.

SPECIAL PRIZE

Whoever sends in the best story each month will not only have it printed, but will receive a year's free subscription to WATSON'S MAGAZINE *sent to any name you choose.*

Always there is trouble in deciding which story of Heroism at Home deserves the prize. This month "One Man's Life" is the winner, but "The Story of a Soldier" is a close competitor.

One Man's Life

My father was born on a small farm, of poor parents, of Dutch descent. During the first year of the Civil War father was ten years old; and he now shows very rounded shoulders, acquired by doing all the plowing on the little farm during those four years of hardships endured by the Southern people.

At the age of twenty-one father met the soul that responded to his, and when the matrimonial vows had been pronounced and the old-time celebration of a country wedding was over, the thoughts of the newly-wedded pair were turned toward building a home.

With forty dollars that he borrowed father erected a cabin of two rooms in a patch of woods near his father, and on his mother's land. With the horse that he and his fair bride rode upon during their courtship he was ready to look the world in the face and become a poor, but honest citizen.

The first twenty years of their married life mother spent alone at home caring for the eight children that had come to bless them. Father spent that time partly on the road through the country, buying produce at one place and finding a profitable price for it at another, and partly at home tilling the few acres of land which he could procure from time to time, with the surplus.

During those twenty years their sixth little boy was taken from them to prepare a home in heaven for those soon to follow. The eldest son, Lee, had been sent to college two years to complete his common school education. After finishing his school days, at the age of nineteen, Lee was sent to a Southern city to establish and run a commission house for his father and his father's friend, Jim Herdson, who went into the wholesale produce business together. The business gave promising prospects for a year. Then Lee died, away from mother and home, and was carried back to his childhood home for burial. Being her eldest son and first-born, the mother's grief was surely great, and greater the strain on the father when he found that none of the credits extended by Lee for the firm could be collected. Immediately Jim Herdson failed in business, and there was nothing left for father to do but fail, or spend the rest of his declining years in meeting the debts of the firm. Without hesitation he assumed the responsibility, and now, at the age of an old man, he stays on the road with his wagon, toiling honestly to pay off this note and to meet the interest on that note next fall.

Mother at home does her part with the six remaining little ones of the twelve living children, two of the older ones being in college, two sons next to the eldest one working in the city for wages, the other in business for himself, and the eldest daughter married to a respectable farmer of their community.

Mother, father and all the children are devoted to one another and I think that misfortune established the sympathy and love existing between them.

North Carolina.

The Story of a Soldier

After passing through the Civil War gloriously under Lee and Jackson, a soldier made his way back to his home, which was in dear old Georgia. His wife being some time dead, his children grown, he married a sweet, modest young lady, he being forty-eight and she twenty-three. Thus Summer and Winter started on their life journey; but happiness was theirs for a few short years. Five children came to bless their home. By and bye the soldier was growing old and feeble. His young wife and children had to be supported through the hardships of war, and labor was telling on the once strong and willing hands. He realized he

had muscular rheumatism all over his body. He had to go on crutches, but soon got so he could only sit in his armchair. The wife and children helped him into it in the morning, and he would sit there patiently all day. Thus the time went on for weeks and months. He was such a sweet, patient sufferer! The dear wife and mother never was too sick to minister to the one she loved so dearly. God was merciful to them in this. Part of the dear old home had to be sold to pay the merchants' and family bills. With no one to work and support the family, friends would come to cheer and give remedies, but he slowly grew worse. It had now been four years since he had been able to walk. He said perhaps this affliction was sent on him for not uniting with the church. He was a splendid, moral man, but had somehow put this duty off, and now, by his wish, the minister and friends came. They held a service. The door of the church is opened. To look at him trying to stand and give his hand to the preachers was too much for the old darky standing in the door. She screamed and shouted the praises of God, while each one was deeply moved.

He began then to have family prayer, and often he would be overcome with joy, even on a bed of affliction. He slowly grew worse, and now cannot leave his bed, lying flat on his back with a pillow under each knee. His wife was always sweet and cheerful before him, but alone she shed tears enough for a river. One of his children was married at the foot of his bed. He heard the sad news that one was dead. It has been a year now since he put his hand to his mouth. They were drawn stiff. Loving hands feed him, press the pillow smooth, keep fresh flowers, etc. All still faithful, and he resigned. One day the children are called around the bedside to watch. He was ready, and his face grew bright and almost radiant as he entered the pearly gate. The faithful wife is still living, although feeble and weak, and will ever miss her dear, afflicted husband. He was a true soldier.

Georgia.

VARIOUS HINTS.

To Soften New Ropes

A stiff new rope may be made soft and pliable by boiling it for two hours in water, and then drying thoroughly in a warm room.

J. L. Evans, Michigan.

Rose Scales

Scales on the stems and old twigs of a rose-bush will work serious harm if left undisturbed until the plant puts forth its new leaves in the spring. The safe plan is to remove them by a thorough scrubbing with a strong brush before the new sprouts appear.

Henry Collins, Arkansas.

To Wash Ties

Any necktie that is washable at all will profit by the following treatment: After soaking it a little while, wash with soap and hot water. Then rinse in cold water slightly blued; dry, dip once again in cold water, starch (if desired), wring out thoroughly and iron.

Mrs. B. T. Mershon, Pennsylvania.

To Clean Lamp Chimneys

An ordinary chimney-brush will keep the chimney in good condition if employed daily. The brush should be cleaned occasionally by washing it in soda and water. If the chimney becomes very dirty and sooty, soak it in a weak solution of vitriol and water, or rub it gently with the finest sandpaper under water. Most people are too likely to be remiss in keeping lamp chimneys bright and clean, and have a much worse light than they should, and use up more oil.

Mrs. Geo. L. Beaux, Montana.

Filling Fruit Jars

It may seem unreasonable, but you can pour hot fruit into a glass jar without cracking it, by wrapping the jar in a towel or cloth soaked in *cold* water. It saves the trouble and extra heat of hot water to keep the jars in.

Mrs. Ira Anton, Iowa.

Florida Water

An excellent Florida water can be made at home by mixing one-half pint of proof spirits, two drams oil of lemon, one-half dram oil of rosemary.

Mrs. Ellen Brown, Tennessee.

Harvest Drink

A good, non-intoxicating drink for the harvest field and one that is very invigorating is made as follows: Five gallons of water, one-half gallon of molasses, one quart of vinegar, two ounces of powdered ginger.

Mrs. Ezra Nicoll Smith, Massachusetts.

Hiccoughs

Many ways are suggested for stopping this troublesome and sometimes painful affliction. There are the old methods of holding

the breath, of taking as many swallows of water as you can without drawing a fresh breath, and of startling or frightening the victim by a sudden shake or slap. Other ways advocated by some are to bathe the lobes of the ears in cold water, to concentrate the mind hard on something else, to stretch up the right arm and look at it and to dissolve a small lump of sugar slowly in the mouth. Sugared water is sometimes given to infants to stop hiccoughs.

Jennie Mackay, Alabama.

RECIPES, OLD AND NEW.

FROM a collection of recipes that dates back almost to "war-time" we shall give a few every month just as they stand in the old hand-written book that has come down to us. Along with them occasional new recipes of the present day will be given.

Chicken Broth

On one carefully dressed chicken pour two quarts of cold water. Add a little salt and two or three teaspoons of rice. Boil very slowly for two hours in a tightly covered vessel. Skim occasionally. Season very little. Excellent for the sick.

Custard for Cake

One pint of milk, two large teaspoons of sugar, one of corn-starch, the yolks of two eggs. When cold add the whites, beaten, and flavor to taste.

Oil Dressing for Celery

The yolks of two eggs, two-thirds teaspoon of mustard, a little cayenne pepper and a pinch of salt. Beat all up together. Add olive oil of a good quality until it is thick. Add vinegar last, to taste.

Chili Sauce

One bushel tomatoes, two dozen large onions, three to four dozen red peppers. Chop fine and put together with twelve tablespoons of sugar, three quarts cider vinegar, salt to taste. Boil gently four or five hours until all is soft and it begins to thicken. Seal hot.

Waffles

One quart of milk and four eggs. Beat the eggs light and stir in enough flour for batter. Add the milk, one-fourth pound of butter and a teacup of yeast (old-fashioned). Put to rise in the morning if desired for evening meal.

THE MONTH'S MEMENTO.

UNDER this head in every number we will have some little poem or prose extract from the work of some great man. There is no rule or limitation in selecting these. Anything that is good and helpful and aid to broader thinking and truer living may find place here.

QUATRAIN

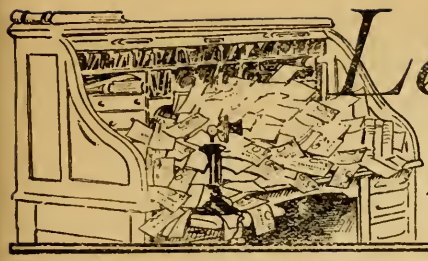
Who hath no need of pain
To chasten and control,
God pity him, for he must be
Dwarfed and infirm of soul.

C. L. Story, in Munsey's.

His Omission

"I SEE that Senator Smugg declares it is possible to earn a million dollars honestly."

"Yes, but you will also notice that he did not accompany the statement with any explanation of why he has never attempted to do so."



Letters From The People

OUR readers are requested to be as brief as possible in their welcome letters to the MAGAZINE, as the great number of communications daily received makes it impossible to publish all of them or even to use more than extracts from many that are printed. Every effort, however, will be made to give the people all possible space for a direct voice in the MAGAZINE, and this Department is freely open to them.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S REPLY ON SOCIALISM

Upton Sinclair, Author of "The Jungle," Princeton, N. J.

It seems to me that an author who finds a ten-page editorial devoted to his book may fairly feel that he has a right to come back. You must have known that some of the things which you said about "The Jungle" would make me wriggle; and being an author, my wriggles naturally come out through my pen.

In the first place, allow me to thank you for your really beautiful appreciation of the book. What I have to say here is mostly argument, but I would not have you infer from this that I have not felt the earnest spirit of your review. It is exactly that which makes me feel that it is worth while to write to you about the points in which I disagree with you.

To begin, you speak of the unrelieved gloom of the story. You ask if this was necessarily the case; you ask: "Does Mr. Sinclair mean to say that the wage system of today is that much worse than the old slave system of the Southern states? Is the present wage system so much more of a heart-breaker and soul-killer than that against which Mrs. Stowe launched her immortal book?"

It seems to me that I cannot do better, by way of answering this question, than to quote a paragraph which I cut out of "The Jungle" before it appeared in book form. You must understand that I went over the serial form of the story, and cut out about two-thirds of the Socialism at the end, and also every word, phrase or sentence throughout the earlier parts of the story which seemed in any way to express an opinion of the author. This is one of the paragraphs which I cut out:

> Once upon a time a great-hearted woman set forth the sufferings of the black chattel-slave, and roused a continent to arms. She had many things in her favor, which cannot be counted on by him who would paint the life of the modern slave—the slave of the factory, the sweat-shop and the mine. The lash which drives the latter cannot either be seen or heard; most people do not believe that it exists—it is the cant of the philanthropist and the political convention that it does not exist. This slave is never hunted by bloodhounds; he is not beaten to pieces by picturesque villains, nor does he die in ecstasies of religious faith. His religion is but another snare of his oppressors, and the bitterest of his misfortunes; the hounds that hunt him are disease and accident, and the villain who murders him is merely the prevailing rate of wages. And who can thrill the reader with the tale of a man-hunt, in which the hunted is a lousy and ignorant foreigner, and the hunters are the germs of consumption, diphtheria and typhoid? Who can make a romance out of the story of a man whose one life-adventure is the scratching of a finger by an infected butcher-knife, with a pine box and a pauper's grave as the dénouement? And yet it may be just as painful to die of blood-poisoning as to be beaten to death; to be tracked by bloodhounds and torn to pieces is most certainly a merciful fate compared to that which falls to thousands every year in Packingtown—to be hunted for life by bitter poverty, to be ill clothed and badly housed, to be weakened by starvation, cold and exposure, to be laid low by sickness or accident—and then to lie and watch, while the gaunt wolf of hunger creeps in upon you and gnaws out the heart of you, and tears up the bodies and souls of your wife and babes.

That is my answer to the question, Mr. Watson. The black slave was happy and idle until he was fifteen or sixteen years of age; he lived in the open air and rolled around in the dirt, and had opportunities of health and fun. The life of the wage-slave of the Beef Trust is lived in the city slums, in the midst of sordidness and ugliness; it is nothing to his master's interest to see that he has enough to eat in childhood, and as a consequence he goes to work at the age of eleven or twelve; also he works at home as soon as he is able to stand up. In Packingtown I have seen boys who I am sure were not twelve years old, working in the midst of blood and offal; and I state in all soberness and sincerity that during the seven weeks that I spent there, living with the people, I saw no happiness that was not connected with beer.

And then you take me to task for spoiling my story with the Socialist label at the end.

I hope that you are not right about that; but I am free to confess that I am frequently unhappy over the thought. The only comfort that I can find is that if it be true, the future will be wise enough to pardon it; it will know the awful burden which I had upon my shoulders, and it will be merciful, and not contemptuous, because I lost my nerve. You see, Mr. Watson, it is a very dreadful thing to go down into a living hell such as Packingtown, to walk among its scenes of misery and horror, to see knavery and oppression enthroned and triumphant, and to know yourself helpless and impotent and dumb. It used to make me sick—sick with an awful sickness for which there are no words. I used to come home at night, half fainting, with my whole being one scream of horror and despair. I put some of this into my story, here and there, in spite of myself; and afterward I went through and cut it all out ruthlessly. But alas, I could not cut out the end!

You tell me that I ought to have followed the example of Mrs. Stowe, and killed my hero. You may be right. That is the common tradition of the realist school of fiction; but then I am not altogether a Zola—I have some Shelley in my make-up. I think that I can see the way out of the wilderness; and so I cannot content myself with merely painting blackness and despair. And then, after all, that was really not the purpose of my book. As I define the purpose to myself, it was to portray the world-wide process whereby economic conditions are driving the wage-working proletariat into independent political organization—that is, the Socialist movement; and it seems to me that the fault of the end of the book is not that I put in so much Socialism, but that I did not put it in in the right way. What I really intended to do was to make the latter part of the book as vivid and as real as I tried to make the former; that is, to make the reader understand the Socialist movement by portraying Socialist people, living Socialist lives and fighting Socialist battles. There is really no reason why this should not have been done, you know; for Socialists are real people, just as real as packing-house employees, and have their joys and their sorrows, their loves and their hates. But this would have made the book half as long again; and already it was half as long again as I had planned it, and I was tired and sick—clean starved out, in fact—a mental, physical, and almost a moral wreck. I had to get the thing done somehow; and the world, which neglected to give me a living while I wrote it, will simply have to put up with the best that I could do under the circumstances.

And then, another very important question, Mr. Watson. Are you sure that your feeling of the inadequacy of the end is not partially determined by your distrust of Socialism? In so far as that is the case, my disagreement with you is, of course, flat and unconditioned. I am perfectly willing to trust my book on board the ship of Socialism, to live or die with it; as the author of it, you know, I had to settle that for myself, I had to choose my own course. I believe that in the Socialist movement lies the hope of mankind and the future of the world; and I believe that the men and women of the future who may read "The Jungle". will see that the last chapters follow naturally and inevitably from the first. They may skip them, but it will be because they know all that is in them and take it for granted, and not because they think that it is not worth knowing. We skip a great deal in Rousseau, you know, when we read him at the present day; but we recognize that it all had its place in the development of human thought.

And now we come to Socialism; and I hardly know where to begin. Oh, my dear, dear, *dear* Mr. Watson! It is so dreadful, it is so cruel, it is so wicked! How shall I manage to convey to you how your editorial makes me feel? I feel as Stonewall Jackson must have felt when he was shot down by his own men. I throw up my hands and call to you, "Stop! stop!" But you do not stop!

Suppose we begin where there is some slight chance of my making you understand me; let us take the "negro problem," as the Socialists meet it. You say, "The most vicious negro will have just the same share in all the accumulated wealth of the age as will be had by the very best man on earth." Everything that you write being sincere, you will be greatly surprised to learn that all intelligent Socialists, so far as I know, are entirely in agreement with you upon the negro question; that I, at any rate, am entirely in agreement with you. You always speak of Socialism as if the essence of it were "public ownership" in some form or other; but that is simply the "outward and visible sign" of it—the life and soul of Socialism, the "inward and spiritual grace," the power which has made it a world-wide phenomenon —is *economic liberty*. Socialism, Mr. Watson, is industrial democracy and self-government; it is the self-assertion and the self-enfranchisement of the disinherited classes of the earth. It is not a thing which can be imposed upon men, which can be handed down to them; it is a thing which men must *take;* and if there is any group or class or race of men which is positively unfitted for self-government, that same group or class or race is unfitted for the coöperative commonwealth. Socialism implies—not as you erroneously state, that each man shall receive an equal share of the products of the earth—but that each man shall receive exactly *what he produces, the exact* equivalent of the value of his labor. With the abolition of exploitation, of rent, interest, dividends and profits, and with the systemic application of the best intelligence and machinery, the ability of every man to produce would be many times increased, and consequently be able to support himself by a very small

amount of work each day; the consequence of which, so far as the negro is concerned, I very much fear, would be that he would begin to sink into a yet deeper slough of degradation, vice and misery. If so, the intelligence of the whole people would impose upon the negro a paternalistic form of Socialism. He would not be deprived of any portion of what he earned, for a Socialist state would be incapable of injustice; but a great portion of what he earned would certainly be withheld, and devoted to the work of compelling him to live a civilized life—and in particular, to paying for the maintenance of the children whom he might create, and bringing them up to lead a decent life. Am I too sanguine in hoping that this will not seem to you an altogether unreasonable proposition?

And now let us come to the essential and all-important thing. I quote three paragraphs from your review:

"No matter what frills and flounces, laces and embroideries, may be placed upon Socialism, let no man doubt for an instant that the reason why the Have-nots, the poor, embrace it is that they understand it to mean an equal division among all men of all kinds of property.

"'Collective Ownership' is to take the place of individual ownership, and all those who now own nothing are to be given an equal share with those who now own everything.

"The Astor estate is not the only one to be confiscated, divided up and handed around; the fortunes of the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the Standard Oil group are not the only ones to be seized and distributed; every house and lot, every garden and farm, every small accumulation of money or chattels, is to be taken away from those who have earned it or inherited it, and there is to be a glorious universal-brotherhood division of everything among the good and the bad, the weak and the strong, the white and the black."

Now, Mr. Watson, I am going to ask permission to be very solemn and stern; I think I have even the right to be angry, for there can be no excuse for a thing such as this. It is stupid—it is stupid beyond any words—it is so stupid that it is wicked and cruel. We are earnest and honest men, men toiling for the future of humanity, giving up our time and our money and sometimes our lives to the service of a great and noble cause; and in the name of common decency, we have a right to demand that a person who criticizes us should have some real understanding of our purposes, and should be above the repetition of this grotesque and preposterous misrepresentation.

Where in the world do you get your ideas of Socialism, Mr. Watson? Do you get them from David M. Parry, the New York *Sun* and *Harper's Weekly?* Do you get them from the fantastic Utopian speculators of all ages, from Plato down to Edward Bellamy? Certainly you must have gotten them anywhere in the world except from the place where you should have gotten them—from the writings and speeches of the makers of modern, proletarian, revolutionary Socialist thought. I feel so very keenly about this point that I feel disposed to insist about it—to ask you to specify what are your authorities—to challenge you to quote me a chapter and verse for your ideas. And in order that there may be no further misunderstanding, let me name to you the leaders of modern scientific Socialism; they are Kautsky, Vandervelde, Enrico Ferri and Paul Lafargue, upon the Continent; Hyndman and Blatchford in England; and (to choose among many, Wilshire, Ghent and Hillquit in America. Here are nine men, surely a sufficient number; and I will challenge you to find in all their writings one single paragraph which can, by any possibility, be interpreted to mean what you say that Socialism means.

What does Socialism really mean, and what do Socialists really want? The following is a sentence from the Encyclopedia Americana: "The word is used to designate a coöperative social organization, where the means for the production and distribution of wealth are the collective property of the workers, while the goods which are to be consumed become the private property of the individual." I call your attention to the fact that between this definition and the statement of your article there are two irreconcilable differences: First, that "the Astor estates, and the fortunes of the Vanderbilts, the Goulds and the Standard Oil group" are not to be "seized and distributed" at all, but are to become the "*collective property of the workers*"; and second, that "every small accumulation of money or chattels" is not to be "taken away from those who have earned it or inherited it," but is to remain "*the private property of the individual.*" And this being the case, what becomes of the argument of your three dreadful paragraphs?

And now, to get to the end of this preposterously long letter, *what does Socialism really mean?* It is dreadful that I should have to tell you; but you are a sincere and honest man, and would not have written what you did if you had not believed it to be true. And so I know that I *do* have to tell you what Socialism really means.

Socialism means that the instruments for the production of the necessities of life are to be no longer owned by private individuals, and fought for among private individuals, but are to be taken over and made the property of the whole community; that they shall be worked under the direction of officers elected by a majority vote, and controlled by initiative, referendum and recall; that each worker shall labor as long as he or she pleases, and shall receive the exact value

of what he or she produces, with no deduction for the profits of an "owner." A Socialist makes a fundamental, all-important distinction between what he calls private and what he calls public property. Private property consists of all lands, houses, tools and chattels which are used by the individual who owns them; public property (that is, property which the Socialists desire to make public) consists of lands, houses, tools and chattels, which an individual does not use or work himself, but which he rents to other people for profit. In particular, the Socialist's attention is directed toward those enormous aggregations of *rented wealth* which are known as the "Trusts"—that is, the railroads, telegraphs and telephones, mines, oil-wells and great manufacturing systems, together with all their properties, buildings and lands. These things the Socialist proposes to take—and distribute them, you ask? *As directly and diametrically the opposite of distributing them as it is possible for the human imagination to conceive!* Under Socialism the Trusts would be just exactly as much "distributed," as Central Park is "distributed," as the Bartholdi statue, the United States Post-Office Department and the battleship *Kentucky* are "distributed." They will "distribute them" just exactly as much as the American people "distributed" the sovereignty of the thirteen colonies when they rose up and said that these colonies should no longer remain the property of King George the Third, but should become the property of the American people.

PLAN FOR PRIMARY ELECTIONS

P. M., Basin, Wyo.

If a primary election system could be adopted by which the candidates of each party for the ensuing regular election could be chosen by popular vote of the residents who voted at the same precinct as the last election, there would be an immense chance for reform. Though perhaps the majority of voters are rascals, nearly all rascals are fools, so it would be up to the "leading citizens" who have sense enough to be honest, to hold the balance of power and choose the best men they could get for their party candidates at the primary or at least mix enough honest men into the lot to keep the rest of them moderately decent.

Some years ago I outlined the plan as I thought it best and sent it to the *Times*, of Seattle, Wash. I never heard any more of it, but at the next session of the Washington Legislature a bill was introduced and carried to a hard-fought vote which covered all the points I had mentioned, but as it did not provide for any party that had never cast 10 per cent. of the total, it did not get the vote of two Socialist members and was beaten by that number. Since that time a similar law, which included also a lot of "jokers" apparently intended to kill it off, was adopted in Oregon, but set aside by the attorney-general until it could be repealed, and the principle of the thing is so well understood now by practical politicians that they are all ready to scotch it by fair means or foul, and I think it time for some publication which is really "for the people" and does not put party interests first, to take up the idea and let people see it, pick it to pieces, look it over, put it together and then set it up with the Australian ballot and use it.

The idea in brief is this: to hold a primary election at public expense, say, sixty days before the regular election, in about the same manner and under similar regulations as the regular elections are held. To use registration lists of the last preceding election for the primary. To provide a separate ballot for each party and let the voter call for the one he wants. To have as many candidates as may be desired for each office on any ballot, any name to be put on at the request of a reasonable number of voters either in caucus or by petition with his consent. A ballot to be furnished for any party that can furnish a complete list of bona fide candidates for the offices to be filled at the ensuing election, state offices and county offices being deemed separate lists. The candidates of each party that receives the greatest number of votes to be the candidate of that party for that office. No candidate's name to appear in more than one place on any ballot, nor on the ballot of more than one party at the primary.

I have discussed the idea with several and heard various objections to it, but the only one that seems to stand analysis is that it would handicap the practical politician in delivering the goods, but that seems to be what is most needed, and, at any rate, the worst condition that could result under it could hardly be worse than the present.

M. M. Milne, New York City.

a. The people have set up a howl about John D. Rockefeller's tainted money. Is it more tainted than Thomas Ryan's, who has a vault built in a church, or under it, for a resting-place for his weary bones when he is no longer able to use the money paid to the Equitable to create a fund for widows and orphans? Is not Carnegie—and hosts of others—getting money by defrauding laborers (producers) of their just hire?

b. Is it not high time the "people" did something besides howling at capitalists, etc.? It seems to me that the good points from each party (Populists, Single-Taxers, M. O. League) put together ought to make an excellent platform.

c. Do you think women should be allowed to vote?

d. A man and woman work side by side keeping books. The man is paid six dollars per day. The woman three dollars per day. Is this just? She has worked as hard and accomplished just as much in the same time as the man.

Daniel A. Murphy, New Milford, Conn.

Coming up on the train from New York City recently I read your letter of acceptance dated September 30, 1904. It was mailed to me at my office at Brooklyn during the campaign, and yet I never read it because (I suppose being a campaign speaker for Mr. Parker and the ticket) I did not get time to study the "man" or his works, so to speak. Now, as to the merits of your letter: I quote from the first page, "Statecraft—like priestcraft—jealously guards its secrets. There is always the inner sanctuary which the people are taught to believe would be profaned by the touch of their unholy feet."

This is wrong and you made a mistake at the start. Yet when I read it all and came to the last page, where you touch upon "the slavery side," and helping poor boys to do what you found so difficult, I forgave you freely for the one mistake. I, too, have fought my way (against all obstacles) from the plow to the law office, and know just how hard poor boys and young students of the profession have to struggle. The best ten years of my life have been given in the battle, and I still have to fight for my country, my party and my conscience as to what is right and wrong. I was elected to the Connecticut General Assembly in 1896, the day Mr. Bryan was first defeated. I have followed him ever since and am still his private in the ranks. Now you are (in some ways) like him. Yet you combine patience with charity, which he lacks. Now, I cannot write just all that I would. Neither would you have time to read it.

A PIONEER REFORMER

William Bateman, Sr , Seymour, Ia.

I am seventy-three years old, and have been in the reform ranks fighting the wrong in Government affairs for thirty-eight years. The last old party vote I cast was for Grant, in his first election, and have not voted with the old parties since. Your Magazine is the best political educator I have ever read. I have been contending for Jeffersonian principles, but I could not find them in the old party lines. With them it is all a sham. We are living in a grand and awful time. The public ought to be better instructed on political economy, but it is hard to get them to form a desire for it. It is very hard to eradicate old ideas. It is as Napoleon Bonaparte said of the people, "Keep them amused and they won't think of watching you. Keep them laughing. They will starve without murmuring."

Charles F. Bluska, Sandusky, O.

Your Magazine strikes at the conscience of men like the golden sunbeams of spring coming down on the cold earth and awakening things to newness of life. Do you not think that if men's hearts are not right with their Creator, and have no love and sympathy for their fellow-men, that the "ballot-box" will make no change in conditions? It matters not what party may be in power. Do you not think that capital and labor will end in glorious triumph for both sides when they will come to the realization that brotherly love is more than "brute force" and "charity" more than "stubbornness"? The capitalist's heart must be changed from a stone to flesh. Look at our high men holding public office under the cloak of Christianity, dead to their own conscience, asleep to the cry and need of the public. Therefore, I consider it a supreme and timely object for every thinking man to read and study your Magazine to get a glimpse of the dead consciences of men in public office who lack noble manhood.

GOVERNMENT COAL

A. G. Thurman Zabel, Petersburg, Mich

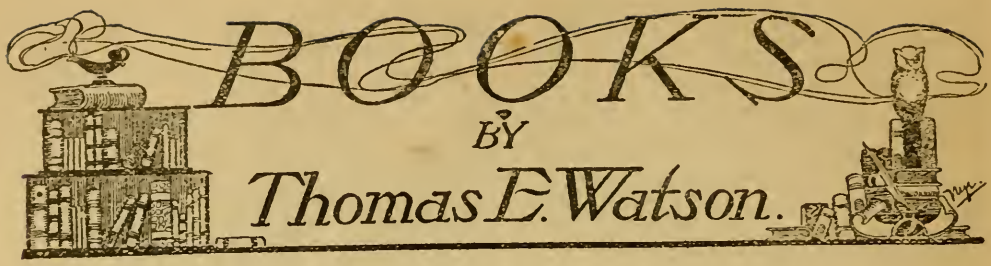
Being a constant reader and admirer of your Magazine, and a firm believer in the doctrines of the People's Party, I take the liberty to call your attention to an article in the March number, page 13, of *World's Events Magazine* which says:

"In a hearing before a House Committee on a proposed appropriation of $50,000 to purchase coal lands in the Philippines, for the purpose of supplying coal to the Navy, Secretary Taft supported the proposition after buying the mines to lease them to parties who would sell the coal to the Government at 10 per cent. above cost of production. In this way he would avoid Government ownership and control." Would you consider such a man a "safe and sane" guardian of the people's rights? A fine sample of the "Stand pat" and "Square Deal" Republican is Secretary Taft, is he not?

Riley T. Calfee, Pine, Va.

I like your Magazine and believe it is doing a great deal in the cause of reform.

I don't think you should slur so at Mr. Bryan, but that you and he and all the other believers in true democracy should get together for the next great fight in 1908. I like your editorials because you call a spade a spade and call the rascals by name. This is a time which calls for the united action of all true reformers, and I believe the best way is for such good Jeffersonian Democrats as you and Mr. Bryan, Folk and others, to wrest control of the organization from the Wall Street gang, and shape the platform of the next National Convention in the interests of the people; and in this you will have the support of the majority of the rank and file. The only thing to do is to quit scrapping among yourselves.



[NOTE.—Reviews are by Mr. Watson unless otherwise signed.]

Letters of Labor and Love. By Samuel M. Jones. Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

When Golden Rule Jones died, his country lost a great citizen. This sounds like mere enthusiasm, and especially will so sound to people that knew Jones vaguely as a kind of crank and idealist in politics, who had money enough, earned by shrewd business sense, to put into practice some of his queer notions. For all that, Jones was a great citizen. One has only to consider the effect he had on the people of Toledo in order to realize this. Just what his force was as a political factor is shown in the brief and choice preface Brand Whitlock contributes to this volume of letters, which Jones wrote to his employees.

As he says over and over again in the course of the letters, he is not preaching to his workmen alone, but to Jones as much as to any of them. Here lay the great secret of the man's control. He made himself like unto them; and he knew that to govern them he must first have governed himself. Every employer with the least share of imagination should read these letters, in order to know just how Jones kept next to his people. We don't think that every employer could be like Jones, even if he wished to be; but we do think that many of his plans for the welfare of his employees paid him as much as they benefited the men. If there were no other argument to persuade a man that he should have a personal interest in all the people that work for him, this one should impel conviction; yet we hold that if an employer started by following Jones this far, however little aspiration such an employer might have, he would inevitably arrive at the point where mere profit in life should sink into its proper proportion before the knowledge of real values in life. Reverting again to the preface, it is interesting to note that Brand Whitlock, who was an ardent adherent of Jones's, has since succeeded him as mayor of Toledo. Evidently the people of Toledo have wished that the Jones idea of government should be continued.

R. D.

Miss Frances Baird, Detective. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Readers who like detective stories will be very much interested in this one, because it is built on immemorial lines. In one particular it is far more successful than many such stories. The mystery is undivined until it is solved in the last few pages. The greater number of the characters are stagey, and serve only to carry out the author's restless and throbbing plan of action. Restless and throbbing the book undeniably is, and it is impossible to read a page of it in an easy frame of mind. Manifestly it was written with the intention that any reader who picked it up should not be able to lay it down until he had finished it; and we believe that the author has fully accomplished this intention. Probabilities are stretched here and there, the long arm of coincidence creaks occasionally; but the movement is so rapid that one hardly notices these incredibilities.

The chief character, a "lady" detective, is better realized than any other character in the book. She wins our interest, but does not touch our feelings. We don't expect her, however, to have this appeal because in her profession there is only one aim, one idea, that is, making money. For our part we don't believe that the best detectives have much vanity of fame, which comes to them so easily. What a detective wants is money, and he will take it any way he can get it. In fact, the much hero-worshiped detective is really one of the lowest of human beings. He is distinctly inferior to any decent policeman, and his practices as a spy have no justification of patriotism, which condones, but does not clear them, in a military detective. Yet we all like so much the food of curiosity, which we find in detective stories, that this character has attained an ascendency in our fiction wholly denied to other characters of much slighter obliquity.

Nevertheless we go right on reading detective stories, an indication that we will read what we like, regardless of moralists. And we should be very foolish if we did not, for, after all, the great charm of detective stories is that grown-up people make-believe they believe what they are reading. It is easy to

make-believe in childhood, and making-believe, the exercise of the imagination, is one of the rarest of human pleasures. If, as we grow older, more startling and paradoxical inventions are needed to bring imagination into our routine world, where should we put the blame unless on the flying years?

R. D.

Our Best Society. Published anonymously by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

In the earlier chapters of this book one feels that the author is making adroit use of the novel form in order to let us have a series of pictures of New York society. As he progresses, however, his characters become alive and he converts what might have been a set of descriptions of conventional scenes into a story of cumulative interest. To some readers the first chapters may threaten tedium because the book is so constructed. They would make a mistake, if they will be advised, should they be balked by this menace. To present a mere panorama of society in New York is hardly necessary in these days, when the newspapers, especially the yellows, make such a feature of the habits and doings of the so-called Four Hundred; even the intimate life of the idle rich is a well-worked field of any number of novelists; and everybody knows that the majority of our actors and actresses can do little except in drawing-room plays. Many of them acquit themselves poorly enough in those. To tell the truth, society is over-written as a mere locality; and the poor we have always with us in the farm drama and the melodrama of the proletariat. It would seem as if only the middle class had been neglected, and socially, the middle class preponderates in the United States.. It is a nice question, moreover, whether our best society is not in reality more middle class than aristocratic. One distinguishing mark of our best society is that it does things the *bourgeois* are too respectable to do, and the lower classes have not enough money to do.

All this by way of impression, for which we are indebted to the author's minute account of an invitation to dinner in Washington Square, of the dinner itself and the social adventures into which it led a literary man and his wife. Of the mere literary man the book presents an accurate and interesting portrait. One sees him in travail, grudging every hour not attuned to the purpose of his profession. One observes him feverishly conscious of only the literary value of all that goes on about him, even when he denies to himself that he is collecting copy. With the aid of his acute, charming, if occasionally priggish wife, one discovers him reading psychologic riddles in the sayings and doings of his associates, that verily exist only in his over-trained intuition. One smiles affirmation when his wife tells him: "You've read into my mind all sorts of notions and motives that never existed there." One feels at last that of all characters in fiction the mere literary man must be the least inviting, excepting only the newspaper reporter.

On the other hand, the actress, *Lily Valentine*, easily recognizable as the most popular and least developed actress now playing in our theatres, is full of sparkle and attractiveness at every appearance. The playwright, *Walter Hart*, who has an effeminate voice and four plays running simultaneously in New York, may also be identified. The slender thread that society suffers to link the theatre with itself leads the author of the book behind the scenes and enables him to show his familiarity with the ways of stage-folk. It is a pleasure to meet them so naturally as they are met in these pages, at work, in triumph, in defeat, but always at work. *Holbrook, Lily Valentine's* manager, genial, shrewd, reserved, effective, is a most real person. In fact, the book abounds in real persons, so that one wishes there were more told of them as such, rather than as performers in the masque of society. That they rise above the ceremonial of their caste is the accomplishment of the man who makes them live in type, by means of simple, direct writing, convincing dialogue, keen intelligence and a sprightly wit that illuminates the whole.

This book is published anonymously; but it has been since rumored that it was written by John D. Barry, who is known as the author of "Mademoiselle Blanche," "A Daughter of Thespis," "The Congressman's Wife," and other novels.

R. D.

Stand Pat; or, Poker Stories from the Mississippi. By David A. Curtis. Illustrated by Henry Roth. L.C. Page & Co., Boston.

If you know the rudiments of poker you will enjoy this little chain of stories. If you don't, you won't. There it all is in a nutshell.

This does not mean, however, that the book has no value aside from poker, but merely that you can reach these other values only through a knowledge of the great American game. And what better expositor of human nature could there be than this old pastime and means of livelihood with its infinite possibilities of tragedy and comedy, sordidness and romance?

Half of the stories are laid in Brownsville, Ia,, and half in Arkansas City, both Mississippi River towns and both productive of interesting individuals zealously devoted to "the game." *Stumpy, Long Mike, Hennessy, Old Man Greenhut*, and all the other players, for that matter, are well worth acquaintance and, though we see them for the most part only over the tops of five cards, the author has made very real

people of them and given us an inclusive picture of their towns and times. And with much human nature and more poker there should be, and is, a vast deal of humor. We sound the depths of inevitable tragedies as comfortably as can be asked and return again to the happier air of comedy with powers of enjoyment unimpaired. There is no thread of general plot, but with each story complete in itself and the same set of characters running through most of them, there is a certain refreshing sense of reality from the everyday yet over-wonderful manner in which the strands of one man's life, and the causes and results of a single incident, wander backward and forward and to all sides into the infinite world we feel about us, like a legion of paths diverging from the candle-light of the immediate present into the shadows of the unknown and partly guessed. *Stumpy* and his comrades rise before us like the men we know in real life, perhaps interesting as we see them, but doubly so in their suggestions of possibilities in past and future. If each of the stories follows fairly well the demands of artistic structure, there is in the book as a whole, something of the kaleidescopic realism of actual life and, whether the author intended this or not, it has its value.

There is also something of credit in the fact that in spite of his material the writer is open to no charge of vulgarity in his treatment of it. This book is not "literature" nor has it literary distinction, but it has some literary quality. This and its human nature and modulated humor make it sufficiently entertaining.

A. S. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Bitter Cry of the Children." John Spargo. The Macmillan Co.

"In Our Town." William Allen White. McClure Phillips Co.

"The Socialization of Humanity." Charles Kendall Franklin. Charles H. Kerr & Co.

"The Teeth and Their Care." Thaddeus P. Hyatt, D.W.S. The King Press.

"Balzac: A Critical Study." H. A. Taine. With an appreciation of Taine by the translator, Lorenzo O'Rourke. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

"The Undying Past." Herman Sudermann. John Lane Co.

"Studies in Socialism." Jean Jaurès. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Anchorage

BY RUTH STERRY

CAST out a gossamer thread, my soul,
An airy filament fling,
When time grows late by the three-score glass
And life is an emptied thing.

Oh, throw far out thy ductile thread
When the earth-sounds fainter grow,
And anchor fast on the unknown shore
Where the loosened soul must go.

Spin out a gossamer thread and hold
When the senses reel, and thin
The sands run out, and the race is run,
Spin out thy filament—spin!

CONGRESS is profoundly concerned about protecting the Constitution, but not so much that it will want to stay on guard when the thermometer registers up toward one hundred.—*Journal, Parsons, Tenn.*

WHATEVER may be said of Commissioner Garfield, he is certainly not sensational. Anything less "yellow" than his findings on the Beef Trust is only to be found in his report of the investigations of the Standard Oil Trust. Only a tame mind and pen could make so little of such good material. —*Enterprise, Alto Pass, Ill.*

IT is not in the least likely that the ideal socialistic state will be realized in any conceivable time, declares the Springfield *Republican*, nor is it conceivable that the ideal individualistic state will be realized. What promises to come about is simply what has always come about—an adjustment between the two, representing a working compromise based on actual human conditions rather than theories or ideals. As conditions change, the working compromise will change, taking on or throwing off characteristics, whose net content will represent a predominance of emphasis or shading rather than any absolute ideas crowned in triumph. At least, that is all we can look forward to in the immediate future.—*The Virginian, Emporia, Va.*

THE Supreme Court has decided that the Whisky Trust must pay the Sugar Trust $141,000, with interest from 1899, when it stopped the sugar people from making whisky from molasses and "blackstrap." Thus do the sins of the kettle react on the frying-pan.—*Plattsburgh (N. Y.) Republican.*

THE spirit of reform is abroad in the land. Somewhere at every election the political boss is having his judgment day. It augurs well for purity and honesty in politics, for morality, for freedom, for happiness in the Republic. The men who do the voting ought to do the dictating. Let this spirit of independence be hailed with exceeding great joy. It is the country's only safeguard of the right, its greatest security against wrong. It keeps politics pure, holds principles above spoils and makes parties a means to good ends. On with the fight! to the devil with the wrong, a square deal for the people, all the time.—*The Courier, Bristol, Tenn.*

MISSOURI is promising to run a coal mine of its own if the strike shuts things down. Missouri feels equal to anything after forcing Mr. Rogers to converse pleasantly with Attorney-General Hadley, when he did not feel like talking.—*Daily Courier, Petaluma, Cal.*

PRESIDENT BAER, of the Coal Trust, says that the cost of living has decreased since 1904. A trip to the grocery would yield Mr. Baer a quantity of useful information and enlightment on this subject.—*Register, Cache, Okla.*

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a Republican paper, whose editor no doubt is up to the ways of politicians, says:

"Missouri, Arkansas, Indiana and South Dakota have declared for Bryan in their state Democratic conventions. But they did this in order to head off Hearst. . . . This is what is instigating the Madison Square round-up of old-time silverites and goldbugs. Not that Belmont and Sheehan hate Bryan less, but Hearst more. Hearst is soon to be nominated for governor by the radical elements of the New York electorate, chiefly drawn from the Democratic Party. . . . By using Bryan as a club the Tammany and anti-Tammany Democrats of New York and the old and the new conservatives outside that state hope to down Hearst."

Ten years ago Bryan was used as a club to disorganize the People's Party. We have claimed all along that Bryan's nomination and the adoption of the Chicago platform by the Democratic Party in 1896 was a plan hatched in Wall Street; not that Wall Street wanted Bryan or the platform, but that there was danger of the People's Party getting control of the Government. Wall Street will again consent to the nomination of Bryan if it deems such a course necessary to keep the People's Party down. But maybe the people will get onto Wall Street's tricks and refuse to support any man that remains in either of the old monopoly-controlled parties.

Conceding that Bryan is not in harmony with Wall Street as to what the laws of our nation should be, it is quite evident that

the rallying of Wall Street and Wall Street sympathizers throughout the country to the support of Bryan is to prevent the Hearst element in the party from breaking away and joining or joining with the People's Party. If they can keep the Hearst element from leaving the old party they are safe. Wall Street feels perfectly safe as long as the people endeavor to get reform in the old parties. But the very thought of the people who want reform getting together in a party of their own gives the monopolists the shivers, and well it may, for the overthrow of monopoly rule will be as easy as rolling off a log when the twelve or fifteen million voters who want reform get together. —*Missouri World, Chillicothe, Mo.*

POPS WILL SWALLOW THE PLEDGE

JUDGE JAMES K. HINES, of Atlanta, who was the Populist candidate for governor of Georgia in 1894, and some Democrats now declare was elected and counted out, advises all Populists to go to the polls on August 22 and vote for Hoke Smith, swallowing the obnoxious pledge that the Democratic anti-democratic executive committee formulated for no other purpose than to defeat Mr. Smith. For, he says, "Principle is greater than party."

Judge Hines is much smarter than we are and certainly a great deal more charitable, for we never could have forgiven Hoke for the count-out. But we suppose he is right about the matter. We should not harbor malice, but return good for evil.

Besides, if the combined wicked influences are all arrayed against Hoke Smith (and the action of the executive committee shows conclusively that wickedness reigned supreme in that august assembly), that is sufficient evidence that Hoke Smith is standing for the best interests of the great mass of the common people, and from that standpoint the people can take chances.

We have to take chances anyway, for if the Populists could elect one of their number he would be a human being and it is not impossible for the grafters to obtain a hearing.

While it may be the means of giving us a fearful Government in the state, it could hardly have any effect in the national administration, for Georgia will be counted for the Democratic nominee, if he should be Bryan, yea, even Grover. Regardless of how the votes are cast, the pledge cannot be binding after this campaign.

The race this year will determine the sincerity of the Democratic Party, or at least those who control that organization. The executive committee has already shown how the party stands so far as the head is concerned. That is anti-Hoke Smith.—*Herald, West Point, Ga.*

USURY AND INTEREST

EVERY Hebrew scholar knows that the word translated "usury" in the Bible, in the original means any charge whatever for the use of money, yet the revisors of the St. James translation refused to substitute the word "interest" for it. The *Investigator*, some years ago, had a conversation with one of the learned men who was a member of the American section of the revision board and asked him point-blank why that erroneous translation was retained in the revised version. He finally said that if the translation of that word had been changed, the money could never have been raised to pay the expenses of the revision. Anyone is at liberty to draw any conclusion from that statement that he wishes The gentleman, however, spoke the truth.

The fact is that the Bible prohibited the Jews from taking interest from one another, but were allowed to charge interest when money was loaned to one not a member of that nation. When one reads the denunciations of the old Hebrew prophets against any charges being made for the use of money, he must take into consideration the prophets' point of view. In those days the only borrowers of money were the poor, or those who found themselves suddenly in distress. To charge interest in loaning money to such persons was ethically wrong, and the old prophets hurled their anathemas at it in countless numbers. In their days no one ever borrowed money or thought of borrowing it except for the relief of distress, and to take advantage of such conditions was a grievous sin. That remained the case until after the beginning of the Christian era. The fathers of the Christian church denounced interest with the same vehemence as the old Hebrew prophets and for the same reason.

There is a very great difference between the loaning of money for the relief of distress and the advancement of money to a borrower who may be much richer than the one who loans the money for the advantage of the borrower. In fact, it is wrong for one having money that he does not wish to use to hoard it. Such a practice, by any considerable number, would bring distress upon the whole nation. A contraction of the currency would ensue that would force a fall of prices and disaster to those who hoarded the money, as well as to those who wished to borrow.

The English word "usury" now means an extortionate rate of interest, and the retaining of the old word "usury" in the Bible is a barefaced fraud. That may be heresy, blasphemy, or something of that sort, but it is a fact. And the loaning of money for commercial purposes where the borrower makes a profit by borrowing is not the sin denounced by the old prophets and early Christian leaders.—*The Investigator, Omaha, Neb.*

PERHAPS the Standard Oil magnates may

be most excellent gentlemen personally, but some of the tricks resorted to by them are those of thieves and robbers, as the investigation now going on shows; corruption and bribery were common practices, their employees were trained to commit deceitful practices, to commit crime if necessary, in fact, to do anything to secure a monopoly of the oil trade for the Standard Company. —*Crescent Standard, Frankfort, Ind.*

FREE thought? There is no such a thing! Those fools who claim that they are "free thoughtests" are either honest fools or intellectual knaves; I believe that they are the latter, as no man on earth ever created a thought, no man can control a thought. Thought is free in spite of its possessor. The possessor of thought can hide it, or proclaim it, just as he sees fit, thus we see that a new thought is subject to the will, or the judgment, or the discretion, or the valor, or the honesty of its possessor; it is his actions which are under his control, not his thought; if the thoughts which come to him from a "sacred mystery" are good and he is afraid to proclaim them because they would be unpopular, then he is a coward; if his thoughts are bad, and he does proclaim them because they are popular he is still a coward, as he has been disloyal to his conscience. Thus "conscience makes cowards of them all." —*Patriarch, Seattle, Wash.*

NEW YORK may send Mr. Roosevelt to the senate when his term as President has expired. but New Jersey seems never to have had the inspiration to do the same with ex-President Cleveland.—*Free Press, Harrisburg, Va.*

POSTMASTER-GENERAL CORTELYOU has asked Congress to appoint a commission to investigate and find out what is wrong with the second-class postal law, and suggest a remedy. He also asks an appropriation of $25,000. The El Paso County *Democrat* takes a rap at the postmaster-general and tells him that he should be able to locate the wrong, and have it corrected without $25,000 appropriation. Right you are, Mr. Democrat; the average schoolboy could tell him where the evil exists and how it should be remedied. In the drafting of the postal laws, the wrong class of people were exclusively considered, and the second-class laws passed solely for their special benefit. Get some postmaster who has served all of the people and he can tell where the defects in the law are.—*Ex Parte, Florence, Col.*

GOVERNOR FOLK, of Missouri, has discovered that nearly every man in the Missouri penitentiary is a poor man. That is the result of going to law, doubtless.—*Bement Register, Bement, Ill.*

AGAIN we see the news reports about what a fine country Africa is for growing cotton. The bear clique sends these out by Associated Press every now and then. At the rate of increase in production which has prevailed in the past, it would take about a hundred years to make Africa important as a cotton producer. The throne of King Cotton is firmly set in Dixie, and if the farmers will stand together, and with the Cotton Growers' Association, our future prosperity will be assured.—*News, Monticello, Fla.*

A VIRGINIA college is going to establish a course for magazine writers. The teaching of patience and courage on the receipt of rejection slips should constitute an important part of this course.—*Gazette, Villa Grove, Ill.*

ENGLAND is not content to let us have what satisfaction we can get out of hugging the fact that we believe that we have honored one of our noble sea captains in the remains of Paul Jones, whose ashes were lately brought from France by the combined navies of France and the United States, and deposited at Annapolis, but is now trying to laugh us out of court by asserting that we have honored nothing but an ordinary British valet. They at least might have kept still until Congress had paid the bill for all this ceremony. And why should they care, unless they wanted to see the man who had given them such unmerciful wallopings duly identified so that they, too, could erect a monument to the man who destroyed England's title as the Pride of the Sea.—*Independence, Welcome, Wis.*

THE leaders of the senate are doing themselves proud in the way they are entertaining the public on the matter of rate regulation, but the senate knows, when considering the matter up its sleeve, that railroad interests are not worried over its "hot air." These political scraps are indulged merely for the purpose of diverting the people's attention from the fact that the vested interests are getting everything they have issued orders for.—*Semi-Weekly Dakota Herald, Yankton, S. Dak.*

DEMOCRACY stands for individual government, for the right of every man to work out his own destiny without let or hindrance. It stands for every man to enjoy the fruits of his labor, whether he be millionaire with his palace, or the laborer with his little cottage. Democracy represents the governmental principles inherent in man, that all men are free and equal before the law, and that no man or set of men shall enrich themselves at the expense of the toiling masses.—*Enterprise, Ripley, Tex.*

FROM JUNE 8 TO JULY 8, 1906

Home News

June 8.—The Indiana State Democratic Convention at Indianapolis yesterday pledged the electoral vote of the state to Bryan in 1908.

June 9.—In an interview in Paris J. O. Armour said: "President Roosevelt has a strong personal animus against the packers and will do all in his power to discredit them."

June 10.—The senate yesterday passed the Tillman bill prohibiting certain classes of corporations from contributing money for political campaigns. The bill as passed by the senate follows:

"That it shall be unlawful for any national bank or any corporation organized by authority of any laws of Congress to make a money contribution in connection with any election to any political office. It shall also be unlawful for any corporation whatever to make a money contribution in connection with any election at which Presidential and Vice-Presidential electors or a representative in Congress is to be voted for, or for any election by any state legislature of a United States senator.

"Every corporation which shall make any contribution in violation of the foregoing provisions shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $5,000, and every officer or director of any corporation who shall consent to any contribution by the corporation in violation of the foregoing provisions shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $1,000."

Any meat inspection bill reported by the House Committee on Agriculture must have the approval of President Roosevelt to restore the confidence of the public in the wholesomeness of the product of the packers."

This statement was made to the committee yesterday by Fred I. Johnson, secretary of the Colorado Cattle Growers' and Horse Breeders' Association.

"We want a bill passed immediately," Mr. Johnson said. "The cost is a secondary consideration. The cattlemen will pay for the inspection if that is all that stands in the way of an agreement. We want quick action in order to stop this agitation. It is costing the cattlemen thousands of dollars every day.

"Beef seems to be the only thing the public is discriminating against. The cow man is suffering the losses, not the sheep man or the hog man. A man will not eat a beefsteak, but will order a mutton chop. We want a bill passed that will be drastic and will insure us against a repetition of this agitation."

June 11.—At Boston, Mass., yesterday the $2,000,000 Christian Science Temple was dedicated. Forty thousand disciples of the cult were present.

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, in his baccalaureate sermon defended the beef packers and attacked the President and Congress.

June 12.—The special Grand Jury yesterday in New York returned indictments against Robert A. Granniss and Walter R. Gillette, both until recently vice-presidents of the Mutual Life and for many years the right-hand men of Richard A. McCurdy.

Six indictments were found against Dr. Gillette and two against Mr. Granniss. In five of the indictments Dr. Gillette is charged with forgery in the third degree and in the sixth with perjury committed before the special Grand Jury which has been investigating life-insurance crimes since May 7. One of the indictments against Mr. Granniss is for forgery in the third degree and the other charges misdemeanor.

June 13.—At Washington yesterday members of the house rushed to the defense of the cattlemen, characterizing the Neill-Reynolds report as hysterical, hypercritical and sensational. The purpose of the controversy was mainly to test the sentiment of the house. Applause greeted the criticisms. Every speaker disclaimed any sympathy for the Beef Trust, and all said they were speaking for the cattlemen and farmers, who are losers through the decline in the prices paid for their cattle.

At Kansas City yesterday a jury in the Federal Court found the Armour Packing

Company, Nelson, Morris & Co., the Cudahy Packing Company and Swift & Co. guilty of having accepted concessions, otherwise called rebates, from the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, as charged in indictments returned in December last.

At Sandusky, O., yesterday the trials of five bridge companies and five of their agents, charged with violating the Valentine Anti-Trust law, closed with Judge Reed finding them guilty and imposing a fine of $500 in each case. The concerns involved are the Canton, Massillon, King, Bellefontaine and Mount Vernon Bridge companies. The agents are Harry G. Hammond, W. N. Cleveland, H. C. Webster, H. W. Lyon and J. H. Hilton.

June 14.—Last night at Washington the Meat Inspection bill was completed by the House Committee on Agriculture. The bill, as it will be reported to the house, places the cost of inspection on the Government. This will amount to $2,000,000, in addition to the $800,000 already provided for in the Agricultural Appropriation bill for the inspection service.

June 15.—Yesterday at Washington the house adopted the conference report which admits the Indian Territory and Oklahoma as a single state and provides that Arizona and New Mexico may vote at the next general election as to whether they will come in as a joint state.

President Roosevelt has disapproved the Meat Inspection bill reported to the house today in the conference report on the Agricultural Appropriation bill. He has pronounced it wholly inadequate as a substitute for the Beveridge bill.

June 16.—At Washington by a vote of 110 to 36 the house yesterday decided that the Panama Canal should be of the lock type.

June 17.—It is said that Speaker Cannon and the Republican leaders of the house are fearful of the effect of President Roosevelt's Beef Trust exposures on the coming elections. They do not criticise his desire for reform, but they do insist that it could have been accomplished in a much less spectacular manner and without the resulting losses in foreign trade.

The Central Federated Union intends to go into politics the coming campaign. In so doing its members are carrying out the instructions given by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor.

It is the intention of organized labor to have a political organization of its own and to nominate candidates for the eleven Supreme Court justices who are to be elected next November.

June 19.—John M. Pattison, Democratic governor of Ohio, died yesterday of Bright's disease, He is succeeded by Lieutenant-Governor A. L. Harris.

June 20.—Yesterday the Meat Inspection amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation bill was adopted by the house and sent to the senate.

June 21.—At Montpelier, Vt., Fletcher D. Proctor, son of United States Senator Redfield Proctor, was nominated by acclamation for governor of Vermont at the Republican State Convention yesterday.

Yesterday the house passed the bill appropriating to the President $25,000 for traveling expenses.

June 22.—The senate, by a vote of 36 to 31, declared in favor of a lock canal at Panama.

June 23.—Yesterday at Kansas City in the United States District Court, Judge Smith McPherson passed sentence upon the seven defendants recently convicted of rebating.

George L. Thomas, of New York, was fined $6,000 and sentenced to four months in the penitentiary.

L. B. Taggart, of New York, was fined $4,000 and sentenced to three months in the penitentiary.

Swift & Co., the Cudahy Packing Company, the Armour Packing Company, Nelson Morris & Co. and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad were each fined $15,000.

The matter of accepting $25,000 a year for traveling expenses and determining his constitutional right to do so was put squarely up to President Roosevelt by the senate. The amendment to the Sundry Civil bill making this allowance was withdrawn and the Tawney bill, passed by the house, was adopted. In this way the Congressional enactment goes to the President as a separate measure. He can have Attorney-General Moody examine into the constitutionality of the measure, and the full responsibility for accepting the additional money will rest upon the President himself.

June 24.—The Pure Food bill was passed by the house yesterday.

With an anti-pass provision as wide and as liberal as it possibly could be made, the house adopted the conference report on the Railway Rate bill late yesterday, 216 to 4. This disposes of the bill so far as the house is concerned, and when the senate adopts the conference report the bill will be sent to the President for his signature.

June 25.—The International Policyholders' Committee, under direction of its counsel, Samuel Untermyer, is preparing a

campaign to wrest the control of the Mutual and the New York Life Insurance companies from Wall Street interests. Among the members of the International Policyholders' Committee are Richard Olney, of Massachusetts; Judge George Gray, of Delaware; Governor Howard, of Florida; Governor Blanchard, of Louisiana; Governor Hanly, of Indiana; Governor Johnson, of Minnesota; Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania; Governor Roberts, of Connecticut.

It is reported from Washington that the so-called investigation of the Panama Canal scandals will continue until adjournment without report or legislative recommendation. The ineffectiveness of this misnamed inquiry is said to be without parallel.

June 26.—Yesterday, at St. Louis, Judge Ryan, of the Circuit Court, ruled that the Cahill-Swift Manufacturing Company is a member of the Plumbing Trust, and therefore has forfeited its right to ask the state's aid in collecting a debt. The Cahill-Swift Company sued Joseph E. Walsh, a plumber, to recover $240.83 in payment for material received by Walsh. Walsh admitted receipt of the material, but refused to pay on the sole ground that the Cahill-Swift Company belongs to a pool in restraint of trade, and could not collect the debt under the anti-trust laws of Missouri.

At Toledo five ice dealers were sentenced yesterday to one year's imprisonment in the workhouse and to pay a fine of $5,000 each for having mutually agreed to raise the price of ice 100 per cent. The men convicted are prominent citizens, and their names are Joseph A. Miller, manager of the Toledo Ice and Coal Company; R. C. Lemmon and R. A. Beard, of the Hygeia Ice Company; Peter H. Walters, of the Michigan Lake Ice Company; Henry P. Brening, of the Bau Beese Lake Ice Company.

It is rumored at Philadelphia that the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission to Congress will show that the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt railroad lines combined control the bituminous coal industry, and that the Pennsylvania company is first in command.

In the senate yesterday was adopted Senator La Follette's resolution providing for an inquiry by the Interstate Commerce Commission into the connection of the railroads with the Grain Elevator Trust.

In New York late last night, as the curtain was about to fall on a summer show in the Madison Square roof garden, Harry Kendall Thaw, of Pittsburg, shot and killed Stanford White, the noted architect. As he was taken into custody Thaw said: "He ruined my wife, and I got him." Thaw's wife was Evelyn Nesbit, an artist's model and chorus girl before her marriage.

In the House of Representatives yesterday the Immigration bill was passed under a special rule, minus the provision requiring an educational test.

June 27.—J. O. Armour, head of the meat-canning industry, arrived in New York from Europe yesterday, and said, referring to the packing-house exposures: "One of the largest American industries has been attacked without reason in a way that has discredited American goods of all kinds abroad."

Attorney-General Moody is in conference today with various United States district attorneys regarding the prosecution of the Standard Oil Company. It is rumored that legal action will be taken at Buffalo, Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Cleveland.

The Committee of Inquiry on the Panama Canal scandals will not sit during the summer, and will reconvene not before next winter.

The $130,000 which the late Congress refused to vote to the National City Bank, of New York, for rental of the old Custom House property was jammed through the house yesterday in the General Deficiency bill. That the appropriation was contained in the bill was guarded with the utmost secrecy by members of the Committee on Appropriations. The report accompanying the bill made no mention of it.

June 28.—At Terre Haute, Ind., yesterday Mayor Edwin J. Pidaman was impeached and removed from office by the City Council for failure to enforce anti-gambling and anti-saloon laws.

At Harrisburg, Pa., yesterday, the Democratic State Convention, repudiating the state boss, Colonel J. M. Guffey, nominated for governor, Lewis Emery, Jr., an independent Republican.

At St. Louis, Mo., yesterday the National Committee of the People's Party began its annual two-day conference. (Note.—The address of Chairman Ferriss appears in another part of this Magazine.)

At Portland, Me., yesterday the Republicans renominated Governor William T. Cobb, of Rockland, and refused to resubmit to the voters the question of prohibition. The recent Democratic Convention declared in favor of resubmission of this question, and this will be the issue of the campaign.

At Philadelphia the district-attorney announced that he would begin suit against the Ice Trust and allied companies for exorbitant increase in prices.

At Washington the senate and house conferrees held still another rate conference

last night, and for the third time a tentative agreement was reached. The pass provision was entirely rewritten on the lines of the original senate amendment. Senators and representatives are prohibited from accepting free transportation. Railroads are permitted to issue passes to a list of excepted persons, including railway mail clerks, postoffice inspectors, live-stock attendants, indigent people, fruit attendants and some others. The oil pipe line amendment remains exactly as it was, which means that owners of pipe lines will be permitted to carry their own products. Mr. Tillman announced that he would not sign the report with the pipe line provision in this form. It will be signed by Elkins and Cullom for the senate, thus making a valid conference report. Mr. Tillman will again make a dissenting statement, declaring that it is a surrender to the Standard Oil Company. The conference will meet at ten o'clock today, when it is expected another five-to-one report will be signed.

The recent act of Congress which removes the internal revenue tax from denatured alcohol has developed a new industry in the South, and promises employment for millions of dollars of capital in this fertile field. New York and Southern capitalists have just completed in Wall Street the organization of a $15,000,000 company to manufacture denatured alcohol from the fibre of the cotton stalk. Still more interesting is the announcement that the company is in possession of a process for the manufacture of white paper from the same fibre, and that it has every reason to believe that it will revolutionize paper manufacturing in this country, and eventually deprive the Paper Trust of its monopoly.

June 29.—The Senate last night passed the General Deficiency Appropriation bill, carrying $11,600,000. An amendment offered by Senator Gallinger providing that the eight-hour law shall not apply to superintendents or foremen of laborers on the canal zone was accepted.

Yesterday President Roosevelt held a conference with Attorney-General Moody and his assistants regarding the prosecution proceedings against the Standard Oil Company. It is said that it will be six months before the Government is ready to take its case into court.

The fifty-ninth probably will be a two billion dollar Congress when it ends March 4, next. The appropriations for this the first session already aggregate $881,741,513. The appropriations to date follow: Permanent annual, $145,000,000; postoffice, $191,373,848; pensions, $140,000,000; naval, $99,734,215; army, $71,000,000; fortifications, $4,838,993; Military Academy, $2,250,000; sundry civil, $94,342,152; legislative, executive and judicial, $29,134,181; District of Columbia, $11,461,520; urgent deficiency, $15,216,103; general deficiency, $10,300,000; agricultural, $9,500,000; Indian, $7,785,528; diplomatic and consular, $2,744,969; public buildings, $21,000,000; extra appropriation for Isthmian Canal, $11,000,000. The estimated $12,000,000 the Senate will add to the various appropriation bills will bring the total to $881,741,513.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has decided to discontinue its business in France. Recent French insurance laws, it is said, impose practically prohibitory restrictions on American companies.

At Burlington, Vt., yesterday the Vermont Democracy and the independent Republicans (anti-Proctor and anti-machine) met and voted for fusion. Then the two conventions got together and nominated a State ticket headed by Percival W. Clement, leader of the independents and four years ago their unsuccessful candidate for governor.

At Milwaukee, Wis., yesterday the Democratic State Convention adopted the report drawn up after an all-night committee session. It strongly indorses William J. Bryan as the Democratic candidate for President in 1908. Among other things the platform demands enforcement of the statutes against all trusts, combinations and monopolies, favors placing on the free list all commodities now supplied by trusts or monopolies, favors revision of the present tariff, favors election of United States senators by direct vote and declares for Government control and regulation of all public service corporations and demands freedom for the Filipino.

At Washington the House of Representatives adopted, without dissent, the conference report on the Railway Rate bill.

At Toledo, O., the sentenced Ice Trust managers are still in jail. Judge Kinkade, in answer to pathetic pleas for clemency yesterday, cut in halves the sentences of three of the five men—R. G. Lemmon, R. A. Beard and Joseph H. Miller—making the fine $2,500 and the workhouse term six months.

H. V. Jones, a crop expert says: "The United States will raise this year the largest winter wheat crop in the history of the country—420,000,000 bushels. "Texas has given this year 14,000,000, or twice the yield of last year; Oklahoma, 28,000,000, or more than double the yield last year, and a record crop for the new State; Indian Territory, 4,000,000; Kansas, 72,000,000, about the same as last year; Nebraska, 35,000,000, about

the same as last year; Missouri, 30,000,000, same as last year; Illinois, 28,000,000; Indiana, 38,000,000; Ohio, 32,000,000, all in excess of last year; California, 20,000,000, twice that of last year's crop.

"On this basis the Southwest raises about 25,000,000 more than last year. The Southern and Eastern states and Oregon take up the balance, all the states having good average yields, except Michigan, which is probably the lightest in average yield. The crop is made and loss of yield can result now only from a wet harvest.

"The prospect for corn is favorable. There are sections where growth is two weeks behind, but the plant is healthy, and a hot July and August will work wonders in bringing it out. Cotton is in much the same condition as corn."

June 30.—The sixth and final report of the Truesdale committee on the Mutual Life Insurance Company, which was made public yesterday, discloses a mass of frauds and wasteful expenditures.

The conference report on the Railway Rate bill was accepted yesterday by the senate. The bill was signed by Speaker Cannon and Vice-President Fairbanks, and then went to the White House for President Roosevelt's signature. A joint resolution was adopted, providing that the bill shall take effect sixty days after it has been signed by the President. The Standard Oil Company has gained a signal victory in the passage of the bill as it now stands, because the provision making oil pipe lines common carriers has been eliminated.

The Beef Trust, three hours after the Standard Oil victory, completed its triumph over the President and Congress in the matter of meat inspection. The conference's report on the Agricultural Appropriation bill with the meat inspection amendment was accepted by the senate at 5.55 o'clock this evening without division. Tonight the house also agreed to the report, and the bill was sent to the President for his signature.

Yesterday the President issued an Executive order, making effective Secretary of State Root's plans for reform of the consular service, by putting the service strictly on a merit basis.

July 1.—In New York yesterday thirteen persons died as a result of the extreme heat, and thirty were prostrated.

At Washington yesterday the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress came to an end. President Roosevelt has gone to Oyster Bay, L. I., for a three months' vacation.

July 2.—It is reported from Washington that the President has made a compact with the Speaker to give the Congressional Campaign Committee the services of Secretaries Taft, Wilson and Shaw on the stump all through the campaign. It was agreed that the battle-cry shall be "Indorse the President," and the argument that if a Republican President is to be elected in 1908 the Sixtieth Congress must have a Republican majority which will be an indorsement of the President. There will be no tariff reform talk on the Republican side. Every effort will be made to convince the people that the election of a Democratic house will be a repudiation of the President and will clear the way for the election of a Democrat as President in 1908.

July 3.—By direction of the President, Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, yesterday issued a statement in part as follows:

"American live stock are the healthiest in the world. The inspection of the animals before and at time of slaughter always has been thorough. Supervision and inspection will now be extended from the pasture to the package. The Federal stamp upon the can will be a guarantee not only of the healthfulness of the animal, but also that the product was prepared in sanitary surroundings and with the addition of no deleterious chemical or preservative. Any meat food product bearing the Government stamp will be fit for food.

"The new law is comprehensive, the means for its enforcement are ample and its execution will be thorough. People at home and abroad may use our meats in confidence."

An examination for inspectors will be held July 21. They need not be veterinarians, but they must from experience be qualified to determine whether or not meat is sound, wholesome and fit for human food. They must be competent to supervise the preparation and handling of various meat food products, must be between twenty-one and fifty years of age, and must have had not less than one year's experience in the work required to be done. The entrance salary is $1,000 a year.

At Kansas City yesterday the final steps in the United States District Court in the rebate cases were taken when appeal bonds were perfected on behalf of the seven convicted individuals and concerns, and when bills of exception were filed for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company, and George L. Thomas, the New York broker, and his chief clerk, L. B. Taggart. Bills of exception had previously been presented in the cases of the Armour, Swift, Cudahy and Nelson Morris Packing companies. The next step will be the filing of the bills of exceptions with the Court of Appeals, which will be done at St. Louis on August 21.

At Toledo, O., Thomas H. Tracey and Clarence Brown, among the most prominent lawyers at the bar, were sentenced to ten days in jail by Judge Kinkade, because of strictures made upon the court in connection with the Ice Trust cases. Alexander Smith, another attorney for the convicted Ice Trust men, was fined $200 for the same offense.

At Baltimore State's Attorney Owens is investigating the charge that the American Ice Company, the local trust controlled by the same interests that control the ice business in New York and other cities, has formed a combine with the Independent Ice Company, which produces artificial ice, to raise the price of this necessity.

In its final report to the trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company, submitted at a special meeting yesterday, the Fowler Housecleaning Committee whitewashed everything and everybody connected with the company. A special supplementary report was made to whitewash George W. Perkins of three of the most serious charges against him.

At Washington yesterday Secretary Shaw offered to the public $30,000,000 of bonds of the Panama Canal loan, authorized by the recent act of Congress. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 2 per cent., will be dated August 1, 1906, and interest will be payable quarterly. They will be redeemable at the pleasure of the Government after ten years from date of issue, and will be payable thirty years from date. The bonds will be exempt from taxes and duties of any kind, and will be available to national banks as security for circulation. The bonds will not be sold for less than par. All citizens will have equal opportunity to subscribe for them, and the bids for them must be submitted to the department on or before July 20. The denominations will be $20 and multiples thereof. They will be ready for delivery about August 1.

The new Isthmian Canal Commission consists of Theodore P. Shonts (chairman), John F. Stevens, Charles E. Magoon, Brigadier-General Peter C. Hains, retired; Admiral Mordecai A. Endicott and Benjamin M. Harrod. The only new member is John F. Stevens, who is at present chief engineer. He takes the place of General Oswald H. Ernst, who retired to devote his entire attention to the International Waterways Commission. Stevens will continue as chief engineer. All the members of the commission and Secretary Bishop are now on the Isthmus. It is quite likely that Bishop will be reëlected secretary at a salary of $7,500.

July 4.—In London, England, yesterday William J. Bryan gave out this statement touching the nomination for President of the United States:

"It would not be just to me to be put in the attitude of announcing my candidacy or admitting the certainty of my being a candidate.

"It is two years before the convention meets, and I am not willing to sit on a stool and look pretty that long. I prefer to be in a position to say what I think ought to be said, write what I think ought to be written and do what I think ought to be done.

"I am advancing in life, and cannot spare two years out of my life just at this time."

Thomas Taggart's hotel at French Lick Springs, Ind., was raided yesterday by the sheriff, and a large quantity of gambling paraphernalia was confiscated. Under instructions of Governor Hanly, of Indiana, the attorney-general began proceedings to annul the charter of the French Lick Springs Hotel Company, of which Mr. Taggart is president. Mr. Taggart is also chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

July 5.—At Oyster Bay, L. I., yesterday President Roosevelt addressed the townspeople, and promised to do all he could to curb corporations, and said Congress must work for years in order to restrain them.

In London William J. Bryan was the chief speaker at the Independence Day banquet of the American Society.

Yesterday Secretary of State Root, aboard the United States cruiser *Charleston*, sailed for the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro and his round of visits to the South American republics. He will also inspect the Panama Canal.

July 6.—At Findlay, O., yesterday, Prosecutor David filed informations in the Probate Court against the Standard Oil Company and John D. Rockefeller, charging them with conspiracy against trade and violation of the state Anti-Trust law, operating through subsidiary companies, the Buckeye Pipe Line Company and the Manhattan Oil Company. A motion was filed by the Standard to quash the informations against the Manhattan Oil Company and the Buckeye Pipe Line, a separate proceeding, asserting that the Probate Court had no jurisdiction because the offense, if any, is a felony, and must be handled in the Common Pleas Court. Judge Banker overruled the motion, holding that his court has jurisdiction. Strenuous efforts were made by the defense to have the decision reversed.

July 7.—At Chicago yesterday, the Chicago & Alton Railroad and John N. Faithorn and Fred A. Wann, formerly

officials of the road, were convicted in the United States District Court of illegally granting rebates to the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Packing Company. No sentence was imposed pending arguments for a new trial which will be heard tomorrow. Under the law the maximum sentence may be a fine of $120,000 for each of the three defendants. No imprisonment provision appears in the law.

Foreign News

June 8.—The British Government has sent an officer to Chicago to supervise the canned meats prepared for their army.

June 14.—A despatch from St. Petersburg says that Prince Hidvibegoff, a marshal of the nobility, who had strongly combated the liberal movement, was assassinated in the street in Kutais today. The governor-general of Poltava, one of the most populous and richest farming provinces in the empire, is begging the Government here to send him more and fresh troops. The Poltava landowners are imploring the governor-general to give them troops to protect their estates from the peasants, who care not a rap for the rural guards. The governor-general cannot do so, because his troops, of which a regiment mutinied on Sunday, are semi-rebellious and when sent to the villages fraternize with the peasants. The same conditions permeate the army. The General Staff, which, however, will not supply more troops for police duty, saying it would "interfere with the strategic necessity of the empire." Even the Government liquor shops, numbers of which are being attacked, are left unguarded by troops.

June 15.—Hundreds of persons, Jews, most of them, were killed or wounded at Bialystok, Russia, during a series of street battles between Gentiles and Jews, which lasted for hours yesterday.

June 16.—A St. Petersburg correspondent says that the outrages at Bialystok began with the discharge of a pistol by an "agent provocateur." This was the signal for a "pogrom" (organized massacre), which continued until a late hour at night, when it ended by reason of the exhaustion of the rioters. Correspondents at Gomel, Odessa, Kherson, Nikolaieff and Kieff report that complete organizations for carrying on "pogroms" exist in all these places. Many officials are concerned in provocative associations known as "Union of Russian Patriots," and are notoriously favored by local gendarmeries.

June 17.—It is reported from Berlin that it has been impossible to end the rioting in Bialystok, Russia, although the whole sixteenth division of the Russian army is there. Many anarchists have barricaded themselves in houses, from which they fire on the troops, who reply. Regular sieges are being carried on in the town. Many Jewish families are leaving under military escort, to take refuge across the Prussian frontier nearby. Fifty armed persons in a house in Suwarow street refused to surrender and the military stormed the place and killed many. Cossacks and dragoons patrol the streets continuously and prevent traffic. Interior Minister Stolypin has wired the governor of Grodno to restore order in Bialystok at any cost. The Alliance Israelite here has a telegram from Bialystok that the massacre continues there and has begun in Grodno, and that the Jews in Grajeur are panic-stricken.

June 18.—The first uncensored reports of the massacres at Bialystok say that 2,000 Jews were slain.

June 21.—The Bolchoff Regiment mutinied and killed several of the officers at Riazan, Russia, today. Rebels fired eight times at Police Sergeant Popik in Warsaw today, missed him, but wounded two women badly. This is the fifth attempt to kill police sergeants there this week. Other rebel bands sacked three Government liquor shops in Warsaw, stole all the money in them and escaped.

June 23.—At Trondhjem, Norway, yesterday King Haakon and Queen Maud were crowned King and Queen of Norway.

June 25.—It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Conservative Centre Party in the senate (Council of the Empire), has joined in the demand that the Goremykin Cabinet resign. Yermoloff, formerly minister of agriculture, leader of the party, said in an interview today: "The present situation is impossible and it is evident if the present Ministry can do nothing toward pacifying the country it should be replaced by a Cabinet in which the more moderate elements of the Duma are given places. The situation is so tense that any attempt by the Administration to array itself in open opposition to the Duma can result only in calamity and disaster."

Mr. Yermoloff, who is a shrewd politician, now speaks in a most conciliatory tone of the House of Representatives, which he says, although containing revolutionary elements, represents the sentiment of the country. He believes the Jewish question can be settled by granting equal rights to the Jews; but he favors certain restrictions in the purchase of land by Jews, holding that it is necessary to regard the sentiment of the Russian masses, which, otherwise, will be alarmed. He laughed at reports

that the Duma would be prorogued. To do that would be not only fatuous but fatal to the court factions. He expressed confidence that the Government would soon be striving to effect an understanding with the Duma.

June 29.—The Russian troops in the fortress at Osouire, which guards the Polish frontier against Germany, have revolted. The Czar and the court are so alarmed by the spread of disloyalty throughout the army that the Goremykin Cabinet will probably soon be dismissed.

At Cairo, Egypt, four natives were hanged and five were flogged because they attacked a party of British officers who were pigeon shooting in the village of Dunshawai, on June 13. Of the British officers attacked, one was killed.

June 30.—At Berlin a German petroleum company for the exploitation of the Roumanian oil fields is in process of organization under the auspices of the Dresdner Bank and the Schaffhausen Bankverein. The new concern will be the outcome of a consolidation of the Kingdom of Roumania Oil Company, the Moreni Company and the International Boring Company of Germany. Another recent combination of German-Roumanian oil interests was that of companies allied with the Deutsche Bank and the German-Russian Naphtha Company, which is engaged in the importation of Russian oil into Germany. All these consolidations have the common purpose of freeing Germany from dependence on the Standard Oil Company.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the reactionists in the ministry are again urging the dissolution of Parliament and the stamping out of revolutionary activity by armed force while such force is still available. Unless this is done within a fortnight, said one of its advocates today, the world will probably see the proclamation of republics at Kharkov, Saratov, Rostov and elsewhere. The whole South of Russia, he said, is belching forth anarchy and revolution, and the Duma, as a "hindrance to the work of pacification," must be dissolved at once. "The troops, however, must not—cannot—be employed against the peasantry," he added, admitting that this was the limit to the loyalty of the soldiery. The *Slovo* today says, however, that the troubles in the army have served to rout the court reactionists, and that it has been decided not only to dissolve the Duma, but to dismiss the Goremykin Cabinet, and that the Czar has directed the Ministers in the meantime to reply to all interpellations in the Duma.

July 1.—The resolutions of the United States Congress with regard to the anti-Jewish excesses at Bialystok were presented to Foreign Minister Iswolsky yesterday at St. Petersburg by Ambassador Meyer and subsequently were referred to Interior Minister Stolypin, in whose department the matter properly belongs. Assurances were given Mr. Meyer that all necessary steps had been taken to prevent a repetition of excesses at Bialystok and elsewhere.

At Hodeida, Turkish Arabia, yesterday, sixteen battalions of the Turkish army reserves in Yemen Province demanded to be sent home. The commander-in-chief, Marshal Feizi Pasha, ordered the forts to open fire on the mutineers, who surrendered after a few hundred of them had been killed.

July 2.—Admiral Rojestvensky, who surrendered to the Japanese in the Battle of the Sea of Japan, before court-martial pleaded guilty of cowardice.

A fast boat train, taking passengers of the steamship *New York* from Plymouth, England, to London, was derailed at Salisbury last night. Twenty-seven persons were killed and several dangerously injured. Most of the passengers were Americans.

July 3.—At Warsaw yesterday two policemen were shot dead, three were mortally wounded at about the same time in different parts of the city, and tonight a gendarme and an infantry captain were killed. The captain, whose name was Tobolzeff, was accused by revolutionary papers of having commanded firing platoons at executions. The assassins escaped. As these killings tend to verify the current rumor that the Terrorists have been preparing for a general slaughter of the police, the latter have been withdrawn from duty, and the streets are now patrolled by infantry.

July 4.—At St. Petersburg yesterday the seal and papers of an organized military league which has incited mutinies in the army were found during the search of the soldiers attached to staff headquarters at Vilna and detailed to regiments of the Third Corps. So mutinous are the troops in Odessa that martial law was proclaimed there today. The Cuirassiers of the Guard at Tsarskoe-Selo are in semi-mutiny because they have been ordered not to read newspapers. Officers of the Guard regiments say their lives are not safe, so infuriated are the soldiers by the severe measures taken to keep them 'loyal." A mutiny has broken out in the Second and Third Battalions and the First Railway Battalion at Askabad.

Cholera of a virulent type has broken out among the natives of Manila and in the surrounding provinces.

July 5.—The Crown Princess of Germany gave birth to a boy, yesterday who, if he lives, will one day be Emperor.

The Japanese have virtually made a prisoner of the Emperor of Korea in his palace.

July 6.—It is reported the epidemic of cholera in Manila is now under control of the authorities.

At Paris yesterday Jules Breton, the famous painter, died at the age of eighty-nine.

At London, Sir Edward Grey, foreign secretary, surprised the House of Commons by a sensational speech revealing the very delicate and dangerous state of affairs in Egypt. When it took up the foreign estimates the house anticipated an interesting debate on Russia and the Congo. But into the debate John Dillon (Nationalist) interjected a denunciation of the "brutal barbarism of the floggings and executions" in Egypt, both before and since the recent attack by natives on British officers who were hunting over cultivated fields about Tantab. Replying, Sir Edward said solemnly and emphatically:

"As things are now I say deliberately, and with a full sense of responsibility, that if Parliament does anything at this moment to weaken or destroy the authority of the Egyptian Government you will come face to face with a very serious situation, for should fanaticism get the better of constituted authority there might arise the necessity for extreme measures."

Leave-taking

BY MARGARET HANNIS

YOU, who do not know, stand by the door and watch from there,
Impatient at the long delay and foolish care
With which I take each little thing from its accustomed place—
The tiny clock, and old Satsuma vase,
The imaged Virgin and the Child,
And winsome Psyche who has smiled
At her brook-mirrored beauty—trifles, all—
And yet, and yet the hours that they recall!

To you who stand beside the door and watch from there,
Impatient at the long delay and foolish care,
I know the tender touch, the lingering hand
Are reasonless to you who do not understand.
And count the little room, at best, but a poor place
With meagre share of sunlight, lacking grace
Of rare, rich hangings that so subtly please
And charm the fancy and invite to ease—
You cannot know that here, that here was built a shrine
Where my soul worshiped, learning the divine
Sweet mystery of love, that 'tis the place
Where love lies buried. But I hide the trace
Of tear lest you should know. The secret's mine,
The secret of the grave and of the shrine!

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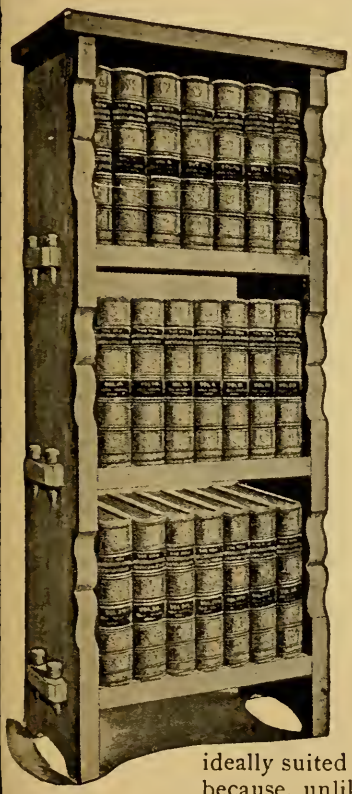

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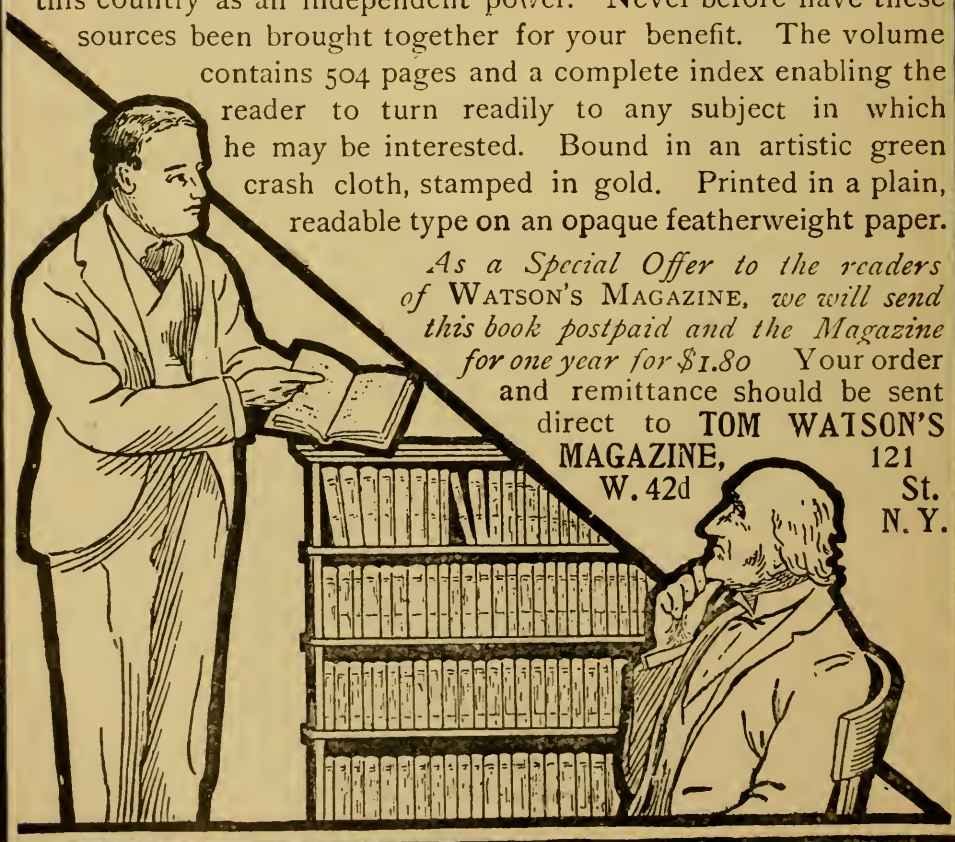


This "1900" Gravity Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse, once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses, much. And, I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "all right, but pay me first, and I'll give back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make washing machines—the "1900" Gravity Washer.

And, I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machines as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

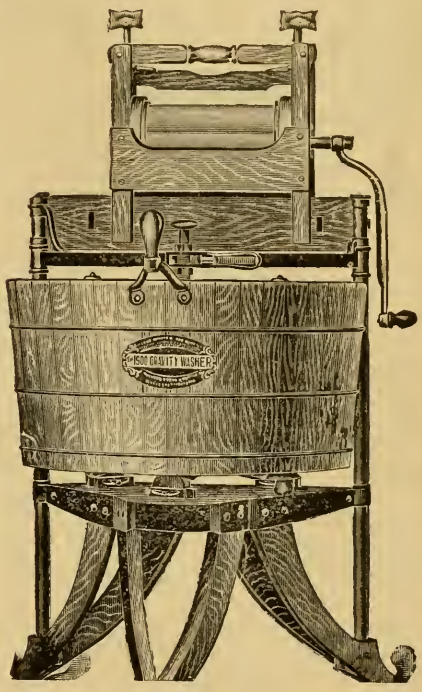
But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell all my Washing Machines by mail. (I sold upwards of 500,000 that way already—nearly five million dollars' worth.)

So, thought I, it's only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, our "1900" Gravity Washer is a new invention, and I know what it will do. I know it will wash clothes without wearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand, or by any ordinary machine.

When I say half the time I mean half—not a little quicker, but twice as quick.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no Washer made by any other concern can do that, in less than 12 minutes, without wearing out the clothes.



I'm in the Washing Machine business for Keeps. That's why I know these things so surely. Because I have to know them, and there isn't a Washing Machine made that I haven't seen and studied.

Our "1900" Gravity Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it don't wear the clothes, nor fray edges, nor break buttons, the way all other washing machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the threads of the clothes like a Force Pump might.

If people only knew how much hard work the "1900" Gravity Washer saves every week, for 10 years, and how much longer their clothes would wear, they would fall over each other trying to buy it.

So, said I to myself, I'll just do with my "1900" Gravity Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only, I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer to do it first, and I'll "make good" the offer every time. That's how I sold nearly half a million Washers.

I will send any reliable person a "1900" Gravity Washer on a full month's free trial! I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket. And if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month I'll take it back and pay the freight that way, too. Surely that's fair enough, isn't it?

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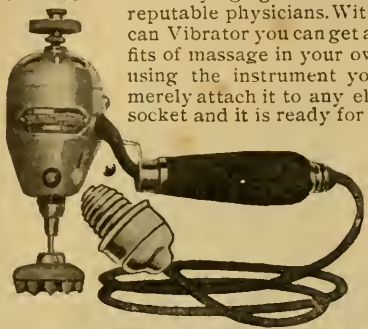

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Naughton, in Duluth Evening Herald.

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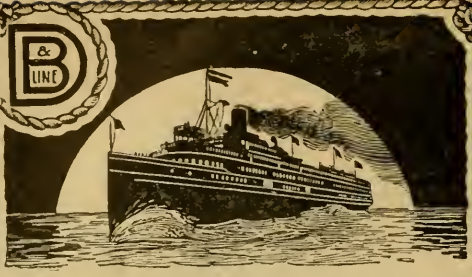

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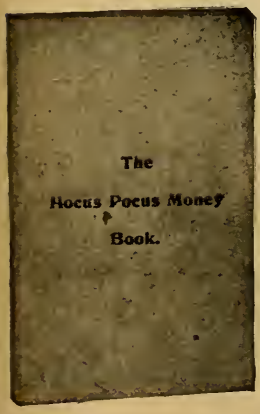

New light on the money question, viewed from the point of "deposit banking"; by Albert Griffin, of Topeka. Mr. Griffin's thorough analysis of deposit banking, showing enormous inflation of the circulation by means of "bank credits"—or "hocus pocus" dollars—will astonish many an old Greenbacker, who thinks he has learned all there is to know about the science of money. Contrary to the accepted "quantitative theory"—that the level of prices is determined by the number of coined dollars in circulation, whether gold, silver, copper or paper—Mr. Griffin maintains that deposit banks create out of nothing except bank ledgers and ink, millions of intangible or "hocus pocus" dollars, which do all the work of money until a crash comes, when they disappear like mist. Bound in paper; 200 pages. Regular price, 25 cents; our price to subscribers and buyers, 15 cents; with the Magazine one year, $1.65.

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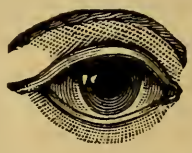

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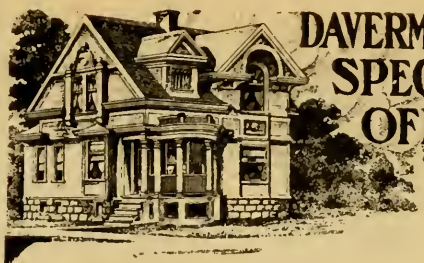

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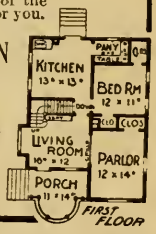

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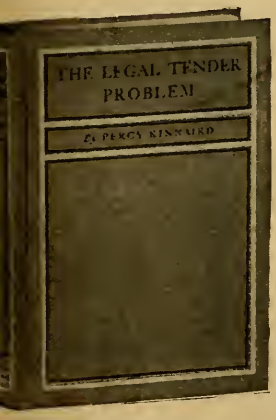

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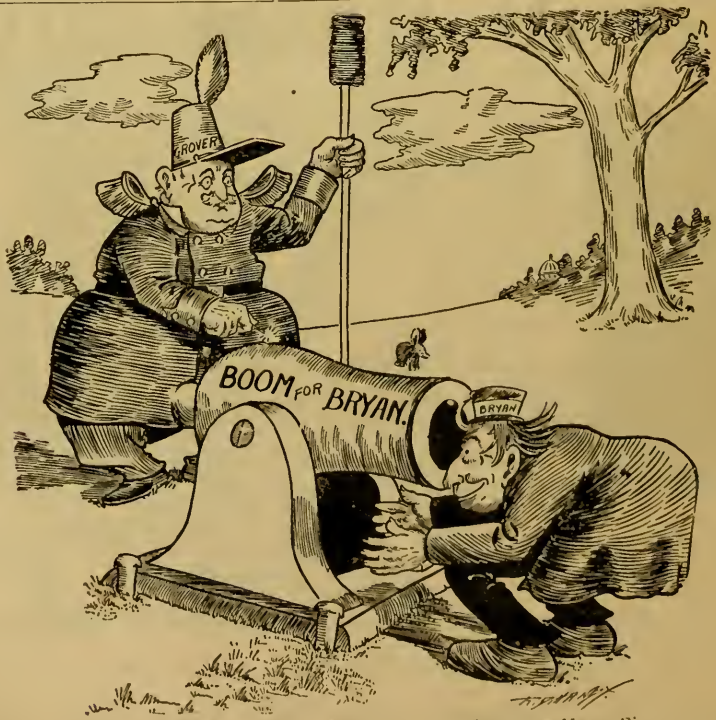

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R. D. Handy, in Duluth News Tribune.

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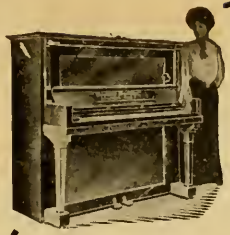

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6% ON YOUR MONEY by local Building & Loan Ass'n 14 years in business. Never had a loss, or failed to meet an obligation. Stock in force $750,000. Write for free literature Jefferson County B. & L. Association, Birmingham, Ala.

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POSTAL TYPEWRITER $25. Only real typewriter at low cost. Combines Universal Keyboard, strong manifolding, mimeograph stencil, cutting, visible writing, interchangeable type, prints from ribbon. Imperfect alignment impossible. Will stand hardest wear; practically accident proof. Agents wanted. Write Postal Typewriter Co., Dept. 10, Norwalk, Conn.

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TYPEWRITER RIBBONS AND CARBON PAPER at Factory Prices. Wide ribbons 3 for $1.00; narrow 3 for $1.25. Non-smut carbon paper $1.50 per box. Prepaid on receipt of price. Samples free. High-grade goods. Imperial Manufacturing Co., 293 Washington St, Newark, N. J.

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WOOLSON'S ECONOMY EXPENSE BOOK gives concise analysis of personal and household expenses Adapted for business use also. Miniature sample copy showing how and catalogue of 100 other good things for office and home free on application. Geo. T. Woolson Co., New Haven, Conn.

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A New Principle in Phonographs

THE Duplex Phonograph has
—**two** vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound;
—**two** horns to amplify and multiply the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms;
—**no** tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.

Consequently, it produces a sweeter tone and a greater volume of sound than any other phonograph. It is absolutely free from all mechanical sounds; and we sell it direct to you at factory prices — **on trial.**

Double Volume of Sound

IT'S just this way:

When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which side of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from only **one** side of the vibrating pan, you get only **half** the noise.

All right. The same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine or phonograph made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were **wasted.** You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made — the rest was lost.

The obvious thing to do was to collect the vibrations and get the sound from **both** sides of the diaphragm.

The **Duplex** is the first and the only phonograph to do this.

The reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has **two** vibrating diaphragms and **two** horns to amplify the sound from **both** sides of **both** diaphragms.

With it you get all the music produced — with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of **any** other — no matter what its price — and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is only the start.

The Duplex not only produces **more music** — a greater volume — but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means ever dreamed of.

By using **two** diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense **entirely** with **all** springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull **roughens** the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the **squeaking,** squaking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth — there is nothing to roughen them — and the result is an **exact reproduction** of the original sound. And the **Duplex** is the **only** phonograph or "talking machine" of any kind that does this.

A greater volume — a sweeter tone — an exact reproduction of the original — and that's what you want in a phonograph.

SAVE ALL the DEALER'S 70% PROFIT

Sold Direct From the Factory

WE ask the privilege of **proving** to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone, than any other phonograph ever made.

We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one **at our expense** — under an arrangement mutually satisfactory — for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they and you do not pronounce it one hundred per cent better — in volume and in tone — than the **best** phonograph of the old style, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly $70.15 — because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's and dealers' profits. We sell it to you at actual factory price.

Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost you at least $100 — and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you only **$29.85**

Besides, you get a seven days' trial in your own home — and are under no obligation to keep the Duplex if you are not satisfied with it. You run no risk, for you know this advertisement could not appear in this magazine if we did not carry our every promise we make.

Write to-day for catalogue and full particulars of our FREE trial offer. You will be interested and convinced. Please address

The Duplex Phonograph Co., 1241 Powers Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 1241 O. St., Lincoln, Neb.

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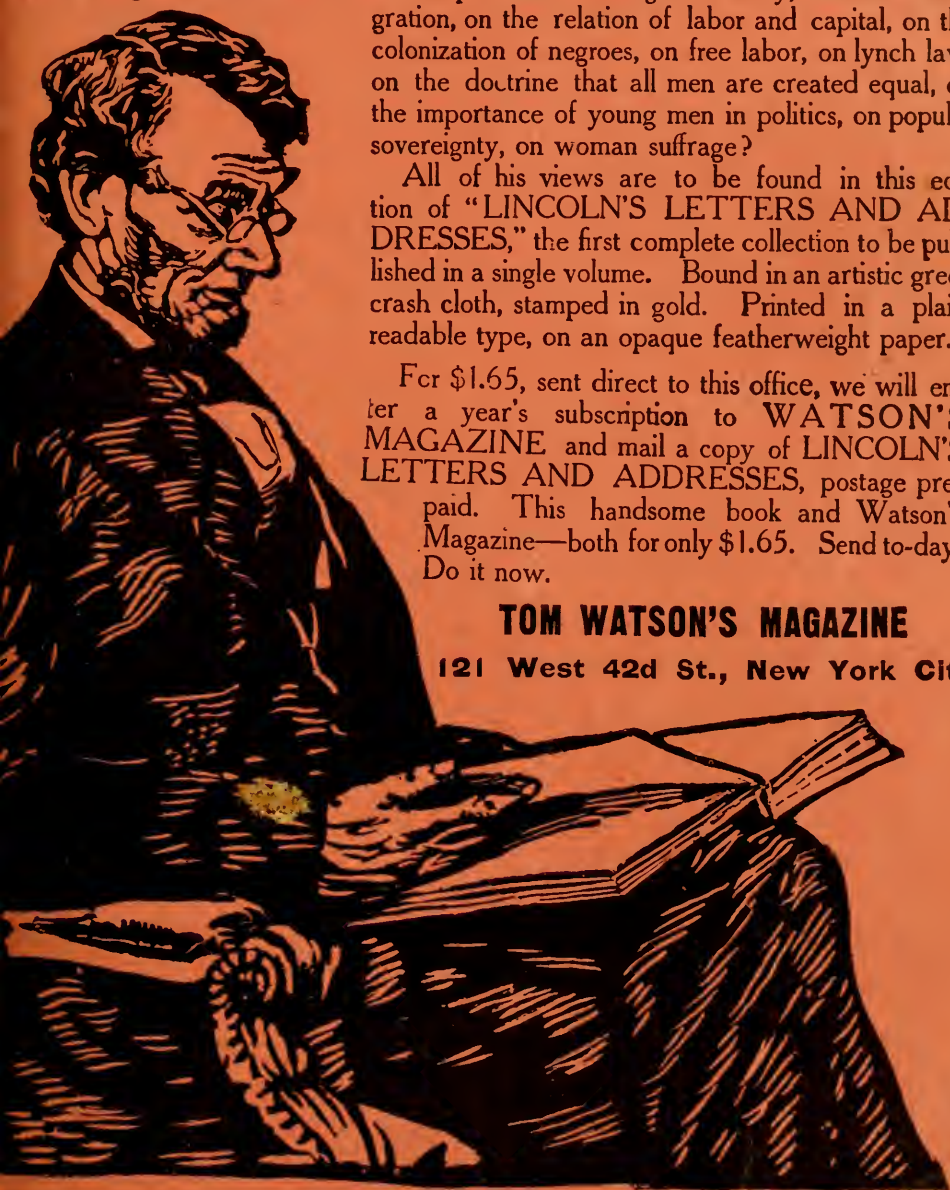

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